

THE

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TAKE THE RAILROAD  
OUT OF POLITICS

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Hampshire Risks  
Fights in Public Life



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A PRESENTATION AT COURT—A DÉBUTANTE MAKING HER BOW BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN  
AT A DRAWING-ROOM IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE

[See article, "Presentation at Court," page 617]

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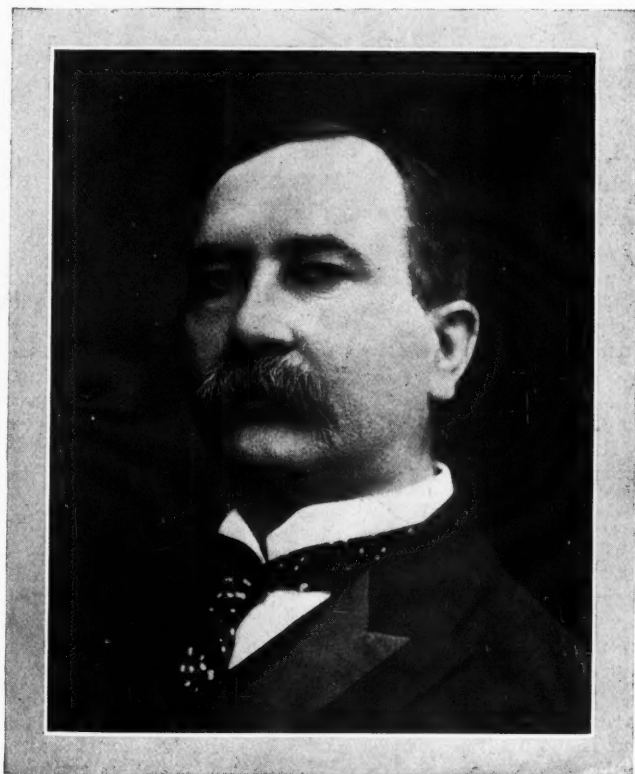
February, 1911

Number V

## TAKING THE RAILROADS OUT OF POLITICS

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

**I**F you have ever been a casual visitor during a session of the New Hampshire Legislature in the little town of Concord, that drowns on the banks of the Merrimac, in all probability you have the recollection of a serene and unemotional New England community. You remember the slow tide of life and traffic passing up



BENJAMIN F. YOAKUM, PRESIDENT OF THE FRISCO SYSTEM (ST. LOUIS  
AND SAN FRANCISCO RAILROAD AND ALLIED LINES)

*From a photograph by Brown Bros., New York*

and down the main street; the elm-sentinelized State House that loomed, gray and old, on its commanding slope; the five-storied brick hotel across the way, teeming with unwonted activity. It was the familiar picture of a country capital in the throes of biennial lawmaking.

But if you had gone behind these time-worn and peaceful externals, you would have discovered that here—as in other capitals, large and small, throughout the United States—a deception of peculiar significance, and concerning all the people, was being practised.

That stately old building on the hill was not really the seat of government, nor were the legislators who sat within its halls the free and untrammelled spokesmen of their constituents. The throne-room of legislative power was in an upper story of the brick hotel, where a powerful railroad lobby was entrenched. Year after year it had set up its undisputed sway, dictated terms to a whole commonwealth, and resisted every effort to dislodge it from political supremacy.

A division superintendent of the Boston and Maine Railroad had a veto power more absolute than that of the Governor. With his legal allies, he wrote and revised statutes and influenced legislation generally. So potent was his authority that it became a common question:

"What is the good of the State of New Hampshire paying a hundred and forty thousand dollars every two years for a Legislature, when

Uncle John Sanborn will do the work for nothing?"

Now, other States have been railroad-ridden, but none presented such a conspicuous example of complete corporate control as that granite-bound triangle of New England which comprises New Hampshire. There were various contributory reasons for the existence of this autocracy. One was the fact that the State is small; another was the monopoly enjoyed by the railroad.

Originally, many independent transportation lines crisscrossed the State. Each was jealous of the others, and all maintained lobbies at the capital. Then came the era of consolidation, when these roads were grouped into one system. The lobbies went with the lines, and there was created a many-headed machine. The directors of the merged or leased lines maintained their former positions, and became zealous agents of the parent system. Together with the railroad lawyers, who thrived in every section, they formed an organized and aggressive unit that dominated politics and menaced all who dared encroach on corporate privileges.

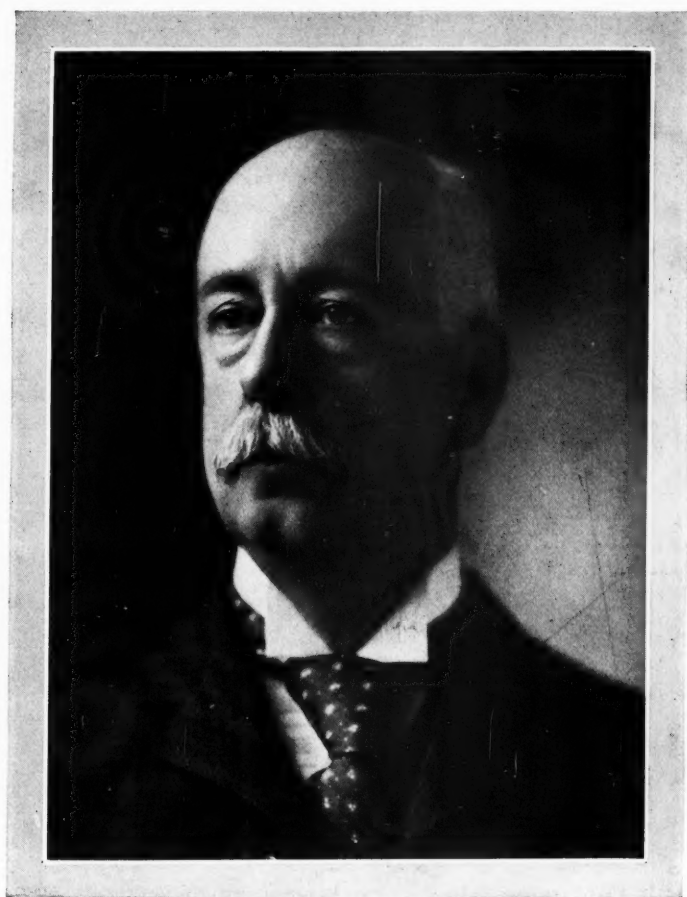
In States like California and Kentucky the railroad lobby worked in the dark, but in New Hampshire it made no bones of what it was doing. It seemed to take pride in its achievements. Not only did every member of the Legislature have an annual railroad pass, but hundreds of young lawyers received similar favors. These "court-eesies" to the members of the bar were particularly vicious in that they had



EDWIN HAWLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA CENTRAL, OF THE MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS, AND OF OTHER RAILROADS

*From a photograph by Thompson, New York*





CHARLES S. MELLEN, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN, AND  
HARTFORD AND OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROADS

*From a photograph by Donnelly, New Haven*

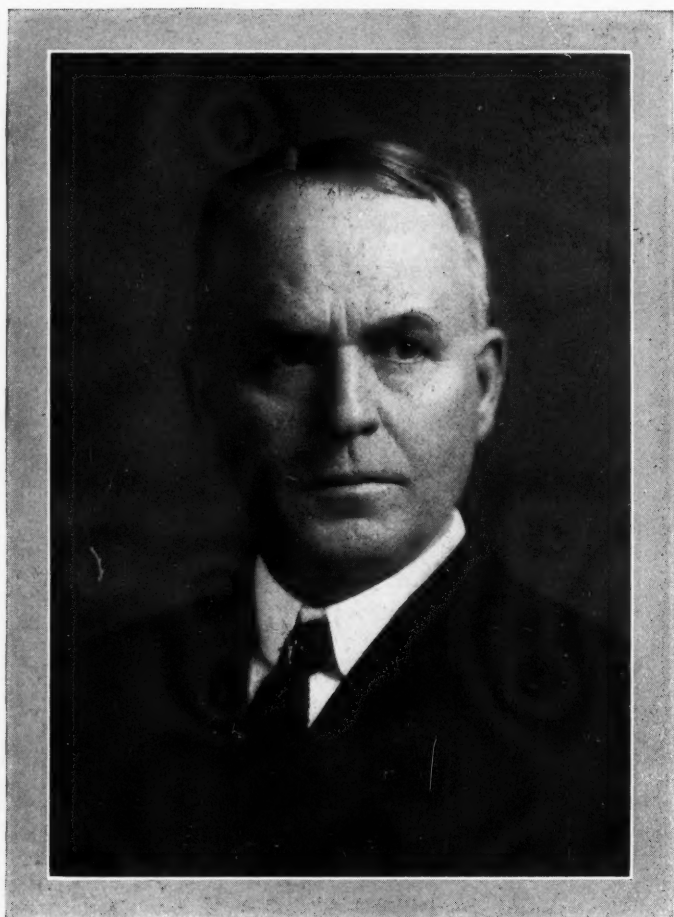
the word "retainer" stamped on the back. Thus the simple issuance of certain pieces of cardboard drew the fangs out of what might have been spirited prosecution of damage suits and other litigation hostile to the railroads. More than this, the whole procedure taught the young legal idea how to shoot along the accredited New Hampshire railroad way.

Every editor of a weekly newspaper in the State likewise had free transportation, and thus the tongue of public criticism was tied. Nor did the subsidizing end here. Through the local directors of the various subsidiary lines, the railroad regularly contributed to the campaign funds of legislators and other candidates for office, and,

when occasion arose, openly espoused the cause of its friends.

The legislative machinery of the State lent itself admirably to these manipulative purposes. Following a State tradition—which the railroad helped to impress—that every man in the State should, in time, be able to prefix "Honorable" to his name, the Assembly, which had four hundred members, underwent an almost complete change at each new session. Only the old leaders were returned, and they were allied with the lobby.

In sharp contrast with the topheavy House was a Senate of twenty-four members. Here, where real power was needed, there was only a handful of men to be han-



WILLIAM C. BROWN, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, AND OF SEVERAL SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

*From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York*

dled. The railroad was especially strong in this body, and when a bill even remotely unfavorable to its interests breathed the free air of a floor hearing, and by some miracle got to the Senate, it was promptly killed. To oppose the railroad was high treason or political suicide.

The way in which the anti-pass law was amended is typical of the methods. Up to 1897 there was on the statute-books a law providing that—

No person shall ride upon a car or train who has not paid, or does not pay on demand, the established fare, except the following—railroad presidents, directors, express messengers, and paupers.

At a night session, when very few were

present, a prominent railroad politician had these words added to the statute:

And all others to whom passes have been granted by the proper officers.

That, of course, let down the bars to everybody.

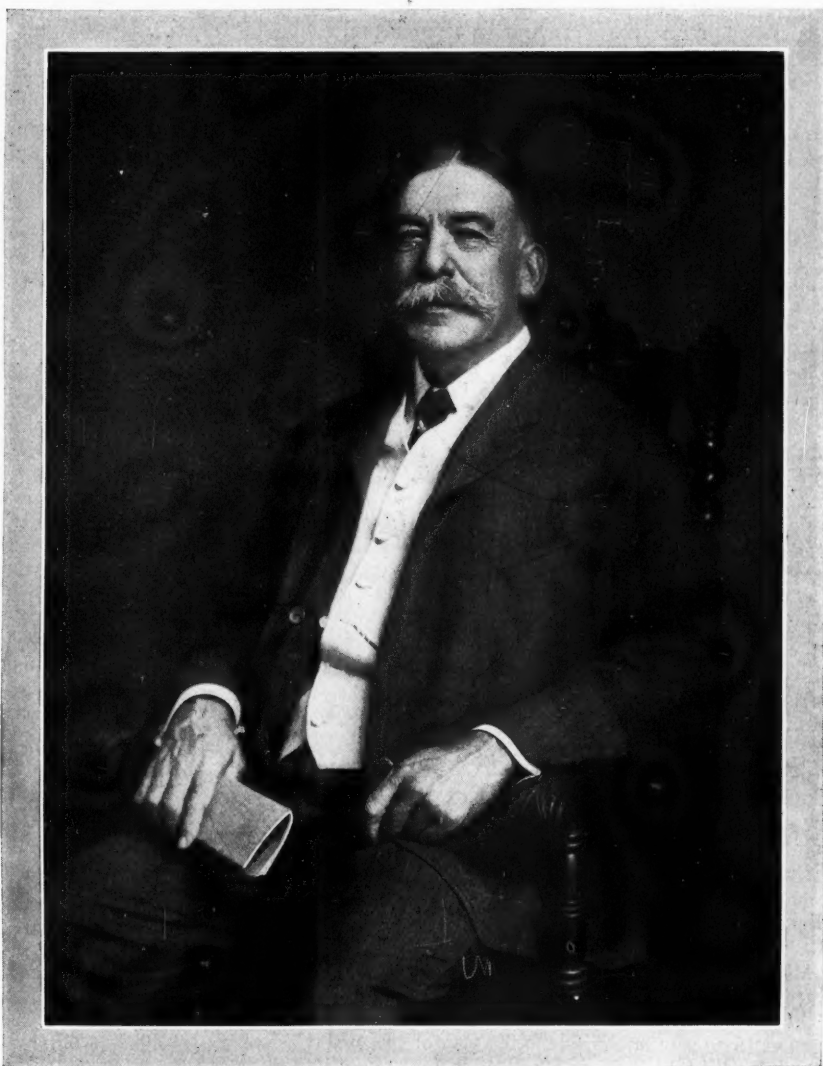
What was the result of these conditions? The "B. and M.," as the railroad is commonly called, named Governors and speakers, packed committees, and juggled with the State generally. When a new legislator from the back districts raised a protest, the steam-roller ran over him and he was eliminated from the situation. The railroad was king, and it could do no wrong. Such was the old order of things.

Go to Concord to-day, and you find a different condition. The old State House still looms up on the hill, and the brick hotel across the way is alive with men, for the Legislature is in session; but the throne-room is deserted and the lobby departed. The wheels of legislative machinery grind in their accustomed grooves without unseen manipulation; for the railroad, hearing at last the voice of an awakened State, is taking itself out of politics.

Thus begins an epoch of regeneration full

of import for the citizens of New Hampshire, and large with meaning for every other American commonwealth. What affects the railroad must affect the whole community, because not only is transportation a prime necessity, but its securities afford a standard medium for the employment of the people's money.

The old-time legislator coming back to Concord now would scarcely believe his eyes and ears. For one thing, there are no annual passes in the pockets of the law-



EDWIN P. RIPLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FÉ RAILWAY

*From a photograph by Pack, New York*

makers. Instead of the legion of the lobby, there is a single legislative outpost of the railroad, whose business it is to keep track of the bills introduced. The lawyers who once manned the subterranean passages between the State House and the so-called Railroad Room in the hotel have been retained this year only on the condition that they will stay away from the capital. Their place is taken by Edgar J. Rich, general solicitor of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and it is typical of the changed order that his office is in the railway station, and not within sight and sound of the State House.

Legislative committees are no longer packed. The bills aimed at regulation and reform of railroads get a frank and open hearing. The railroad lawyers only appear when their services are legally needed. More than this, they have been instructed "not in any way to influence the nomination or election of any public officers."

To the old politicians, such freedom as now prevails is little short of a miracle; but to the young men coming into public service it holds out the promise of a new and cleaner day. It is of course too early even to forecast the end, for a real test of the new conditions has not been made; but a statement by Mr. Rich may serve to illuminate one phase of the altered state of the railroad mind.

"We have come to realize," he said to me, "that, after all, this is a government of the people and not of any special interest. So far as we are concerned, we are putting the government back into the hands of the people of the State, and we trust them to protect the railroad interests. It is an experiment. If the State does not treat us fairly, and even generously, now that we are out of politics, then other public-service corporations will not follow our example."

#### HOW THE STATE WAS AWAKENED

Such a change as has been wrought in New Hampshire was not an overnight resolution; neither was it a philanthropic abdication of long-cherished power. In a sense, it was forced on the railroad by the indignant sentiment of a thoroughly aroused State. Hence the approach to the present situation is interesting and instructive, for it is typical of the spirit of our times.

That old railroad domination which I have described was intolerable to the men of progressive thought in New Hampshire, for the spirit of militant protest which anima-

ted John Stark in the colonial day still survived. But so ramified were the machine's interests and affiliations that few escaped its taint or influence.

In 1906, only thirteen men could be brought together to support a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor on a platform that the railroad should be taken out of politics. The leader of this movement was Winston Churchill, the novelist, who lived at Cornish. His appearance was received with incredulity and ridicule. He declared for a direct primary, a genuine anti-pass law, an anti-lobby law, and an equalization of taxation between the railroad and other forms of property. The convention of that year was the stormiest in the history of the State, and Mr. Churchill came within four votes of the nomination. It was the first real jolt that the machine had ever received.

At the end of that convention the men who led the progressive fight declared that they would drive the railroad out of politics if it took fifty years. But they did not have to wait so long. In the Legislature of 1907 a new leader developed, in the person of Robert P. Bass. He galvanized the insurgents into a State-wide fighting organization, and as their candidate was elected Governor last November. There is no need of telling his story here, for I relate it elsewhere in this magazine.

What concerns us in this narrative is that from the moment of his rise to power the railroad realized that the existing system was doomed. Shortly after his nomination in the first direct primary held in New Hampshire, Lucius Tuttle, who had fostered the old machine, resigned as president of the Boston and Maine, and was succeeded by Charles S. Mellen, who was then, as now, president of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway. Even before the voters of the State had a chance to register their repudiation of the old system, Mr. Mellen made the first public declaration of the new policy of non-interference with politics in a speech delivered at Concord, his native town. On that occasion he said:

We shall do away with the lobby, in the sense in which the term is commonly used. At the end of the next legislative session there will be no complaint about the pernicious activity of any lobby employed in our interest.

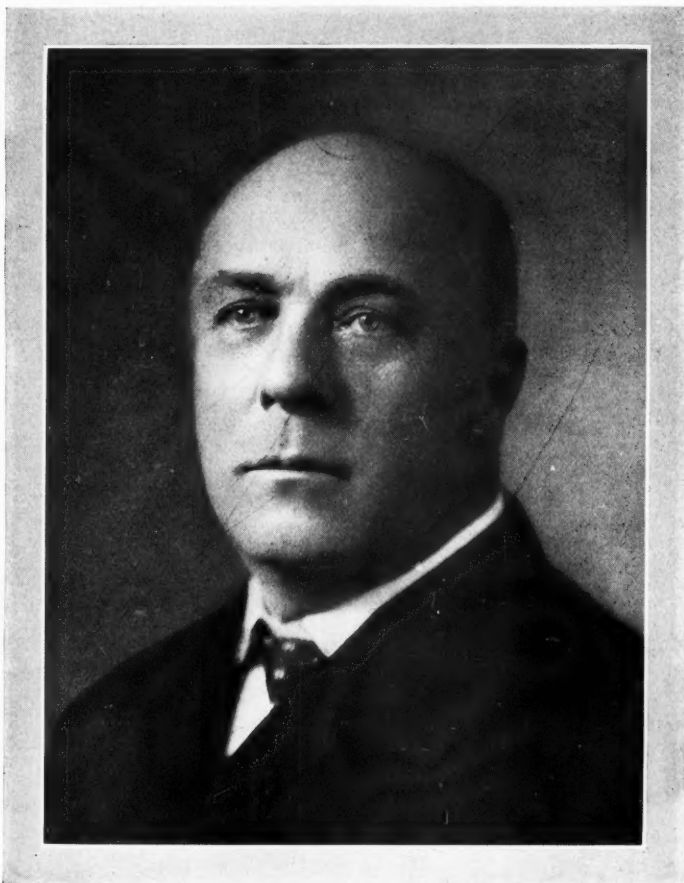
We shall not interfere in any way with the election of members of the Legislature or of other public officers.



We shall not give or offer any public officer, directly or indirectly, any consideration which shall tend to influence him in the performance of his public duty.

At first the people of New Hampshire received this announcement skeptically, and with good reason. There had been railroad

instructions to the Boston and Maine attorneys in New Hampshire not only to keep out of politics, but to relinquish their rights as citizens to the extent of taking no part in the nomination of public officers. He also wrote to Mr. Bass, stating the company's side in some important matters of litigation



FREDERICK D. UNDERWOOD, PRESIDENT OF THE ERIE RAILROAD AND OF SEVERAL ALLIED COMPANIES

*From a photograph by MacDonald, New York*

promises before. In 1906, for example, both Democratic and Republican platforms had declared for an anti-pass law. President Tuttle was urged not to send passes to the Legislature, but, in defiance of the obvious sentiment of the State, he did so, and in an authorized interview he declared that platforms were only made "to get in on."

But Mr. Mellen seemed to be in earnest. He followed up his speech with written

now up between the railroad and the State, and closed by saying:

If you desire to discuss this or any other questions with me, I should be glad to go to Concord and meet you at such time as you may desire.

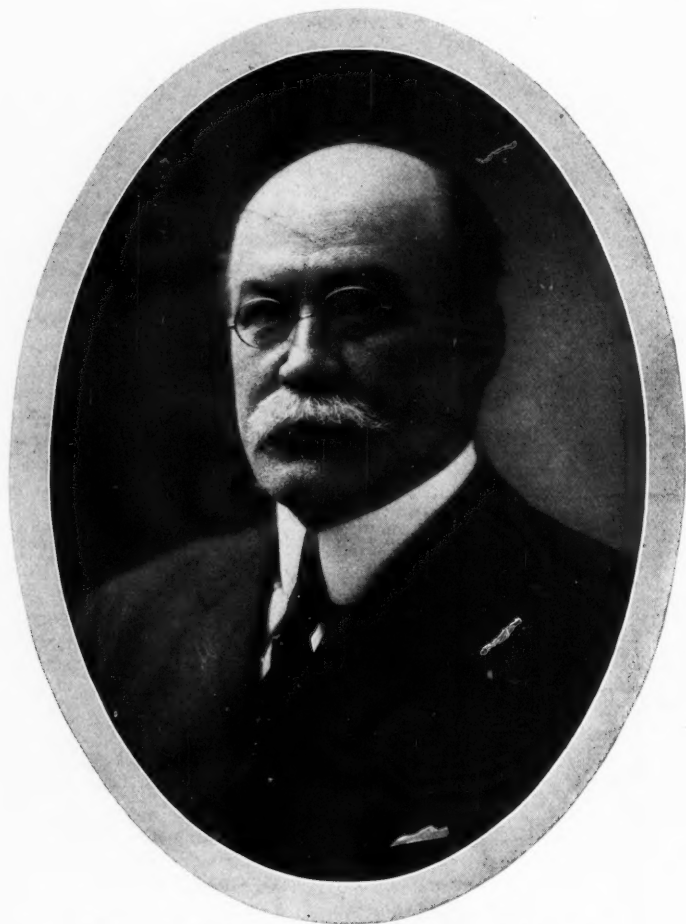
This is in sharp contrast with old methods in New Hampshire, when Governors went down to Boston to get their instructions from the railroad.

I talked with Mr. Mellen about the New Hampshire situation. He sat at a big desk in his office at New Haven, where he could see his engines shuttling in and out of the station near by, and where the din of traffic came to his ears. Vigor, power, and determination are manifest in this stocky,

is as much on trial as the Boston and Maine Railroad. We have been assured fair treatment by the State. That is all we want."

On the general subject of the relation between the corporations and public officials, Mr. Mellen added:

"I believe that a public-service corpo-



WILLIAM W. FINLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

*From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington*

sturdy figure of a man whose gray eyes gleam under his shining dome of a head.

"The Boston and Maine has retired from New Hampshire politics," he said. "If this experiment—for it is only an experiment—is a success, it will be an incentive for other New England corporations to do likewise. But it must be kept in mind that the Republican party in New Hampshire

ration ought to feel the same freedom in communicating with the executive in reference to matters affecting it as it does, for example, in dealing with the superintendent of highways, or with the head of any department of the State government. I feel, too, that the executive ought to consider it his duty to inform himself as to the needs of these public-service corporations,

just as he informs himself as to the needs of his various departments.

"My observation is that the public gets from the corporations just about what the public wants.. If the people desire to keep the corporations out of politics, they can do so by electing the right kind of men to public office; but when they elect a Legislature of highbinders, a corporation must deal with such men by their own methods.

"In a larger sense, this is true of most public functions and their relation with the people, for the people only get what they give or stand for. In short, the average community is governed about as well as the majority of voters will permit."

#### THE RAILROADS AND POLITICS

At this point the question naturally arises, why was the Boston and Maine, and, for that matter, why was any other railroad ever in politics at all? In the answer lies an explanation of that feeling of hostility between the people and the corporations which has played so large a part in determining the recent trend of American politics.

It is not difficult to trace the start. In the earlier railroad day, corporate existence, both national and State, came through legislative favor. The very machinery of lawmaking encouraged the manipulation of men and power. The railroads, and especially the first links in the great transcontinental lines, sought special charters, and needed, or at any rate desired, vast grants of land as an aid to their empire-building.

A very human situation developed. On the one hand were legislators with valuable rights to bestow; on the other hand were competitive groups of adventurous capitalists seeking these rights. There was no regulating hand in those times. Perpetual charters were cheap at any price.

What happened? The corporate right to live, with its by-product in the shape of a special concession, became a commodity that went to the highest bidder. The railroads found it cheaper to buy than to prove their claims; and thus began the system of influencing legislation, which spread to every State House, large or small. The root of the evil lay in the needs of the roads, and in the quality of the men that the public elected to office.

Another cause lay in the character of the railway business itself, and in that of the men who were exploiting it. It was scarce-

ly foreseen, in the earlier days, that the railroads would grow to their present magnitude and standing. What are now great systems, splendidly organized and representing vast investments, were then speculative and even piratical enterprises, struggling for existence, and in many cases controlled by financial buccaneers who stopped at nothing to gain their ends. As the industry was seasoned by time, as it expanded with the marvelous growth of the country, there came a great change in the situation. The typical railroad president of to-day is a man who would not countenance practises that were common with his predecessors.

Having secured special privileges through weakness in the legislative structure, the railroads found that they had likewise created a continuous task for themselves. The special favors had to be maintained, and this was not an easy performance, because Legislatures were changing every few years, and sometimes men who had independent ideas, and new and searching views about the conduct of corporate affairs, were elected to them. In short, the roads were put on the defensive.

Two methods were put into operation. One was to aid in the election of men friendly to the railroad interests; and these candidates, in time, ranged from a President of the United States to a local councilman. The other was the establishment of lobbies to ward off hostile legislation. Here was inaugurated that far-flung and devious sentry-line, extending from Albany, where Daniel Drew and Jay Gould bought what they wanted, out to Sacramento, where Collis P. Huntington and Leland Stanford clinched a relentless grip on the control of a great new State.

The railroads came to be part and parcel of political activity in every State. Nor was their entanglement without a certain humor, as the following story of Jay Gould will show.

The wizard of the Erie was on the witness-stand in some perfunctory investigation, and he frankly admitted that the road was active in politics.

"What are the politics of the Erie?" asked the cross-examiner.

"In Democratic States we are Democratic; in Republican States we are Republican; in doubtful States we are both Democratic and Republican," was the candid reply.

Quite naturally, the sway of the companies extended to the railroad commissioners, whose offices were often mere annexes of the headquarters of the corporations. Discriminations, excessive rates, and rebates flourished on this graft-impregnated soil. When an occasional protest was lodged against the existing order, the railroads said:

"Ours is a private business, and we prefer to manage it our own way."

This, too, despite the fact that they obtained their right to live from the public. The carnival of watered stock was another evidence of the high-handed régime that was in power.

But the railroads had fostered a system that recoiled upon themselves. When some of the roads wanted to be decent, and to emancipate themselves from politics, they found almost insurmountable barriers to their regeneration. The legislative grafter turned on his old employer. There began an era of "strike" legislation—bills framed for purposes of blackmail. The roads were "held up" on all sides. By their abuse of power, they had invited hostility, and it was easy for unscrupulous politicians to hold such measures as clubs over their heads.

When a road refused to be robbed in this fashion, the politician made capital out of this measure, and in more than one instance was elected to office on it. In this way the anti-railroad sentiment came to be a popular campaign issue, and railroad-baiting a favorite and profitable sport.

I could cite many cases of legislative hold-up. An incident which happened in Illinois is typical of the state of mind behind it. A member of the Legislature approached a railroad official who was interested in a certain really helpful measure, and said:

"I believe that bill is a very good one, but I won't vote for it unless I get two hundred and fifty dollars. I don't think that the railroads ought to get anything for nothing."

The railroad man refused to pay, whereupon the legislator continued:

"Well, I'll take twenty-five dollars. I don't care so much for the amount of money involved. It's the principle that I stand for!"

A well-known railroad president said to me:

"The railroads were never entitled to anything except what was fair and just. In many instances they were able to demand and obtain more; but when they did get more than was just, the recoil was disastrous. In the swing of the pendulum the special privilege was always taken away, and liberal interest was charged for the use of it.

"The personal equation of the men who were managing politics for railroads generally came to the front. In many instances personal ambition, such as a desire to be United States Senator, induced the railroad's political manager to be more solicitous of his own political preferment than for his road's welfare. Many things that were charged up to the railroads were really done to promote private aspirations."

It is only fair to the railroaders to say that they were not the only offenders. Many industrial corporations were equally active in politics. Whatever the source, the fact remained that the legislative mills ground out special favors and permitted discrimination against the small and independent carrier, consumer, and dealer.

#### THE DAWN OF THE NEW DAY

The need of railroad regulation became more and more apparent. This sentiment, which had been growing for years, was crystallized by Mr. Roosevelt into a concrete curb on the old abuse. Real claws were put into the Interstate Commerce Commission, and it suddenly became the most powerful regulative and administrative board in the country. With the establishment, by the commission's orders, of a uniform system of accounting, the roads found it impossible, or increasingly difficult, to divert funds for political manipulation.

There were other significant agencies to hasten the divorce between the railroad and the politician, such as the creation of public service commissions, which not only probe into the necessity for new roads, but censor the issue of their securities; the enactment of laws for the public registry of legislative agents in States like New York, Wisconsin, and Missouri; the anti-lobby measures, which have been written on the statute-books of a dozen commonwealths, and the appointment of thoughtful and constructive men to railroad commissions.

Most impressive of all, perhaps, was the



unmistakable registering of the protest of an awakened people, such as resulted, last November, in the election of Hiram Johnson as Governor of California in the face of the opposition of the Southern Pacific machine, and of Robert P. Bass as Governor of New Hampshire over the wreck of the Boston and Maine ring. Mystery, secrecy, and devious corporate dealing are melting away under the fierce glare of publicity and aroused public feeling.

What is the result? The railroads, many of which never desired to be in politics, are glad to wash their hands of the old-time entanglement. One great Wall Street banker, whose firm has financed whole railroad empires, summed the situation up to me as follows:

"The wise railroads are going out of politics, and the unwise ones are being driven out of politics."

#### WHAT RAILROAD PRESIDENTS SAY

That this state of affairs is a condition and not a theory becomes evident when you talk with some of the leading railroad presidents. Take, for example, the sentiment expressed by Benjamin F. Yoakum, chairman of the Frisco lines, the stalwart Texan who brought open-handed frankness to the conduct of public carriers. He said to me:

"Railroads are out of politics, but this does not mean that all politicians are out of the business of railroads. The desire on our part is to keep out certain politicians who are not honestly endeavoring to bring about the best relations between the railroads and the public.

"Formerly we had to do business with farmers and their organizations through the politician. That was an unbusinesslike way. The politician used the farmer to get himself into office, and then hammered the railroads to please the farmer. The politician of that type is a go-between whom we can cut out. We can do our business direct with the farmer.

"It is to our interest to place in the farmer's hands every available instrument, and to use railroads and their agencies to help him get higher prices for his products. If there are ways for the railroads to save the farmer time and money, they want to know it. The more the farmer makes, the better we are pleased.

"That it is of mutual benefit to railroads and their patrons to cooperate in a most friendly way is merely a matter of good

business. The only objection to this good business understanding comes from politicians who have thrived upon the prejudice they have created.

"The word 'lobbyist' is generally understood to mean a man who disburses money to dishonest legislators for the purpose of gaining their influence. Under the old methods, bills were offered through political combines for the sole purpose of having them bought off. Such practises are over, and it is well for the country and for the corporations that they are.

"Honesty in politics is just as important to the public welfare as the application of honest methods in business. Therefore, the railroads and other legitimate business interests are deeply concerned in keeping the politics of our country as clean and clear of corrupt methods as any other class of citizens, and they are earnestly trying to bring around such a condition.

"The Southwestern roads have not, for a long time, used former methods of dealing with the public. They are taking their cases directly to the people through their own officers and representatives. Conferences are being held between the agricultural interests and the transportation companies through their respective officers. I have attended a number of these conferences, and have never known of a case where both the farmers and the railroad men have not been pleased by the result of the discussion, and have not felt that much antagonism—or rather lack of interest in each other's business—could have been avoided if they had understood each other better.

"I don't want to be misinterpreted in this. I have been on record too often and too long in favor of regulation that guarantees fair treatment to the public and enforces the same rules and regulations with respect to all shippers. We now have such laws, and I have not changed my views, as expressed in a talk I made at St. Louis in April, 1908, when I said that 'the country should now rest from further regulative or restrictive statutes until the railroads can adjust themselves to a compromise with those which have been enacted. If they are found to be inadequate, it will be comparatively easy to change or modify them to fit the emergency, with fairness both to the railroads and the public.'

"What the railroads and the people now need is a definite and fixed governmental policy which can be relied upon, and which

will make it easier for the railroads to procure money for the continuance of their extension and improvement work."

Now see what Edward P. Ripley, president of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad—another bluff, outspoken Westerner—has to say.

"The railroad's function is economic," he said, "and it never had any business in politics. It would have been far better to accept adverse legislation and then seek relief from it in the courts. I don't think that any railroad is sorry to get out of political entanglement.

"In the old day, railroad politics was simply an industry, and men of a certain class thrived on it. So wide-spread became the practise that when a clean and fair-minded politician honestly espoused the cause of the railroads he labored under the suspicion of having been bought. This era has passed, and we have come into a time when the railroad, without fear of blackmail, can go about its transportation job and feel safe in resting its case with the people.

"There is one phase of this new order of things that is worth emphasizing, I think. Formerly, the great army of railroad workers was practically at the beck and call of the political agitator who rode into office on anti-railroad sentiment. Now, the employees of the lines are arrayed against the professional agitator, for they realize that their own interests are bound up in the success of the railroads."

"The railroads have been in politics to protect themselves against unwarranted legislation," said William C. Brown, president of the New York Central. "There is no question in my mind but that this attempted protection in the past was along the wrong lines.

"I think that it is the intent and desire of the railroads, now and for the future, so to conduct their affairs as to give the widest publicity to their business in all its essential details; and this publicity will be the best preventive of hostile legislation.

"In my opinion, the only defense that should be made by the railroads against attacks on them in Legislatures and in Congress is the appearance of responsible officers before the proper committees or commissions. It means the substitution of publicity for political activity, and herein lies one solution of the whole railroad problem."

When you turn to the Southern lines, you find the same sentiment. Here is what William W. Finley, president of the Southern Railway, said:

"The railroad manager who believes, as I do, that the property interests entrusted to his care should be made the object of regulation based on economic and business principles, must see to it that his business is conducted in accordance with those principles. He must recognize the fact that the railroad is a public service institution, devoted to the performance of a function essential to the prosperity of the community. He must strive at all times to have all questions affecting its relations with the public considered on their merits, as affecting an enterprise in the successful and proper management of which both its owners and the public are concerned. He must see to it that he does not arouse popular resentment and political animosities through being properly credited with controlling, or with attempting to control, political action.

"But it must not be forgotten that a few years ago participation by railway companies in political affairs was, by public sentiment, not only tolerated but encouraged. Appeals were made to them to assist, as a highly patriotic service, the success of men, of parties, and of principles deemed essential to our civilization. If abuses arose from this, it was hardly more than could have been anticipated—hardly less than a natural and inevitable consequence.

"I fully recognize, however, that such participation by these companies in political matters is no longer justified, if it ever was, by conditions, and is no longer approved by public sentiment. It has passed away with many other political abuses which have been condemned and abandoned.

"I am in hearty accord with this elevation of moral standards, and with the view that would limit the participation of railroad companies in public matters to the field of fair protest and argument."

I also asked Edwin Hawley, builder of a whole new railroad empire, what he thought about the divorce of the railroads from politics.

"It's the best thing that could happen for the railroads," he said. "They were forced into political entanglements, and are glad to get out. Absolute separation in

this matter means that the railroad will, in future, be able to do its job better, and politics, on the other hand, 'will be cleaner and straighter.'"

Wherever you turn among the great railroad heads you get the same sentiment. Here is the opinion of Frederick D. Underwood, president of the Erie system:

"The railroads should go out of politics, for the simple reason that they have not, and never have had, any right to be in politics.

"No railroad wilfully and with malice aforethought ever went into politics. It was a condition forced upon them, and upon other large corporations, by the cupidity and selfishness of some of the men elected by the people as their representatives. Of these men was born so-called 'strike' legislation. In the old days, this was a salable commodity; but since its purveyors are now unable to sell it, it is rare in practise, and ranks as a highly speculative asset.

"Those who are clamoring about the financial participation of railroads in politics fail to recognize that under the existing order of things it is impossible for a railroad to expend funds for such purposes. Agents of the public-service commissions keep a watchful eye on railway financial activities; hidden mysteries no longer lurk in railroad accounts.

"The whole big significance of a final divorce of the railroads from politics will be a condition, now fast developing, which will mean a closer and franker relation between the great transportation lines and the

people they serve; the end of 'strike' legislation, which menaced not only the purse of the corporation, but also the peace of mind of its officers; a larger safeguard for investors, and a positive benefit all around."

I could continue this list of interviews much longer, and through all of them would run the feeling that the emancipation of the railroad from political thrall has come, or is close at hand. There could be no more sane or constructive view of the situation than the one given to me by a well-known railroad president—a man of deep thought and comprehending vision—who said:

"The railroads should be permanently out of politics, in the old sense—and politics should be taken permanently out of the railroad question. We and the politicians must commend ourselves not to the excited impulse of the moment, but to the sober judgment of the public. The solution of all these questions is not to be found in socialism or in excessive paternalism, but in a sense of stewardship. The condemnation in the parable was not upon the man with the ten talents, but upon the man with one only. The greater one's wealth, or position, or gift of any kind, the greater one's opportunity, and consequently one's responsibility, for efficient service."

Herein lies the real antidote for a large part of our business unrest. The absolute divorce between the railroads and politics means the overthrow of the old corporation autocracy and the establishment of a democracy of corporate life.

#### A WINTER MIRAGE

My garden calls across the snows!  
In memory's realm its color glows;  
With fancy's eye its bloom I see,  
I hear the buzzing of its bee,  
I smell the perfume of its rose.

How well my fond remembrance shows  
The corner where each glory grows!  
How stirs my heart when, suddenly,  
My garden calls!

What mocking wind so blithely blows  
The bright array that summer knows  
Across this scene of snow-clad lea?  
How comes this taunting thought to me?  
Despite the sleet and frozen flocks,  
My garden calls!

Vivian Moses

# CHAMP CLARK OF MISSOURI

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE,  
DISCLOSING SOME HITHERTO UNFAMILIAR FACTS

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

CHAMP CLARK was born a politician; but being very young at the time, he didn't know it. His parents were not politicians, and therefore they did not realize the terrible handicap they were imposing on his career when they christened him.

If his father and mother had had their way about it, the man who will be Speaker of the next House of Representatives would have had his visiting cards engraved thus:

MR. J. BEAUCHAMP CLARK.

Which is equivalent to saying that he would never have been Speaker. Who can conceive a Democratic Speaker with such a name as that?

With no unfriendly intent, but with rigid purpose of exposing the truth, it must be writ here and now that the man who has become parliamentary leader of the Democracy is named James Beauchamp Clark. His middle name is pronounced as if it were spelled "Beecham"; but no orthoepic art can conceal the patent fact that it is a name meet for plutocracy, not democracy.

Herein we find the first demonstration of that political talent which has raised Mr. Clark to his present eminence. Unerring instinct told him that "J. Beauchamp" was no name for a leader of the masses. No devotion to their cause would ever convince them that the owner of such a name could have a heart capable of beating strong and steady for popular rights.

So when J. Beauchamp Clark had arrived at the period of nascent discretion, and had become a freshman in college, he wrote home that he would no longer know the old name. The folks might address him as Champ Clark, if they wanted their letters opened.

Even remittances in the name of "J. Beauchamp" would not be received. It was hard on the people at home, who had been rather proud of that "J. Beauchamp" combination; but they had to accept the inevitable, and Champ Clark became the name destined to toy with power and fame.

Fate had other hurdles to scatter along the upward road, and it was not long, after he had properly democratized his name, before Champ reached one of them. It came to him in the seductive guise of a million dollars, and he nobly resisted it. But of that more anon.

Champ Clark's father was of an old New England family; his mother's people, the Beauchamps, were of Cavalier stock. The Beauchamps were Whigs, the Clarks Democrats. The elder Clark was a man of peace. He boasted of being willing to make any sacrifice for peace, and bragged about being a coward. This brag became obsolete after he had beaten up two or three contemporaries who accepted it too literally.

The Beauchamps were determined that their youthful namesake should be a Whig; the Clarks insisted that he must be a Democrat. Grandmother Beauchamp would bribe him with maple sugar to say:

"I am a Whig."

Then Clark, *père*, would take him out to the barn, show him a pony that the boy wanted worse than he has ever wanted anything political, and insinuate:

"Now, Beauchamp, are you a Whig or a Democrat?"

And Beauchamp would profess his adhesion to his father's party. By the time he had grown old enough to say "tariff," he had decided definitely in favor of being a Democrat, and he has been one ever since.



Born in Kentucky in 1850, he was fairly raised on politics. At an age when other boys dream of a future festooned with suspenders and long trousers, Beauchamp was figuring on going to Congress.

The boy was sent to the University of Kentucky about the end of the Civil War, and shortly discovered to the faculty that he knew more about American history than it did. That has always been his specialty—to know more about American history than anybody else present. He has never been caught in any company that could overpower him in that realm. He has read everything and forgotten none of it.

Soon after he reorganized his name into usable shape, Champ had a painful experience which deprived the University of Kentucky of the honor of graduating the future Speaker. In an argument with a classmate, he forgot those principles of non-resistance which had been inculcated at home, and was about to thrash his opponent. An onlooker seized him by the elbows, and pinned his arms to his sides, thereby enabling the other fellow to smash his nose. Clark wrenched free, took an old-fashioned pistol out of his pocket, and fired it.

Nobody was hurt, and it was not intended that any one should be. It was just a collegiate pleasantry of those days, to carry a gun around and occasionally shoot up the landscape. But the faculty was beginning to be afflicted with modernistic ideas, and Champ's case seemed a good one to provide an example. He was suspended, with the idea that he would probably be taken back after a period of discipline; but, instead of waiting to be reinstated, the young man went away to Bethany College, in West Virginia, where he captured all the honors that were accessible.

#### CHAMP CLARK AS A COLLEGE PRESIDENT

Because of his remarkable scholastic showing at Bethany, Clark found himself, at graduation, considering several flattering proposals to teach. He chose the presidency of Marshall College, in West Virginia. He assumed that position in 1873, and held it for two years, being only twenty-three years old at his induction, the youngest college president in the country.

He had started teaching to get money to take a law course, but it came near being his undoing; for it was at this time that the tempter came with the proposition to make him a millionaire.

West Virginia was then beginning to be recognized as a newer Pennsylvania. One day a friend came to the young college president.

"You have some money saved; do you want to invest it where it will make you rich?" he asked.

"What in?" demanded Clark.

"There's about half a county full of coal over here that you can get with the money you have saved. Better buy it."

Our hero was true to himself. He refused to burden himself with riches—especially as he didn't believe the coal was really there. The man who bought the land never got done figuring how much he made out of it.

#### A SOCKLESS STATESMAN IN THE WEST

Snatched thus from the very tentacles of the octopus, Clark went to the Cincinnati Law School, graduated, and started West to grow up with the country. He landed in Kansas, and almost starved. For want of the price, he beat Jerry Simpson to the distinction of sockless statesmanship by more than fifteen years.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes, a former Bethany friend sent him twenty-five dollars to write an oration for a prize contest. The oration was duly forwarded, and the man who delivered it got the prize. With the twenty-five dollars, Champ set out for Pike County, Missouri, and on arriving he decided to remain permanently, and go to Congress.

He taught school, edited a newspaper, was beaten for the State Legislature, was elected prosecuting attorney, and opened his legal career by going after an ancient and powerful gambling gang which had long infested the county. He won, after a desperate fight, and put an end to the gambling industry in old Pike. The gamblers vowed revenge, and have been collecting it ever since. They always oppose him at election, and he has never failed to run at least a thousand votes ahead of his ticket.

In 1892 he was elected to Congress. Two years earlier, a brilliant young man named Bryan had been sent up from Nebraska, and another named Bailey had come from Texas. These twain were already sturdy rivals. Both discovered a potential reinforcement of strategic value in the new man from Pike, and sought to annex him. He was circumspect, but in time gravitated to the Bryan side. It was not long before he had risen in his place and delivered a few

observations which convinced everybody that another promising youngster had come to town.

During his first year of service at Washington, he was invited to New York to speak at a big Democratic function, along with Bryan, Bailey, and other first-caliber orators. The newspapers devoted more attention to Clark than to any of the rest. His speech sounded a note of defiance to the Eastern Democracy. He told it that the big West was getting tired of coming East for candidates, platforms, and principles, and proposed to try running things in its own name for a change.

It was a prophesy of what was destined to happen in 1896, but nobody had sounded the warning in tones that the East could hear, until the new man from Missouri got the stage. That was the beginning of Champ Clark as a national figure.

#### THE GREAT CLARK-DOLLIVER HIPPODROME

Early in his House career, the Missourian made friends with a big, handsome, lovable young fellow named Dolliver, of Iowa, who could talk the birds off the trees. They had had curiously parallel experiences. Both had been West Virginians, both had gone West looking for fortunes and a chance to talk themselves into Congress, both had taught school, pitched hay, and walked the ties as part of the training, and both had arrived. They took to each other instantly, and finally set up a conspiracy against the peace, comfort, and security of society—a conspiracy whose full measure of villainy has never till now been exposed.

For these twain impecunious young statesmen are entitled to the opprobrium of carrying political discussion to the Chautauqua platform. Before their day, the Chautauquans mostly talked about such things as "Per Aspera ad Astra," "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," and other themes which made the Chautauqua platform a sort of sublimated high-school commencement occasion. The Chautauqua was perfectly harmless and excellent form; nobody was against it, and nobody bothered about it.

So Clark and Dolliver decided to reform the institution. They framed up a joint political debate, made engagements, got themselves press-agented in a fashion never paralleled till the Cook-Peary discussion was put on, and in due course went out to barnstorm the rural audiences.

It was fearsome and awesome, to see them

abuse each other for two hours together, and then take the gate receipts and a hack for the railroad-station. People came miles to hear them. The farmers made a day of it, driving in with their families and a picnic dinner. The newspapers furnished priceless columns of free advertising. One town in southwest Iowa having captured Barnum & Bailey's circus, a rival county-seat, twenty-five miles away, dated the Clark-Dolliver show, and in the resultant competition for crowds it won in a walk.

No wonder, either. These two gladiators put on something which in all its paroxysms of reforming energy the Chautauqua stage has never bettered. There are still people out there who honestly believe that Dolliver and Clark were deadly enemies, and had to be locked in separate cages before they could be trusted to travel on the same train!

At the end of a few seasons of this noble hippodrome, Clark and Dolliver were showing signs of prosperity, and the Chautauqua had been reformed into a ring-tailed alternation of sociological propaganda and political promotion. It has since come to be recognized as one of the most effective instrumentalities for the dissemination of reform ideas and the popularization of progressive political movements. To these two men, leaders in their respective parties, is due the first measure of credit for making the Chautauqua a political power and a chief factor in spreading the new social consciousness to the entire country. Some day this will be recognized as second to no other service in the public careers of Mr. Clark and the late Senator Dolliver.

#### THE NEXT SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

As a member of the House, Champ Clark early demonstrated special aptitude for tariff studies. When John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, became Democratic leader, he made Clark his first lieutenant and leader of the minority of the Ways and Means Committee. From this Clark naturally succeeded to the Democratic leadership when Williams was elected to the Senate; and now, in turn, he is to come into the Speakership, "the second greatest office under our government."

When Champ Clark is sworn as Speaker, next December, he will be the fortieth Speaker of the national House. He will come to the position at a time when the political situation will give it a significance it has seldom compassed.

The House is in a crisis of its parliamentary development. For years there has been growing misgiving as to whether the popular branch was making the full contribution to national affairs that ought to be expected from it. The Senate has overshadowed it in power and prestige. Under a succession of Speakers armed with almost dictatorial authority, the House has become less and less a free moral agent, more and more a mere reflection of the mind and purpose of its presiding officer.

Champ Clark, in the Speaker's chair, will be the exponent of the new purpose of democratizing the House. The place he will take in history will largely depend on the success with which he shall carry forward the purpose of restoring the House to its proper participation in legislation. In proportion as he shall be willing to be shorn of the petty powers of parliamentary dictatorship, he will gather to himself the vastly greater and more effective authority of big, broad, true leadership.

What may be expected of him in this regard?

The answer is at least suggested by the speech which Mr. Clark made on March 15, 1909, when the House was entering upon its historic fight to revise its rules. Joseph G. Cannon had just been elected Speaker, and the Democratic minority had cast its vote for Clark. The motion had been made to readopt the old "Reed-Cannon rules," under which, for twenty years, the Speaker had overshadowed the House. A combination of insurgent Republicans with the majority of the Democrats was trying to amend the rules so as to take away some of the Speaker's power. Mr. Clark said:

"Here we are now—three hundred and ninety-one members. At twelve o'clock today the Speaker of the House was equal to only one of us; but the minute he is elected Speaker, he is bigger than the whole three hundred and ninety of us who are left. Some people may enjoy that arrangement, but I do not."

What happened is history. The effort for an effective modification of the rules was defeated because of a Democratic defection; but that victory was the undoing of the old régime. The combination of progressive Republicans and progressive Democrats continued the fight all through that session and the succeeding one, and when the election of 1910 came, the Democrats overwhelmingly carried the House—carried

it, in part, on the issue laid down by Champ Clark in his declaration that the Speaker, from the minute when he is elected, is "bigger than the whole three hundred and ninety of us who are left."

From the hour of his accession to minority leadership, Champ Clark has had a tempestuous experience. It required constant effort to hold his own party together, and to maintain the coalition with the insurgent Republicans. Sometimes he succeeded, sometimes he failed; but in the end had the satisfaction of delivering a solid Democratic vote on the Norris motion to declare the Speaker's chair vacant, and on the other Norris motion to enlarge the Rules Committee and make the Speaker ineligible for membership on it.

During the tariff session of 1909, the coalition won a number of decided victories over the regular Republican organization. Besides breaking the power of the Cannon forces, it compelled national attention to the fundamental issues involved in the method of framing the Payne tariff. This last was, politically, the largest result of the long struggle waged by the coalition.

Its fruits may be seen in the personnel of the House of which Clark will be Speaker. The coalition carried the country against the old régime in a manner that brought indorsement to both insurgent Republicans and Clark Democrats. The Democrats captured the House, while the insurgent Republicans approximately doubled their strength.

#### CHAMP CLARK AS AN ORATOR

Champ Clark is not one of the great orators of Congress, but he has for many years been known as one of the "best talkers." Big, straight, powerful, clear-eyed, and heavy-voiced, he talks plainly and forcibly, and puts things simply. He is full of vernacular, of dry humor, of pointed illustration, and appropriate anecdote. Let me present a paragraph of his simple style of exposition, by way of illustrating his method. It is from a speech delivered during the tariff session:

I will tell you the truth about revenue tariff and protective tariff very briefly. Up to a certain point, on any article that is made in the United States as well as abroad, a tariff rate is both a revenue rate and a protective rate, and no human being ever had or can have the ingenuity to separate them. It is an impossibility in nature. For instance, I might say that I am in favor of putting a twenty-five-per-cent rate on a certain article for the purposes of revenue, and my friend from

Michigan [Mr. Fordney] might say that he is in favor of putting a twenty-five-per-cent rate on that same thing as protection. The upshot of it would be that I would get my revenue, and the gentleman from Michigan would get his protection, whether I wanted him to have it or not. Revenue rates and protective rates run side by side, up to the point where the tariff rate begins to be prohibitive in its nature; then I go down one pathway, and the gentleman from Michigan goes down another.

Democracy has captured half the legislative department of the government, and Champ Clark has been made chief trustee for the administration of his party's opportunity. No other man in that party will have so large opportunity, in the next year,

to contribute toward bringing it back to national control.

No man intimate with recent political doings at Washington can doubt that Mr. Clark, as minority leader, did much to make his party deserve the partial victory it has won. It is for him now to determine whether, as Speaker, he will contribute as much.

He has already declared for taking from the Speaker the right of naming the committees of the House. His declaration ended all uncertainty about the party attitude on one great question. His renunciation of so vast a power will make the Speakership a smaller office, but it will make the next Speaker a bigger man.

## THE RÔLE OF A GENTLEMAN

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "THE FOUR OF CLUBS," "THE HALLS OF O'HARA," ETC.

"MOVE on there!" said the doorkeeper at the stage entrance.

As he spoke, the manager appeared in the passageway.

"Stop a minute!" he commanded.

The beggar hesitated. He was a young man, not more than thirty perhaps, but so marked by want and suffering and the signs of dissipation that it would have been difficult to divine his original character. Only in his eyes could be seen the remembrance of another life than the one he was leading, the faint suggestion of a better destiny. He looked at the manager with the helpless yet hostile air of a hunted animal, and began nervously to button the ragged remnants of a coat.

The manager turned to the doorkeeper.

"The beggar in the play has been taken ill," he explained. "This man is just what we want, if he has sense enough to walk across the stage. Could you do that—just cross over from one side to the other?" he added, addressing the stranger.

"I could do it if you'll let me have something to eat first."

"Or something to drink," the manager suggested, a little scornfully.

The man's face darkened.

"I'm hungry, I tell you. I've eaten nothing for two days."

"He looks it," said the doorkeeper.

"Send a messenger for a bowl of soup, Johnson. Come in, young man. What's your name?"

"Any name."

"Smith will do for a handle, then. It doesn't matter. Your walk's what we want, and your coat, and your look. You're all right just as you are. Step a little livelier, please. It's almost time for the curtain."

Smith seemed dazed, but he quickened his shuffle. A group of girls, ready for their entrance, regarded him with amusement. One of them, who was very pretty, quoted merrily:

"I used your soap two years ago, and have never used any other since."

The bundle of rags shivered a little, but whether from cold or the sting of the allusion could not be told. The manager led the way to the wings.

"You're to stand here. The moment some one back of you says 'Go,' you're to shuffle across the stage and disappear in the wings opposite—directly opposite to where



you are now standing. You're not to raise your head or look around. You're just to shuffle over and disappear. Do you understand?"

Smith nodded.

"Sure?"

"Yes. May I sit down a moment?"

He had turned deathly white. The manager took a long look at him.

"Faint?" he asked.

"Yes—a little."

"Here's something hot. You'll feel better when you've eaten something."

The stranger took the bowl in his shaking hands.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"May I wash first?"

"Good Lord, no!" the manager roared.

"We want you just as you are."

The man began to eat with starving haste, with wheezing, hollow sounds, and tremulous jerks, turning his head from side to side like a dog protecting his bone. Yet he held his spoon correctly. The manager looked puzzled.

The stage-hand who was to prompt him came to his side, and surveyed him with cynical amusement.

"This your first appearance?"

The stranger seemed unaware of the jest.

"I'm to be a beggar on the stage?" he questioned with a certain childlike air.

"No, you're to be a dook—upholstered in purple velvet, with diamond buttons," the stage-hand remarked pleasantly.

"Don't insult me," said Smith, his teeth chattering.

"Insult you, you old bone-directory!"

The man looked down at his hands. Under the grime that covered them his flesh was of a transparent whiteness. He knit his long fingers convulsively. The prompter relented.

"Ain't in any pain?"

Smith shook his head. Whatever his misery, it was inarticulate, incommunicable. He seemed imprisoned in his own past experience, walled in by some long-past anguish.

The curtain rose, the play began. From his position in the wings the beggar watched everything with intense curiosity. The young girl whose jest had reached his ears was in the first act.

"Who is she? What's her name?" he asked hoarsely, pointing to her.

"Bettina Dare," the stage-hand answered. "Stand up now. It's almost time for your

entrance. You'll get a hand on your looks, old boy, if for nothing else. A bit nervous, are you?"

"No," the beggar said, twisting himself from under the prompter's hand, which was laid with friendly intent upon his shoulder.

Snatched from the night and the unknown, Smith had become a center of interest behind the scenes. The general opinion was that the manager was risking a fiasco in entrusting even a wordless crossing of the stage to a waif of the streets, whose appearance of abject poverty fitted so well into an incident of the play.

Some one wagered that the beggar, judging by his appearance, would tumble down. Jests reached his ears, but he made no sign. Occasionally a shiver went through his thin form. Despite his denial of his nervousness, he was in an agony of apprehension lest he should not be able to do what was expected of him.

"Go!"

He stumbled forward into a glare of lights even more blinding and terrible to him than that white highway outside of the theater, up and down which he had trodden so many weary nights. For a moment he swayed. The road across the stage stretched endlessly before him, and to traverse it he must call on a will weakened by years of wandering, of remorse, and of dissipation to drown remorse. His physical weakness held him in a kind of paralysis, increased by his own amazement and his fear; then he rallied.

Dimly there came to his mind, to uphold him, the thought that they were trusting him to do this, and no one had trusted him for years. The first haste caused by his nervousness disappeared. Naturally, he fell into his accustomed slipshod step, his head drooping, his hands twitching. When the merciful shadow of the wings drew near, he held his muscles that he might not hasten to that refuge.

Even when in the wings, he continued to shuffle on until he reached a pile of lumber. On this he sank, deathly pale. Applause came faintly to his ears. He looked about him with dazed eyes.

"That's for you, old skeleton," the stage-hand said, slapping him on the back. "The real thing's hard to beat, after all!"

The manager approached him.

"Were you ever on the stage before?"

The stranger appeared to be making an effort of memory.

"Private theatricals—long ago," he muttered.

"Private theatricals!" the manager echoed in amazement. Then he remembered how the man had held his spoon. "Well, here's a dollar-bill for you. Don't get tanked, for we want you to-morrow night."

"You want me to-morrow night?" Smith repeated, looking at the bill in his hand and then at the manager. His blue eyes were opened very wide.

"Sure! You'll get a dollar a night, provided you turn up on time and keep sober."

"Of course he will," said a bird-like voice. "Of course he'll keep sober!"

It was Bettina, the girl who had jested over his unwashed appearance. Smith rose to his feet, and the two looked at each other for a moment. No one had spoken so hopefully of him for years, nor looked at him with such kind, frank eyes. Perhaps she had not meant to hurt his feelings when he first entered the theater. That he could justify her trust seemed to him an achievement beyond his feeble powers, but he had a dim desire to make at least the effort. Until she spoke, the bill had meant to him but another opportunity to summon those visions in which he could forget what he had passed through.

"You'd better leave your clothes here for property clothes," the manager said, something keeping the word "rags" from his lips. "I've an old suit you can put on. Come this way."

Smith followed him into a dressing-room. The manager gave orders to a dresser, who regarded the new acquisition with undisguised contempt, but did as he was told. Smith was divested of his rags and put into the first whole suit of clothes that he had worn for years. They were shabby, but compared to his former garments they seemed to him of princely texture.

Paler than ever, and trembling from an inner excitement, he stepped again into the corridor. He did not know the way out, and as he stood for a moment irresolute, Bettina came up to him. Her childish, pretty face was full of a not unfriendly curiosity.

"You'll be sure to come, won't you? That walk of yours is splendid. You did lots better than the man who only played the part—" She stopped, flushing a lit-

tle, realizing what she had intimated. Then she added impulsively: "You're a gentleman, aren't you?"

A look, half of terror, half of appeal, came into his eyes. The old trembling seized him. He could not answer her.

## II

WHEN he reached the street, he did not go immediately to seek a lodging for the night—for weeks he had slept in the parks and the squares—but took up his post opposite the stage entrance. It seemed as if the only way he could prove to himself that he had not been dreaming was to stand there until the company came out. If he could recognize them, he would know that he was still on earth; that the evening's happenings had not been a vision beyond the grave, or a vision of the fever that often racked him toward nightfall.

The air was very cold, but he was used to long vigils under far less favorable conditions. At last the members of the company came streaming out, among them Bettina. Some one met her at the door.

He came the next night an hour before the curtain rose. His hair had not been cut, nor had he shaved, for he had remembered that the must preserve his rôle; but the grime was gone from his face and hands. His prompter of the night before looked at him in astonishment, and his lips twisted for a moment in an apology that he could not utter.

Bettina greeted him cordially.

"Feel better, Mr. Smith?"

A faint flush overspread his cheek at the sound of the "Mr."

"Much better, thank you."

The manager came up to him.

"I'm glad you've come early. You don't look so much the part to-night, and some one will have to show you about the make-up. You'd better have left your face as it was."

The man winced. He shuffled off to the dressing-room with the old cowed manner.

"He's jumping up too quickly," the manager said to Bettina. "He was the real thing yesterday—dirt and all!"

"You can't keep him a beggar, for he isn't one," she said.

Smith performed his little part, though he could not have told any one what it cost him to go back to the rags in which he had made his first appearance.

Much of the suffering in his existence



had sprung from the fact that he had never felt at home in the pit into which he had sunk. He had gone there in anguish, he had remained there in anguish. During the last two years the only relief he craved was the relief of drifting, of ceasing even to regret. This sudden snatching into a world of effort, though but for a few moments in the twenty-four hours, had aroused not only a self long buried under hopelessness, but an old and poignant pain—the despair of ever piecing together again a life so shattered.

As the days went on, new fears oppressed him—that the man whose understudy he was would come back to claim his part—that the play would stop. He had begun to cling to it as to a strong tree above a precipice. What it was about he had not the faintest idea; but if some one on Broadway had questioned him concerning it, he would probably have replied that it was the greatest play in New York. A play that was saving a man's life must be above all other plays.

That it was saving his physical life was growing each week more apparent. To a man who had earned nothing for months, the nightly stipend appeared a fortune. His recurrent temptations to squander it in drink were met by the stronger desire to justify Bettina Dare's gay announcement, on that first evening, of her belief in him.

Her friendly patronage had continued. She had always a kind word for him. She stood between his bewilderment and the curiosity of the company concerning him. He, on his part, longed to do her some service more valuable than picking up her handkerchief when she dropped it; but he was too far removed from her life, and from the lives of all good women, to have any confidence in his power to serve or protect. He sometimes watched her exit from the theater, for he had formed an instinctive distrust of the person who so often met her there—a Broadway type, showy, animal, overfed, and overconfident. Another man came less frequently—and sometimes waited in vain.

Of the first man Bettina never spoke, but she often referred to the other—"a friend from the country," as she called him, whom she had known from childhood, and who seemed to have constituted himself a kind of watch-dog over her, an office of which she was sometimes impatient. She seemed intermittently fond of him, however; and

to Smith, his very name—James Hawthorne—inspired confidence. He liked him as instinctively as he distrusted the other man.

Bettina often chatted to Smith of herself, he listening in silence, but grateful as a dog for her notice. One night, at her suggestion, he watched the play from the wings, from start to finish. Envy filled him—not of the actors or of the acting, but of the normal life represented. What happened on the stage was happening in homes all about him.

The next night the manager came to him.

"Could you speak a line or two without stage fright?"

Smith looked at him for a moment with the old fearful expression. To speak, even in real life, had within the last year become a difficult matter.

"We've decided that a line or two from you would help that scene. You've asked people for money, haven't you, time and again?"

A slow flush overspread Smith's face.

"Yes," he said humbly.

"I guess you could do it on the stage, then."

They were to utilize the only talent left him! Shame filled his heart; but, as on that first night, the sense that something was expected of him conquered the old desire to slink away like a beaten animal.

A rehearsal was called for the next afternoon, and for the first time he came in as one of the company. The sensation was strange—this being brought into contact with his fellow creatures as neither a rebel nor an outcast, but a helper, part of the whole, a little wheel in the machinery, and needed there—needed! No pleasure ever gave him such a thrill of satisfaction.

Bettina met him in the wings.

"You'll do it, Mr. Smith?" she said.

"You have it in you. Don't be afraid. Fire away!"

They put him through a long drill to perfect the few sentences he had to speak. The other actors seemed tired and bored, but there was tonic to him in every repetition. It had been so long since anything was required of him.

### III

"AND now you want the rôle of a gentleman!"

"If you think I can be trusted with it, sir."

Smith scarcely spoke more than in the days when he first shuffled across the boards of the Protean Theater, but his voice had lost its tremor, his manner its nervousness. He was still thin and somewhat gaunt of feature, but his eyes were clear and luminous with a dawning hope.

The manager regarded him curiously. Smith was a growing puzzle. The man seemed to have confidence only on the stage. Outside of the theater, according to two or three observers, he appeared to shrink from the actual world, to bear ever about him a memory that chilled his heart with some touch of fear or sorrow, and kept him apart from his fellows. Only before the footlights did he hold up his head.

"Why are you so keen for the rôle of *Rutledge*?" the manager asked.

"Because it's the rôle of a gentleman."

"What's your idea of a gentleman?"

Smith became inarticulate. He straightened himself. His eyes grew wistful.

"Well, you look one, at least," the manager commented. "Where did you live before you struck New York?"

"Many places."

The manager shrugged his shoulders, and gave it up, as others had before him. Smith's antecedents remained veiled in impenetrable mystery.

His interpretation of *Rutledge* in "The Bargain" became a matter of the deepest curiosity to the company. No one any longer made jests at his expense; but they never ceased to be interested in him, because they did not understand him. He remained both a challenge and a riddle.

After the first rehearsal, Bettina came to him.

"So that's your idea of a gentleman!"

He nodded.

"Isn't it yours, Miss Dare?"

"Well, they don't exactly throng Broadway."

"Oh, Broadway!" he said wearily.

She looked at him with a quizzical expression.

"They don't rush around in motors and take girls to champagne suppers—"

The smile that came so rarely to his face lighted it for a moment now.

"I wish you'd tell me what you think," she said impatiently. "You never talk. I wish you'd point me out a gentleman."

"I can point you out a man," he answered, with a sudden flash of his eyes.

"Who?"

"Your friend—James Haworth."

She blushed a rosy red.

"He bores me sometimes. He's so unchangeable."

"So are the mountains," he answered.

"But they satisfy. I know. I was born among them."

As *Rutledge* he made a quiet success, playing the rôle with a fine sense of its possibilities. The other players were not jealous of him, because he had a peculiar genius for heightening the effect of their parts while making the most of his own. Bettina sometimes wondered if his defeat in the world had been so great that vanity had become impossible to him. Yet he played his rôle with a zest which seemed to indicate that he was enamored of it, that he drew life from it, found consolation in it for past indignities, balm for unnumbered wounds. It was as if he snatched from this mask of life what in the real world he could never have again.

"You enjoy that part more than any you've played yet," Bettina said one night to him.

"How do you know?" he answered with an abashed look.

"It stimulates you like wine."

"Yes," he acknowledged.

#### IV

"WHAT do you think he has asked for now?" the manager said, grinning.

"Smith?"

"Yes. He wants to play a priest!"

"Well, he can do it," Bettina answered casually, and as she made no further comment the manager walked away.

She scarcely noticed his going. She was too much absorbed these days in a problem not connected with the stage. In her consideration of it she felt forlornly alone. James Haworth had withdrawn in silence from a situation no longer tolerable to him. The worst of his withdrawal was that she felt that it proceeded not from his lack of love for her, but from his lack of faith in her. She had wilfully accumulated the circumstantial evidence against herself.

She was ease-loving, and she knew it; but she was not without a conscience. Not being an idealist, she had no illusions regarding the general trend of life on Broadway. Unless one made a continual fight, one slipped toward the brink of the declivity. But pretty clothes, she told herself, were a necessity; and pleasures were a ne-

cessity. She wished that an honorable road to wealth were open to her. She doubted her ability to be contented as a poor man's wife; but from the alternative she shrank. What a triumph, she sometimes thought, to be both a good woman and a well-dressed one!

One night she sat in the wings, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, brooding, as usual, on a matter unconnected with the new play which was being rehearsed. In it Smith had the part of a young priest whose goodness had what goodness does not always have—a dramatic value.

He came up to her with a look of solicitude.

"Are you tired, Miss Dare?"

"Rather," she answered shortly.

He waited. As usual, his presence quieted her. She lifted her head at last and looked at him.

"You love your part, don't you, even more than you loved the rôle of a gentleman?"

A light crept into his face. He remained silent.

"And you really believe in it?" she questioned.

"More than I ever believed in anything," he answered solemnly.

"It seems full of sorrow to me," she said slowly, "and pain and denial—all that makes life hard."

"But there's hope in it, nevertheless!" And then he added: "You may not need that as much as I do."

## V

THE next night was the opening of "The Seekers." The company, worn out with rehearsals, began the play in that negative frame of mind which endeavors not so much to attain success as to avoid failure. But, as the first act proceeded, one and all became aware that a subtle electric current was beginning to pervade the scenes, and that its source was the peculiar earnestness with which Smith, as the young priest, played his rôle.

If he had taken the character of a gentleman with zest—the satisfaction of a man assigned to a part lost forever to him in real life—he put into this impersonation a fervor of reverence that lifted it high. All that his baffled silence could never utter came out at last, addressed not to friend or comrade, nor to the beloved, but to a crowd

of strangers. The "Miserere" vibrated beneath his lines; the "De Profundis" of a soul that has really gone into the depths, despairing both of God and man. No one could miss the fact that he was at last in the rôle necessary to his peace—the logical outcome of the retreating years with all their sin and wandering.

The other members of the company, spurred by his acting, rose with him to the full height of their opportunities.

## VI

A MONTH later, Bettina, coming into a rehearsal, saw a strange actor in the garb of the priest. She asked several of the company if Smith were ill, but no one seemed to know what was the matter; so at the end of the rehearsal she sought the manager himself. He had retreated to a cubicle where he sometimes read plays, and he scowled as she entered.

"I know what you've come to ask me."

"He's not ill, is he?"

"He's left the stage."

"Left the stage!"

"That's what I said."

She hesitated.

"You didn't—dismiss him?"

"Dismiss him! Are you crazy?"

"Why did he go, then?"

"It's clearer to him than it is to me."

"Aren't you going to tell me?" she said impatiently.

"He has gone to study for the priesthood. He wants to work as a missionary right here in New York for men who—for men who are down and out as he was, I guess. He went to the seminary to-day."

The manager, having stated the case, waited for her comment. She brought it forth defiantly.

"You don't understand that, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"I do!"

"Well, what made him do it, then?"

"He told you something that explains it, even if you don't understand it—and you're going to tell me."

"Yes, he did tell me something," the manager admitted. "He had to, for I hung on to him. I didn't want to give him up. He's always been a mystery, you know. Everything was queer about him, the way he came to us out of the gutter, his silence, his wanting to play gentlemen and good men—"

"Yes! Yes!" she said impatiently.

"You're never to repeat this," he warned.  
 "If I can hold my tongue about any one, I can hold it about him."

"Well, he didn't go into details; but he had been in prison five years for something he did in a wild moment. He had ruined a girl's life before that, I gathered, and had broken his mother's heart. When he came out of jail, despair and drink got hold of him. The night he came to us he was headed for the river. Well, you know the rest. He got his chance with us. He couldn't get far outside, for his record was known; and it was always cropping up and standing in his way. The stage gave him his chance to be respectable for a little while every night; then to be—a gentleman; then—" The manager broke off for a minute and drummed with a paper-cutter on the desk; he avoided Bettina's eyes. "Then," he went on, "he got the final rôle—I guess it was the real one. I don't understand, but the church did. He'll never have to act again. He's the real thing now—and they won't take it from him."

Bettina's eyes were full of tears.

"I've got to see him once. I want to thank him for something he has done for me. Do you know where he is?"

The manager scribbled an address on a piece of paper and pushed it toward her.

"I guess you could see him. He left good-by for you."

## VII

BETTINA, waiting in the little blank reception-room, wondered in what words she

should tell him of his influence on her life, of the part he had played in her choice. Her private vocabulary had never been large—never large enough, indeed, for her range of emotions, which now seemed to have escaped altogether from definition.

She wanted to tell him that somehow he had turned the scale, had purified her ideals, had helped her to remember—most of all through that last play—the old, old lessons of goodness, the simple right and wrong of her childhood. She wanted to tell him that his faith had created faith in her, that his dim holding on to his first poor opportunities had made her want to hold on to a greater inheritance.

Suddenly he appeared in the doorway, his face full of pleasure at the sight of her, yet with something changed in it. The old baffled look was gone, and in its place was an impenetrable serenity, an unshakable confidence, which emphasized the spiritual lines of his features—lines that had been, after all, in the countenance of the beggar whom she had pitied, and on whom the purgatorial fires had almost spent themselves.

He smiled upon her, and all her carefully framed sentences were swept from her mind by a rush of happy feeling.

"I had to come and tell you myself," she said. "I'm going to be married to James Haworth!"

A grave tenderness shone for a moment from his eyes. From the silence and mystery which still enveloped him, which even his speech could not dispel, she felt the abundance of his blessing.

## THEN LAUGH

BUILD for yourself a strong-box,  
 Fashion each part with care;  
 When it's strong as your hand can make it,  
 Put all your troubles there;  
 Hide there all thought of your failures  
 And each bitter cup that you quaff;  
 Lock all your heartaches within it,  
 Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,  
 Never its secrets share;  
 When you've dropped in your care and worry  
 Keep them forever there;  
 Hide them from sight so completely  
 That the world will never dream half;  
 Fasten the strong-box securely—  
 Then sit on the lid and laugh!

*Bertha Adams Backus*



# PRESENTATION AT COURT

WHAT IT MEANS, AND HOW AMERICANS CAN SECURE IT

BY F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN

AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTY PALACES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR"

**N**EARLY every American woman who visits Europe entertains some sort of longing for a presentation at court. There are several reasons for this.

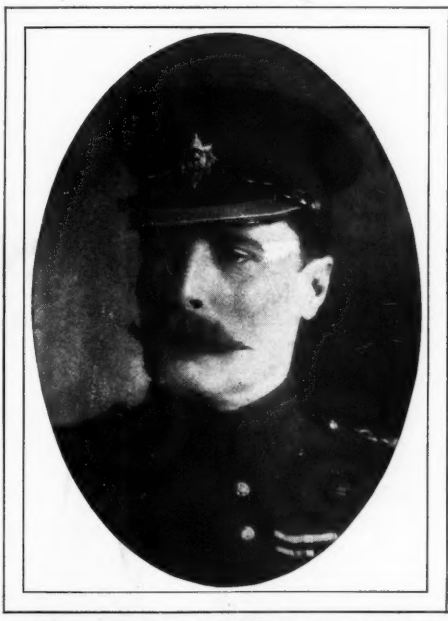
In the first place, she is prompted by a desire to assert the patriotic doctrine that as a daughter of Uncle Sam she is fully qualified to meet in a social way any empress, queen, or princess of the blood. Then, too, she feels a typically feminine curiosity to behold with her own eyes those gorgeous scenes of court life concerning which she has seen and read so much in picture and in print. Very probably, too, she thinks that acquaintance with European royalty is likely to promote her social aspirations and advance her standing, not only on yonder side of the Atlantic, but also at home.

It is a very innocent longing, after all, and quite a natural one—that is, for American women. For in most of the monarchical countries of Europe, social distinctions are so strongly defined, and it is so generally known that admission to court is restricted to a favored class, that the possibility of pres-

entation would not occur to any young girl or matron of, say, Austria or Hungary, unless she could furnish proof of the possession of a long line of noble ancestors. She does not aspire to enter portals that not even marriage with the greatest noble of the land would open to her, and is content to shine within the limits of her own particular circle, without any thought of going higher.

To the American woman, no such social barriers exist. She is imbued with a sense of equality with the best and the highest in her own and every other land. While it would be ridiculous to assert that she would be welcomed in the most exclusive salons of Mayfair, of the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris, or of Vienna, with nothing else to recommend her but her American nationality, it is a fact that as long as she retains that nationality, and does not forfeit it by marrying a foreigner, she can hope for presentation at every royal and imperial court of Europe.

Such being the case, some few words of advice as to the best way of realizing



COLONEL SIR DOUGLAS DAWSON, CHIEF ASSISTANT  
TO LORD SPENCER AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
AT THE BRITISH COURT

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*



this ambition may prove of use to the fair readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

#### THE HEDGE ABOUT THE GREAT COURTS

Unless they happen to be on terms of great personal intimacy with the envoy of the United States in London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, or Madrid, or else are the bearers of some particularly strong letters of personal recommendation from the President or the Secretary of State—that is to say, letters differing from the ordinary formal recommendation issued by the State Department, on application, to people of importance—I would advise them to refrain, at any rate at the outset of their European visit, from any attempt to secure presentation at court in the capitals which I have just enumerated.

A rebuff at one of these important courts is not only calculated to render presentation later on a matter of difficulty, but is also likely to interfere with the possibility of an introduction to some of the minor rulers and royalties of the Continent. If these learn that an American has been refused presentation in London, in Vienna, or in Berlin, they will naturally assume that there was some good reason for his being thus barred, and will hesitate to admit him to their own court circles. In fact, for an American woman to be rebuffed at one of the bigger courts is certain to interfere considerably with her social campaign everywhere else in Europe.

Owing to the overwhelming number of Americans demanding presentation in London, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Rome, the courts of these capitals have found it necessary to impose certain restrictions. It has been ruled that no Americans can be presented save by their ambassador or ambassadress, who is personally responsible for their social standing and respectability. Then, too, the embassies are limited to twenty presentations of women a year, and to a similar number of men.

It has been impressed upon the American embassies in these five capitals that the prescribed number must not be exceeded. On one occasion, after the list for presentations at a certain court had already been filled, peremptory orders arrived from Washington that two new arrivals should be permitted to make their curtsy at the next royal drawing-room. In order to carry out his orders, the ambassador had to remove two names to

make way for the newcomers, although the women thus forced to give place had gone specially to Europe in order to be presented, and had had gorgeous dresses built in Paris for the ceremony.

By the laws governing diplomacy, based on what is known as the comity of nations, American envoys are subject to the rules and regulations of the court to which they are accredited. For instance, they are obliged to put themselves, the members of their family and their mission, and even their servants, into deep mourning when the latter is ordered by the court for some royal personage or other, whom the American diplomats may never have met, and in whom they are in no wise interested. When, therefore, a regulation is established by the King of England, or by the Kaiser, that not more than twenty American women shall be presented at his court in the space of a year, the ambassador is obliged to submit, and has no ground for protest.

It is extremely doubtful whether he would care to make any objection, even if he could do so. For the limitation of the number of American presentations has been a source of intense relief to our envoys in Europe, since it has extricated them from one of the most serious difficulties that used to confront them. Nowadays people realize that once an ambassador's list is full, he cannot help them, and it is useless to pester him to present them. Formerly he was expected by visiting Americans to present every one of them on application, no matter how ineligible they might be from a social point of view. The burden of the denial of their admission to court rested upon him, and was accountable for much of the savage abuse to which the envoys were occasionally subjected in the American press. To-day, the responsibility is removed from his shoulders to those of the sovereign to whom he is accredited.

No such limitation exists in the case of presentations of the subjects of other powers. It has never been found necessary to restrict the number of English presentations at Continental courts, and of Germans, Austrians, and Russians at the court of St. James, because only those who have already been presented at home are regarded as qualified for presentation at a foreign court. So strict is this rule that if for one reason or another a woman's appearance at the court of her own country is suspended, owing to her being



THE PICTURE-GALLERY IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE—HERE THOSE PRESENTED AT THE BRITISH COURT WAIT BEFORE ENTERING THE THRONE-ROOM, WHICH IS BEYOND THE CURTAINS AT THE END OF THE GALLERY

concerned in some scandal, which may or may not have received publicity, her name is at once communicated to the embassies of her country abroad, so that she may be debarred from the right of presentation in any foreign capital.

Even in republican France, where there is no longer any court, no Frenchwoman dreams of asking for presentation abroad who does not belong to the *grand monde* in Paris, or to the old aristocracy. The French diplomatic service still con-



THE GRAND STAIRCASE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, UP WHICH THOSE PRESENTED AT COURT PASS TO REACH THE PICTURE-GALLERY

tains enough representatives of the ancient nobility to bar the way to any undesirable applicant.

#### THE MINOR COURTS EASIER TO ENTER

Having thus explained the difficulty of obtaining presentation at the courts of the great powers, let me suggest the following alternative. It is to secure presentation at one of the smaller courts of Germany, or at Athens, Sofia, Copenhagen, Stockholm, The Hague, or Brussels.

At these courts the American demand for

presentation has not been so large as to render necessary the restrictions which have been established as a measure of protection in London, Vienna, Rome, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. Moreover, the American legations in these lesser capitals are sometimes filled by men who have received their appointments in recognition of political serv-

courts have this responsibility constantly brought home to them. If a lady of doubtful antecedents, or a man of questionable record in business, sport, or social life, manages to secure presentation—as has sometimes happened on the strength of official recommendation from Washington, obtained through political channels—the affair is



EARL SPENCER, FORMERLY LORD ALTHORP, KING GEORGE'S LORD CHAMBERLAIN, WHO MAKES UP THE LIST OF INVITATIONS TO COURT FUNCTIONS IN ENGLAND

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London*

ices, and who, though they may be most estimable officials, are not likely to know the personal standing of their countrymen who call upon them with a view to presentation, or to possess any fine sense of social responsibility for the people in question.

The American ambassadors at the bigger

pretty sure to be seized by the American newspapers, and rendered public in such a fashion that the embassy is called to account by the court to which it is accredited. In fact, a few mistakes of this sort are sufficient to render the position of an American ambassador intolerable. That is why the

envoys of the United States in the capitals of the great powers are so chary about presenting their countrymen, and why they have welcomed the restrictions which enable them to limit their lists to those whom they are willing to sponsor, not only officially, but also privately.

The minor courts are not watched in the same way by the American press. Presentations at Dresden, at Copenhagen, at Stockholm, at Brussels, or at The Hague, attract no attention in the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic. There is at present no limitation of the number of presentations, and the consequence is that it is relatively easy for Americans to secure an introduction there.

Once presented in one of these minor capitals, they have at least paved the way to admission at the more important courts. For the embassies there are naturally inclined to show themselves less critical about people who have already figured at other courts than about mere neophytes.

In Greece, the bitterness between the rival political factions is so great that the reigning family is obliged, in order to avoid cause for jealousy, to restrict its social intercourse largely to foreigners. That is why American visitors are generally welcome at the court of Athens; the more so as King George has never forgotten the fact that the foundation of his now enormous fortune was laid through his successful speculation in American grain, under the advice of the late General Meredith Read, in 1876 and 1877, when the Russo-Turkish War put a stop to the grain trade of the southern provinces of the Muscovite empire.

Another court where Americans were always welcome was that of Lisbon; while Bucharest and Sofia, Cettinje and Copenhagen, Stockholm and Brussels, The Hague and Christiania, are all far more accessible than the capitals of the great powers.

#### THE MINOR COURTS OF GERMANY

Some Americans whom I have known have adopted with great success still another means of obtaining access to court circles. They take up their residence in one of the small German capitals—there are about twenty of them within the limits of the Kaiser's empire—and settle down there for a prolonged stay—that is to say, for at least the duration of an entire winter or summer. The very fact that they are Americans con-

vinces the people of the place that they are possessed of considerable wealth; for a widespread impression exists in Europe to the effect that almost every traveling citizen of the United States must necessarily be a millionaire.

The presence of the new arrivals naturally arouses interest in the city where they have taken up their abode. They become the observed of all observers, and a subject of conversation, not only among the public, but also in the palaces of the members of the reigning family. Provided they are well bred, well conducted, and free from undue ostentation, they are almost certain, sooner or later, to become acquainted with the members of the court, and through the latter with the reigning house. In fact, their acquaintance will be sought, as a relief from the prevailing monotony of existence in these little German capitals.

Once they have established a social foothold, and have acquired not merely the acquaintance, but even the friendship of the princes and princesses of the sovereign family of the place, they will find the doors of the German aristocracy, and of other minor courts of the empire, freely opened to them; and the knowledge that they are on terms of personal friendship with one or more of the petty reigning sovereigns of Germany will be of great value, later on, if they wish to secure admission to the courts of Berlin and Vienna.

If these minor German royalties, who attach so much importance to etiquette, are more ready to make friends with interesting Americans than with any other strangers, it is because they feel that with Europeans it is necessary to demand qualifications of birth and ancestry. They would hesitate to sit at table with a German, an Austrian, or an Italian of bourgeois origin. In the case of English people, they would feel it necessary to inquire first, whether the visitors were shopkeepers or gentlefolk; but they would ask no such questions about Americans.

In their eyes, Americans, as citizens of a great republic, are all equal. They cannot conceive that there are gradations of social rank in this country. While they may accord special distinction to such a man as General Fred Grant, as the son of a soldier of international fame, they attach no importance whatsoever to matters of American ancestry. The question whether their American friends and acquaintances are descended

from Cavaliers, from Puritans, or even from the humblest of immigrant peasants, is a matter of profound indifference to them.

The only things that count, with them, in Americans, are good breeding, education, the possession of a certain amount of money, and the power to interest. This may serve to explain how it is possible that people who find no entrance into the inner circles of society in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore, may sometimes obtain abroad, from the anointed of the Lord, a welcome of much greater warmth and cordiality than that accorded to those "exclusive" ones who have turned them a cold shoulder here.

#### PEOPLE WHO ARE BARRED FROM COURT

It does not follow, however, that acquaintance, or even friendship, with members of a reigning family involves presentation at their court. Princes and even princesses of the blood may be on terms of private intimacy with persons whom, for one reason or another, it is impossible to invest with the social brevet contained in a formal card of invitation to a levee or a drawing-room.

Thus, although Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was a frequent guest at the house of the famous painter, Sir John Millais, yet, owing to his wife's previous marriage to Ruskin, and its judicial annulment, Lady Millais was barred from court. When Millais lay dying, and Princess Louise came to ask if she could do anything for his comfort, he told her that his one wish was that Queen Victoria would consent to receive, before he died, the wife who had been so faithful a companion, and to whom he was indebted for all his happiness, and for much of his success.

The princess conveyed the message to her mother on the following day, and within forty-eight hours Lady Millais received a summons to Windsor Castle. She was welcomed with the utmost kindness by her venerable sovereign, who entrusted her with all sorts of sympathetic messages for her husband. On the following day, the official *Court Circular*, which was always revised by the queen herself, announced to the world that Lady Millais had been received in private audience by her majesty at Windsor Castle.

Sir John died happy, and intensely grateful to Princess Louise and to the queen. But although Lady Millais had been received in private audience by Queen Victoria, yet

the latter had not seen her way to admit the great painter's wife to court.

In the same way, the late Sir Henry Irving was several times invited by King Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, to dine at Marlborough House. But although honored by the crown with a knighthood, in token of appreciation of his art, yet he died without ever having attained the distinction of presentation at court, owing to the rule, dating from hundreds of years ago, which bars out members of the theatrical profession.

If I lay stress upon this, it is to show, first of all, the importance attached to presentation at court, and secondly, the fact that friendship with royalty does not necessarily carry with it a right to presentation, although it certainly helps to pave the way in cases where there are no obstacles in connection with the profession or character of the candidate for presentation.

Among the obstacles which it is necessary to enumerate is that of divorce. The fact that a woman has figured in a divorce-suit, either as plaintiff or as defendant, renders her presentation at any European court a matter of extreme difficulty. During the reign of Queen Victoria, the only divorcée whom she permitted to appear at court was the present Duke of Marlborough's mother, the Marchioness of Blandford, whom she had known from childhood, and for whose matrimonial unhappiness she manifested the most profound sympathy. All other divorced women were excluded, no matter how blameless their conduct, and how imperative the conditions that compelled them to seek the dissolution of their marriage.

If King Edward and Queen Alexandra showed themselves somewhat more indulgent, and increased the number of exceptions to about half a dozen, yet the divorcées were made to feel that their presence was not altogether welcome, and that if they were received at court, it was more or less on sufferance.

#### LATER INVITATIONS TO COURT

Presentation does not in any way confer a right to subsequent invitations to court balls, and other official entertainments and ceremonies. At the court of St. James, however, no one can be invited to these functions who has not previously been presented to the sovereign. In Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Rome, presentations sometimes take place at court balls.



Once presented, the question of subsequent invitations to court—they go by the name of “commands”—depends entirely upon the impression which one has created, or the interest that may be exercised in one’s behalf by this or that powerful friend. An ambassador or minister is permitted to suggest perhaps half a dozen names of his countrymen from among those already presented; but it is not always certain that his suggestions will be acted upon, and he cannot demand the invitations in question as a right, since the sovereign and the members of the royal family may entertain a preference for other Americans, not included in the ambassador’s list.

There are Americans who will be invited every year to court balls and similar functions, although they have no particular social standing in their own country; while there are others of great prominence here, and of unexceptionable antecedents, who, once presented, are never honored with any further token of recognition. It is wrong for them, in such cases, to blame their ambassadors, who are entirely innocent in the matter. It is due to the fact that they have failed to arouse any particular interest, or to the circumstance that they have no influential friends at court. Perhaps, too, they may have incurred jealousies sufficient to account for their being ignored.

The best safeguards against neglect of this kind are personal acquaintance with royalty, and friendship with those dignitaries of the court who are entrusted with making out the list of invitations for submission to the sovereign. In England this duty is performed by the lord chamberlain, Earl Spencer, and by the comptroller of the lord chamberlain’s department, Colonel Sir Douglas Dawson. These officials are supposed not only to be acquainted with the antecedents of every one of their countrymen requesting presentation, but also to keep track of the conduct of all presentees, no matter whether British or foreign, after presenta-



COUNT AUGUSTUS EULENBERG, GRAND MARSHAL OF THE  
GERMAN IMPERIAL COURT

*From a photograph by Perscheid, Berlin*

tion, and to remove from the list any one who has incurred royal displeasure through questionable behavior, even if unattended by any public scandal.

In Berlin, this duty is fulfilled by the grand marshal of the court, General Count Augustus Eulenberg, who has been associated with his imperial master ever since the Kaiser’s boyhood. In Vienna, the duty is entrusted to Prince Alfred Montenuovo, the grand master of the court, who is a kinsman of the house of Hapsburg, being a grandson of the Empress Marie Louise of France by her union with her Austrian chamberlain, Count Neipperg. In Rome, the grand master of the court is Count Cæsar Gianotti, who is married to Miss Constance Kinney, of Washington.



*From a photograph by  
Kimball, Concord, New Hampshire*

## BASS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

A PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN WHO AT THIRTY-SEVEN IS GOVERNOR OF HIS  
STATE AND ONE OF THE RISING MEN OF HIS PARTY

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE day along toward the autumn of 1904, a young man drove down the hilly Main Street in Peterboro, New Hampshire, and stopped in front of a lawyer's office. He had barely turned thirty years, and he looked very boyish, but he had an air of quiet determination that would have singled him out in a crowd. In the doorway of the building he met the man he

was seeking—the local Republican boss, one of that far-reaching railroad ring that extended to the remotest sections of the commonwealth.

"I want to run for the Legislature," said the young man.

"You can't, Bob," was the reply he got. "It is all fixed. In time you may be allowed to run."

"But suppose the people want me?" persisted the young man.

The lawyer laughed.

"There is no such thing as 'the people' in this State," he said.

The young man made no threats, but the next day he began to visit the farmers in the county. He told them that he was going to have his name put up in the caucus.

"What's the use?" they said. "It's all cut and dried."

"It's worth trying if you will only come," he urged.

The night of the caucus was cold and drizzly, just the kind of weather to keep the farmers at home by their comfortable stoves and firesides. But a good many showed up, greatly to the surprise of the bosses, who had been in the habit of putting their program through with a handful of henchmen. More surprising than this was the young man's nomination on the first ballot. Thus Robert Perkins Bass entered into the politics of New Hampshire, thereby taking the first step toward a public career that makes him to-day a figure of nation-wide interest and significance.

He is still in his thirties; still youthful in appearance and enthusiasm, and he sits in the Governor's chair at Concord, an Executive of all the people. The dent that he made in the little local machine on that rainy autumn night of his first nomination was merely the beginning of his crushing blows at the corrupt and seasoned political oligarchy that had ruled the State for years. In a year when Republican candidates, throughout the Eastern States, went down under a Democratic landslide, he was elected by a comfortable majority.

Now, the fact that Mr. Bass is Governor at an age when most men are cutting their teeth in big politics is not as important, perhaps, as the larger meaning of his position as a link between East and West in progressive Republican thought. He has made New Hampshire touch shoulder with Oregon. To him, too, more than to any other person, is due the divorce of the railroad from politics, which forms the theme of the leading article in this issue.

What kind of man, then, is this who can arouse a whole State and set a fresh standard of political leadership?

When you go up into the Bass country around Peterboro, you soon find out why the men of his race are straightforward, almost blunt and independent. To this picturesque

spot, hemmed in by the granite hills, came the Scottish-Irish forebears of his family. They set up a pioneer home when the region was a wilderness. For generations they have been an outdoor people, living close to the soil, and proud of their agricultural skill. When they forsook the farm for a time, they always returned.

#### THE LINK WITH LINCOLN

This is notably true of the Governor's father, the late Perkins Bass. The son not only inherits many of the older man's forceful characteristics, and especially his sound practical judgment, but through him Governor Bass may be said to come into contact with Abraham Lincoln.

Perkins Bass was reared on a Vermont farm, but was educated in New Hampshire. In the fifties, after his graduation from Dartmouth, he went to Chicago. He was young and poor, and the way of the struggling lawyer was hard; but he was a big, bearded, masterful sort of a man, and he rose to prominence.

Among other things, he knew Lincoln well. When the war-time President was planning his second national campaign, he asked Mr. Bass to conduct the fight in Illinois for him. The lawyer wrote to the White House, asking for instructions, whereupon Mr. Lincoln sent him the following telegram:

If you can do it, you'll know how.

Mr. Bass carried the State for Mr. Lincoln. That telegram has influenced his son's life very much. To-day, if you ask the Governor what was really behind his first political effort, and, for that matter, behind his whole public life so far, he will tell you that it was the spirit of the message that the Great Emancipator wired to his father back in the turbulent sixties.

In recognition of his services, Perkins Bass was appointed United States judge for the northern district of Illinois, and he remained on the bench for a number of years. Hence it happened that Robert was born in Chicago in 1873. The family had always maintained the old home in Peterboro, which Mrs. Bass's people had founded more than a century ago; and when the judge retired on account of ill health, in 1880, they came back to New Hampshire to stay.

Judge Bass was a familiar figure around Peterboro. His estate was large, and he took a keen interest in its development.

When Robert was fourteen, his father said to him:

"Robert, it is time you were learning how to plow."

He placed the boy's hands on the handles, and he himself guided the team down the furrows. He also showed his son how to manage a yoke of oxen.

The boy and his father became great comrades, and the impress of this kinship is evident to-day. The judge was a trained corporation lawyer, and he knew corporate methods. Even then, he saw that the growing alliance between business and politics on the one hand, and the granting of special favors by and to corporations on the other, were economic mistakes.

"They are sowing the seeds of discontent," he said as they walked over the New Hampshire hills; and the son remembered this statement when he was plunged into the very turmoil that his father had predicted.

Meanwhile Robert went to Harvard, where he had an undistinguished career. He showed no special quality of leadership. On the contrary, he was a quiet, shy, dreamy, but obstinate student, who lived in very simple quarters in "Hilton A." He was very democratic, and picked his friends among the sturdiest and best thinkers of the class. He specialized in the English novel and in philosophy. Subsequently he entered the law-school at Cambridge, but was unable to finish his course on account of his father's death, which occurred toward the close of the nineties.

The whole burden of the management of a large estate now fell on young Bass's shoulders. He had to look after coal-mines in Missouri, real-estate holdings in Chicago, stocks and bonds, and a big farm in New Hampshire. Yet he took up the task with a level head and a business sense that astonished his fellow executors.

He settled down to the life of a gentleman farmer at Peterboro. He was no kid-glove farmer, either. He got all over the place every day and in all weathers, and the glean of his fields was profitable.

#### BASS AS A CONSERVATIONIST

Shortly after he had been installed as master of Orchard Hill Farm, as the family estate was called, Mr. Bass noticed ox-teams and horse-teams dragging logs down the road past his house. He owned extensive areas of wooded land himself, but it never occurred to him to devastate them

for commerce. In his county and elsewhere, ruthless hands were gashing the green hillsides. The method was very simple. A farmer sold the timber on a lot; a portable sawmill was set up, and the very earth, to use the local expression, was "skinned."

"This waste must stop," said Mr. Bass, "because it menaces the whole future of the State."

He anticipated the tragedy of the tree and its effect on the population. Lumbering has long been one of the chief industries of New Hampshire. Destroy the forests, and you wipe out an important source of prosperity. Conservation not only meant verdure-clad hills, which would bring thousands of visitors to the State in summer, but likewise a standardization of water-power that would attract wood-turning factories.

Mr. Bass began to study forestry. He went at it just as he attacked politics later on — with judgment, enthusiasm, and knowledge. He absorbed the best textbooks, brought expert foresters up to his place, and worked with them. What was more to the point, perhaps, he acquired new timber tracts and set out thousands of young pines. His example was followed by intelligent farmers all over the State.

So helpful was his activity that he was made a member of the State Forestry Commission, and subsequently became a director of the national body. At his suggestion, the State established lookout stations all over the forest area. Each station is manned by a forester equipped with a powerful field-glass. At the first sight of smoke he gives the alarm, and thus the forest fire, most dreaded danger of the woods, may be fought in time.

#### HIS ENTRY INTO POLITICS

As he traveled about the country studying forestry conditions, Mr. Bass got in touch with the people and their problems. Everywhere he saw the grip of the railroad machine. Railroad accidents were "white-washed" by the Railroad Commission; transportation service was inadequate; there was inequality in the rate of taxes paid by corporations and by individuals.

"The root of all this evil is in lack of proper legislation," he declared; and he made up his mind to go into politics.

I have already told the story of his first election to the Legislature. On account of

a serious illness, he was practically incapacitated during his first term; but on his return to Concord in 1907, fit and well, he began his real public career. Already Winston Churchill had sowed the seed of popular discontent with ring rule, and had laid bare the shame of New Hampshire in two novels.

The lobby did not know much about Mr. Bass, and they decided to take no chances. He was put on committees where it was thought he could do no harm. Among other things, he was made chairman of the House Committee on Retrenchment and Reform, which had existed in name only, and which was regarded as a political joke.

"He will be harmless there," said the bosses.

But they did not reckon with Mr. Bass. He decided to make the name of the committee mean something. He began to dig into the conduct of State affairs. Wherever he turned, he found almost hopeless inefficiency. The case of the Bureau of Labor was typical. Every year this bureau issued a report. When Mr. Bass came to examine it, he found that it was simply a reprint of the Federal census statistics. Absolutely no work had been put into a task for which New Hampshire was paying good money. When the deception was exposed in the House, a bill was passed abolishing the bureau; but the Senate, which was the real stronghold of the machine, promptly killed it, because the commissioner of labor was useful at election time.

Mr. Bass continued his investigation of the offices. He was hampered on all sides. His request for counsel was turned down, and one night all the testimony that he had taken was stolen.

It was not until the close of the session that his opportunity came. It had been the custom of the House floor leader—a railroad politician, of course—to introduce an omnibus bill, on the last day, making appropriations which included many financial favors to individuals who had served the machine. Most of these gratuities were unwarranted. The bill was usually read when everybody was in a hurry to get home, and therefore little attention was paid to the specific details. It was never printed, and was always rushed through at the last moment. Thus the State paid for service to the ring.

Mr. Bass made it known that he would oppose this procedure. Thereupon the House leader devised a trap for him by dividing the omnibus bill into three parts.

The first contained appropriations for legitimate expenditures; the other two had the graft concealed in them. The leader expected Mr. Bass to object to the first bill. Then he would show that the measure was proper, and on the strength of the anticipated discomfiture of the young legislator from Peterboro, he would be able to pass the joker bills.

All the machinery of the House was set to aid the plan; but Mr. Bass was not caught napping. He had carefully studied legislative expenditures, and knew what should be paid out. Therefore, when the list of names and sums in the first bill was read, he made no objection. When the second bill, with its objectionable provisions, came along, he was on his feet protesting. He demanded that the bill be printed.

"But there is no time," said the speaker. "We adjourn to-morrow."

"I have a man ready who can print the copies before daylight," replied Mr. Bass.

He had exposed the program of the ring, and there was nothing for the House to do but order the bills printed. This permitted of a consideration of the items. Under Mr. Bass's insistent objections, the improper features were taken out, and the bills, thus amended, were sent on to the Senate.

The Senate promptly restored the dishonest items, and passed the bills in their original form. Mr. Bass, who was watching the proceedings, said to the leaders:

"I'll kill that bill in the House!"

The Old Guard laughed at him. Here was a beardless boy trying to upset the practise of years. Nevertheless, he moved for a conference, and was appointed to the conference committee. He was outnumbered, but he persisted in his objection.

"Be reasonable, Bass," said the majority.

"It's not a case of reason, but of right," he replied.

All day and well into the night the fight continued in the committee. It was the last business remaining before the Legislature, and the legislators waited anxiously for the result. Two reports were handed in. When Bass got back to the House, the members crowded about him.

"Tell us what to do," they said.

"Stand by my minority report," he urged.

Under his leadership the graft was eliminated from the compromise measure, and the State saved twenty thousand dollars. It was not a large amount, but the saving of it marked an epoch. For the first time the



rule of the ring had been questioned. A mere youth had locked horns with the lobby and brought it to terms. Mr. Bass had stepped into the spot-light.

#### A MEMORABLE SENATE SESSION

That fight by a lone legislator against a powerful machine kindled hope for relief from long-established oppression. When 1908, which was a year for a gubernatorial election, rolled around, Mr. Bass found himself one of a group of stalwart young men who represented the progressive political sentiment of the State, and who put principle above party. The Old Guard contemptuously called them "reformers," but by any other name they would have been the same determined band, seeking real government by the people.

Into the State convention, that summer, they introduced what had hitherto been an unknown factor in New Hampshire politics—*independence of thought and action*. Although unorganized, and defied at every turn, they forced on the unwilling delegates a platform that declared for direct primaries, anti-pass and anti-lobby legislation, and equalization of taxes.

Mr. Bass believed that a platform meant more than a string of words. At a meeting of the State committee, he moved that only such candidates be nominated as would pledge themselves to carry out the platform promises.

"This means lots of work and money," said Senator Gallinger, who dominated the committee, and who did not sympathize with the progressives.

"I will pay the expense myself," said Mr. Bass.

There was no alternative, and word was sent to every county to elect men who would stand by the platform.

That autumn Mr. Bass was elected to the State Senate. When somebody asked him why he did not go back to the House, he replied:

"I was licked in the Senate at the last session. I want to go into the enemy's country."

When the Legislature convened, in 1909, the great question that hovered over its halls was:

"Will the reforms demanded in the Republican platform be written on the statute-books of the State?"

Championing these reforms was the group of progressives headed by Mr. Bass, who

came to be known as the "platform Republicans." Opposing them was the Old Guard, owned and controlled by the Boston and Maine Railroad.

New tactics were tried. The politicians sought to lull the suspicions of the insurgents, and outwardly there were no evidences of a lobby. But with the election of the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House—the men who named the committees—it became evident that the old forces were operating under cover. Mr. Bass found himself one of a minority of four in the Senate. He asked the president to appoint him to the Judiciary Committee. That official was quite frank, for he replied:

"I'd like to, but I have no voice in the matter."

His appointments were dictated by the powers above him.

Gradually the lobby grew bolder, and the old Railroad Room in the Eagle Hotel soon hummed with its accustomed activity. Then Mr. Bass did a very characteristic thing. He said to his progressive colleagues:

"If we are to fight, we must organize."

He rented rooms near the hotel, and here the "platform Republicans" met every night. Their campaign for the next day was laid out. Mr. Bass was a master of parliamentary procedure, and every move of the opposition was anticipated. The machine referred to the meetings of this Third House as "Bass's pink teas," but as a matter of fact a quality of dynamite was being prepared that was soon to shake the whole State.

The session was half over before there was a test of strength. An anti-pass bill was reported by the House Judiciary Committee. It favored the railroads in every provision, and deprived nobody of passes save old soldiers. With this bill the issue was sharply drawn. Bass's lieutenants made such a war on it that it was recommitted. A conference committee was named. Bass was now the acknowledged progressive leader. The opposition came to him, demanding what he wanted.

"Publicity in passes," he said.

Under persistent hammering, the bill was amended so as to regulate all free transportation. It especially prohibited the issuance of passes to "agents" of the railroad, and required a public record of all passes issued. In this form it was passed, and the progressives had won their first fight.

Then Mr. Bass introduced his Direct Primary Bill, which called for the direct

nomination of candidates for Governor and other State offices, for Congress, for various county offices, and for membership in the State convention. Here was a measure that put the choice of nominees squarely into the hands of the people. The Old Guard sought to delay and weaken the bill in every way, but the "platform Republicans" were now an aggressive unit, and after a hot fight they brought about its passage. Another platform pledge had been redeemed.

By this time the machine leaders realized that they would have to contest for every inch of legislative ground. They now concentrated their forces against the tax equalization measure. Other bills had affected the power of the corporations; here was one that touched their purse.

It was contended by the progressives, and by other fair-minded citizens, that the valuation of railroad and other corporate property was too low, and therefore unfair to the private and individual taxpayers in the State. A more equitable distribution was demanded.

The year before, a temporary tax commission had recommended that the assessment of public-service corporations be regulated by a prescribed method of determining values. This recommendation was embodied in a bill which the insurgents regarded as a fair solution of the problem. But the lobby framed up a bill which increased the valuation of both corporate and private property, gave no right of appeal to the attorney-general on behalf of the State, and was without a publicity clause. It was the usual pro-railroad legislation.

Around these two bills raged a memorable fight. It was no longer a party matter; it was a case of the people against the corporations. Defeat of the machine bill meant the disintegration of the old order, and every resource that the lobby could devise was brought to bear. The objectionable bill was kept shuttling back and forth, for the progressives fought tooth and nail. Once, when it returned to the House with a Senate amendment, they cleverly slipped it on the table and resisted all efforts to get it off.

Meanwhile a dramatic disclosure added to the excitement of the fight. In an hour of what seemed to be certain victory for the railroad bill, a lobby lawyer telephoned to the president's office of the Boston and Maine, in Boston, from a public booth in the lobby of the State House.

"We have passed the tax commission

bill," he said. "We outwitted them; we outgeneraled them; we outvoted them."

But he had left the door of the booth open, and two country members overheard him. They were friendly to Mr. Bass, and, acting on his advice, they made affidavits which were read on the floor of the House at a critical moment of the debate. This revelation convinced the most skeptical members of the part the railroad was playing.

The last day of the session arrived, and the obnoxious bill was still on the table. All that day the fight was kept up. Bass in the Senate and his friends in the House stood to the line. Night came, and still there was no break. At three o'clock in the morning the Governor adjourned the Legislature, and the lobby's pet measure expired with the session.

The net results of that Legislature's work were these—an anti-lobby law; an anti-pass law more complete than any east of the Mississippi River; a direct primary law; an adequate forestry law; and a law for the limitation and control of the transportation of liquor. All efforts to continue the inequality of taxation in favor of the corporations had been resisted.

More important than all these, perhaps, was the defeat of a machine that for years had ridden rough-shod over all opposition.

#### A LEADER OF THE PEOPLE

Needful reforms had now been written on the books of the commonwealth; but it was one thing to have them there, and quite another to see them enforced. On the next Governor would fall a heavy responsibility.

Somewhere among that devoted group of platform Republicans which had battled with the lobby was the leader they so sorely needed. It was characteristic of these men, however, that, unlike others who have achieved reforms, they did not seek office. No one put himself forth. The choice finally fell on Bass, and, in response to a State-wide petition, he became a candidate for Governor. Thus he was the first to make a test of the direct primary law that he had made possible. His opponent for the Republican nomination was Bertram Ellis, who was backed by the railroad and by the remnants of the old machine.

New Hampshire will not soon forget that campaign. In a sense it was a renewal of the bitter legislative fight of the year before, because the corporate interests, stinging under their defeat in the Legislature, sought

to crush the new leader. They beset him everywhere and with every possible weapon.

The progressive movement had no extended organization, and in many towns where he spoke Mr. Bass had to introduce himself. At one place the opposition sounded the fire-alarm just as he began his speech; but the people remained to listen.

He went to the factories and talked to the workers; he met the farmers in their fields. Everywhere he made this declaration:

"I desire to be Governor only on condition that I can be nominated and elected free from all political trades or other burdens which might hamper me in giving the State an economical, businesslike administration. Only on conditions which will leave me absolutely free to carry out these principles do I desire to become Governor of New Hampshire."

Mr. Bass was not an orator, but his youthful presence, his unmistakable sincerity, and his kindling enthusiasm impressed his listeners. In many of his speeches he summed up his candidacy to this effect:

"I cannot go to the office of the chief counsel of the most powerful corporation in this State, talk things over with him, and have him call in his henchmen and deliver the votes to me. I prefer to go to the people, plead my cause, and let them do the delivering. All this costs money, but don't forget that *my* money is being spent."

Mr. Bass is a rich man, and there were practically no outside contributions to his campaign fund.

He got the nomination over Mr. Ellis by a two-to-one vote, and at the November election, when Republican candidates were falling like dead leaves all over the country, he was swept into office by twice the majority that his predecessor had received.

#### ROBERT BASS THE MAN

In all this swift panorama of events that ended in his election to the Governorship at the age of thirty-seven, you have only seen Mr. Bass in the fierce light that beats about politics. Now let us take some measure of him as a man.

It was in his home, two miles out of Peterboro, that I first saw him. To this friendly and many-shuttered place, reared by his colonial ancestors, he had come to rest after his strenuous campaign. Hill and valley were mantled in snow, and the brooding winter peace was in contrast with the turmoil he had left behind.

I met him after he had done a characteristic thing. He had been motoring, and was caught in a snow-storm eight miles from his house. In trying to break through the drifts, the chain of the car broke, and he was stranded. Instead of waiting for a vehicle, he had walked all the way home. He wore an old gray sweater and high arctics; his face was flushed from the exertion, and he looked the picture of health and youth.

His manner is frank and winning; yet there is something deceptive about his physical appearance. He is slender, with a reflective, boyish face that suggests the dreamer and the student rather than the man of action; but when he kindles up, the blue eyes flash and the teeth show, and then you get a hint of the real force that lurks within this apparently shy and unobtrusive man.

His house is a litter of books. You find them in the halls and in every room. Their wide range betokens the catholic taste of the young Governor. There are battalions of histories, from Grote's "Greece" to Green's "England"; rank after rank of biographies, wherein Boswell's "Johnson" touches covers with a life of Disraeli; a library of the English novel, linking Richardson with De Morgan. In Mr. Bass's bedroom, which is up in the attic, and which commands a view of the valley for miles around, you find books like Von Holst's "Constitutional History of the United States," John Stuart Mill's "Political Economy," and the works of Alexander Hamilton. Next to his bed you will see a "Life of Lincoln," for the friend of his father has been his own mentor of statesmanship and character.

Despite the drain that politics have made on his time, he is still in active charge of the farm. Like Gladstone, he chops wood for exercise. Before he became Governor, he went on long tramps through the wooded hills, studying the trees and working out practical forestry plans.

I asked Mr. Bass to define his idea of a Governor's functions, and he said:

"To create the machinery for real popular government; to eliminate those influences which have cheated the people of their rights and bestowed special privileges; to know what is fair treatment of the corporation and of the individual; most important of all, perhaps, to be free from obligation to man or interest."

We had been talking in front of a big log

fire, and the Governor paced up and down the room after the fashion of men of his temperament. Every now and then he stopped to emphasize the point he was making.

As I saw him standing there, illumined by the light of the flames—earnest, keen-eyed, and enthusiastic—he seemed to personify a new and needed type of political leadership in our country. Here was a rich young bachelor who might have had a life of leisure and travel, free from care and work; but he had felt a sincere call to service. Instead of looking upon public office as a

mere political job, he regarded it as a serious career.

His achievement is not to be underestimated. He found a chaotic feeling of revolt against the abuse of corporate power, and he crystallized and galvanized it. He set a sane precedent in the successful warfare of the people for their rights by organizing the good-will of a whole commonwealth. Yet he is not a demagogue, a Socialist, or a boss. Rather, in a larger sense, is he a militant democrat—a citizen soldier of state—an idealist who can be practical.

## JUDGMENT

BY OWEN OLIVER

AUTHOR OF "THE TWO SKIPPERS," "THE ANNIHILATOR," ETC.

IT was eight o'clock on a wild October evening, and I sat in my surgery making up medicines. Half the village was down with low fever, and my horse was lame; so I had trudged from house to house on foot all day, through a heavy rain and wind.

The rain had abated, but the wind had grown to a gale. It rattled the window of the surgery that faced the sea.

I had written the name on the last bottle, and was about to ring the bell, as a signal for dinner, when the housemaid announced Mrs. Marlow. I held the door open, as I would for the queen, and took the dripping waterproof from her shoulders. I set the armchair by the fire, and a footstool for her wet feet; and all the time she looked at me with her beautiful dark eyes.

"John!" she said at last. "John!"

She had not called me by my Christian name for ten years.

"My dear!" I said softly, and put my hand on her shoulder.

"My desk is broken open," she told me; "and the letters are gone!"

"The letters?"

"Yours. What others would I keep?"

She made a strange sound that was neither a laugh nor a cry.

"You said that you had destroyed them, Alice."

She had been "Mrs. Marlow" to me for a long, long time.

"They were the food my heart lived on," she pleaded. "You do not know!"

"Ah!" I said. "I know." We touched hands for a moment. "It is Vinall who has done it, of course," I went on, presently. Vinall was her husband's cousin—a mean-souled, money-making little lawyer man. "I will pay all that I have for them."

"It will not be enough," she warned me. Indeed, I had little. What could I save in a parish of poor sailormen? "He will show them to Rupert, expecting that he will strike me out of his will and put him in." She laughed faintly. "He does not know Rupert."

"And I does not know us," I added. "We will speak to Rupert together, and tell him that our wrong went as far as the letters show, and no further; and that it ended when he had the first of his attacks, and we knelt by his bedside—his doctor and his wife. He knows how we have stood between him and death these ten years. He will believe us."

"He will believe us," she agreed; "and he will forgive us; make excuses for us, even; but it will kill him!"

A cold chill went over me. For, strange as it may seem, we both loved the good



man who came so unknowingly between our hearts. He had been kind to me from the time when I took up my practise. He had befriended Alice from her childhood. He married her when, at nineteen, she was left penniless and alone. They shared the blame of mistaking her girlish affection for love. If I had met her before the marriage, and he had guessed our feelings, we knew that he would have resigned her to me. We loved him more for the wrong that we had been so near doing him; and more now that we had saved him from his constant heart attacks for years.

"It would kill Rupert," I agreed, "if he knew. He shall not know. I will kill Vinall."

"Kill him?" Alice repeated in a slow, laboring voice.

"Kill him," I said steadily.

She drew her breath in a gasp.

"No," she entreated. "No!"

"Will you plead for him?" I asked.

"Or for Rupert—and yourself?"

"It is you that I plead for," she said. "John!"

I looked away from her, and my eye caught the medicines lying upon the table. I rang for the boy, and sent him out with them. Duty becomes a habit.

"I would risk hanging for myself," I observed, "but I won't make matters worse for you—and Rupert. I will not do it, if I should be found out."

She laid her hand on my arm.

"I still plead for you, dear," she whispered. "For the man that you are—set up so high in my heart. I feared what you might do; and I came to say that, John."

"It would be no wrong in my eyes," I insisted.

"It would be wrong in mine," she told me steadily. "If we must, we will lose the respect of the world. Let us keep each other's. You *know* it would be wrong, John!"

I leaned forward in my chair, with my face in my hands. She bent toward me and kissed my hair. It was thicker when she did that last. Ten years had passed—ten years!

"God knows it all," she consoled me; "and our sorrow and our struggle. There is gray in your hair, dear; and a little in mine, though we are still young. We were younger then, and we loved each other very much, and—we gave it all up. Leave it to the judgment of God, John!"

Alice's religion was no veneer, as mine was. I should never convince her, I knew; and I should kill her with the horror if I killed him. But there was a fire in my veins. I breathed hard in my struggle with myself; and then there came a clamor outside, and a knocking at the front door.

We heard the news as they told it to the housemaid. Vinall had taken the short cut across the beach, from the coastguard station to the railway. The tide running fiercely across the flats, with the onshore gale behind, had cut him off. He was hemmed in under the sheer cliffs like a rat in a trap. No boat could venture among the boulders there, in such a sea. They gave him less than an hour.

I looked at Alice, and I think I smiled.

"We will leave it," I said grimly, "to the judgment of God!"

She clasped her hands and the tears streamed down her face; and then the men came in, and told us the tale that we had already overheard. Old Jenkins, the stroke of the lifeboat, was spokesman.

"If there was a dog's chance that we could keep the boat off the rocks," he said, "we'd try it, sir; but there ain't, as you know."

"I know," I agreed. "There's nothing to be done."

Alice gave a sudden sob.

"Can't you let down a rope to him?" she asked, throwing out her hands.

"No, ma'am." Raynor, the coastguard, shook his head. "The cliff hangs over in the middle, you see, and the rope would fall over him into the sea. He couldn't reach it."

"If young Jameson weren't ill in bed," Macdonald, the Methodist, declared, "he might have got down at the end of a rope, and pulled him up on the ledge, till the tide went down. There's no one else in the place climber enough to do it, and hasn't been this long time. It's where I broke my leg twenty-four years ago; and sometimes I've been sinful enough to doubt if the chap I saved was worth a decent man's leg, seeing how things turned out."

"He isn't!" some one muttered.

"Tain't for us to judge," said Macdonald reprovingly. "I'd do it if I could, but I couldn't. No one else in the village could now, though the doctor might have ten years ago."

Alice looked at me quickly. Mountaineering had once been my hobby.



"Could you do it now," she asked, "without risking your life?"

"Without risking his life, no one ever could," old Macdonald asserted; "not the doctor himself ten years ago, and he was a rare climber, as you'll remember, ma'am."

"I remember," she said.

She looked at me again. She knew that, if it were any one else, I would go at any risk. I think she valued her idea of me—and my idea of myself—more than my life.

"The doctor ain't going, ma'am," old Jenkins said brusquely. "There's those here that would lay hands on him to stop it. The squire's cousin—begging your pardon, ma'am—ain't worth the risk of the doctor's life; and risk ain't the word!"

There was a growl of assent.

"Don't you go to be foolhardy, sir," Johnson advised, shaking his white head. "You know you can't do it. You ain't as young as you was—not for work like that, and you ain't done any climbing for years, and it's pitch dark. Your life is your own, and you ain't got no call to risk it."

There was another growl of assent; but old Macdonald held up his hand solemnly.

"A man's life is *not* his own," he denied. "It is God's! If the doctor thinks he has a chance to do it, he'll try; and none here dare stop him."

I glanced at Alice again for a moment.

"If Dr. West thinks he can do it," she said, "he will try; and his friends will not stop him, though"—she held her heart with both hands—"they will suffer," she said with a gasp.

"I will try," I promised; and she rose and took my hands in hers.

"I will not praise you," she said very clearly and steadily. "You are only—what I have always thought of you."

I bowed my head silently. I had never been what Alice thought of me, and I knew that I never should be; but I had been nearer to her idea than I was then. For I was not going to save Vinall, but to save this idea of hers, and to spare her the anguish of thinking that I had let him die.

I did not mean to reach him, but to take so much risk to my life as would convince her that I had tried. I would take no more than this, for the best part of my life was to come—with Alice. Rupert was an old man, and even our care could not save him from many more attacks. I had no compunction in letting Vinall die to save Rupert's life and Alice's reputation.

The letters would ruin that—and mine, too. For no one would believe that the letters told the worst—as they did—or credit us with the reparation of the last ten years.

## II

THERE was barely time to reach Vinall, I knew, and I did not hasten the preparations for the descent until a sudden thought came into my mind. The letters were probably on him! If they were found on his body, they would be read! For water penetrates a wad of paper slowly, and they were probably in a pocket-book. I must reach him and secure the letters, at all costs.

"Quick!" I cried. "Why are you dallying about? Quick, or it will be too late!"

They fastened the stout rope around me, and looped over my arm the thin line with which I was to signal them. I put my climbing ax in my belt, and grasped my long, spiked staff, which was also secured to me by a cord.

"I am ready," I announced.

Alice came and put her arm round me.

"Dear friend!" she said. "My best friend, and my husband's best friend!"

Her lips touched my forehead. Then I went down.

They lowered me bodily for about a hundred feet. I had only to keep myself off the face of the cliff with my staff till I came to a large rock which juts out. They call it the Devil's Chair. I landed safely there.

The cliff breaks up just below this into chasms and little sharp-pointed peaks, some of which would impale a man. The villagers call them Satan's Needles. To an active man—and I was still that at thirty-seven—it was not very hard to climb and jump from one to the other in the daylight; but it was very dark, and the rocks were slippery from the rain.

They tried to flash lanterns upon me from the top of the cliff, but their feeble light was useless from so far, and I had to rely upon the glimmer of the bull's-eye at my belt. I slipped several times, and once I fell and damaged myself badly. My hands were cut and my forehead was bleeding.

After the fall, Alice's voice came to me, making its way against the gale.

"God bless you!" she cried.

I called back to her that I was all right.

At last I came to a part where the cliffs

curved inward. The great danger was here, for it was necessary, in places, to depend upon the rope, and the rocks on which it rested were jagged and might cut it through. I adjusted it in a little cleft, heaping some moss to keep it from fraying; but I knew that it would catch on other places, out of my reach, as I descended.

I turned and waved my hand before I went out of sight. Some one turned a lantern full on Alice—she ordered it, I learned afterward—so that I saw her clearly for a moment. I need not ask God to bless *her*, I thought. I went on.

I used such footholds as I could find, and dug my ax into crevices and hung on to it, resting on my life-line as little as possible; but often I was suspended in space and heard the rope grate over the bend, as they let it slowly down. Presently I came to a big crevice, where I rested for half a minute to regain my exhausted strength. Then I went on, signaling to those above to slacken the rope, as the next twenty yards were on a moderate slope.

I soon came to the ledge—a space about thirty feet by four or five. One end of it was above the furthest point that Vinall could reach. The distance was barely fifteen feet, but it was quite unclimbable. The rock overhung, and I had to lie down to look over into the recess beneath.

The waves were dashing in furiously, and I doubted if Vinall were still alive; but when I held my lantern over I saw him at the back of the opening, clinging desperately to the seaweed on the rocks. When the waves came up, the water reached his armpits. When they drew back, it was a little over his knee.

He gave a terrible cry when the light flashed upon him. His face was white, and he gasped for breath. I think I should have saved him, even if he had not had the letters. I hope so, but I am not sure.

I threw down a line with a loop at the end. He put it over his body, and I dragged him up inch by inch. At first he swung out into the deeper water, and the waves covered him entirely for many seconds. For many seconds more they dashed over him when at the full. I was terribly exhausted, and had no proper support, and had to wind the rope round my body, and wait a little before I could raise him further. At first he cried out like a child; but after the water had been over him, he was silent.

After minutes that seemed hours I had him on the ledge. He sank in one heap and I in another. I was first to recover, and I passed him a brandy-flask. He was too exhausted to unscrew it. I did so, and poured a little into his mouth; and then he caught sight of my face.

"Dr. West!" he cried in terror.

"Yes," I said quietly. "Dr. West! Give me the letters." He did not answer. "Give me the letters!" I put my hands upon his throat. "*Give me the letters!*"

"I will!" he cried. "I will, when we are on top!"

"Now," I told him, "or you are a dead man!"

I gave him a warning grip.

"I haven't them here," he cried. "You can search me and see."

I searched him by the light of the lantern. The letters were not on him.

"Where are they?" I demanded. "Remember, there is no one to see if I throw you into the sea. I would do worse than that for *her*!"

"They are in my bag," he declared; "in my little brown bag at the hotel. I will give them to you as soon as we get back. I swear it by everything sacred. Any oath that you like I will swear. I do swear it. They are in the little brown bag, in my room—I expect it is in my room. The porter was to take it to the train. He will know—I swear it!"

I put my hands on his throat again.

"You were not going away without using those letters," I said, speaking loudly on account of the wind. "You have sworn to a lie. What have you done with them?"

"I was going to post them to Rupert!" he screamed, trembling with fear. "I was afraid of you. I wanted to get away from here first. I—don't kill me!"

My grasp had tightened. I remembered a receipt for a registered letter which I had found in his waistcoat pocket when I searched him. I took it out and read it. It was wet, and the writing had run, but I could make out the address:

RUPERT MARLOW, Esq., J.P.,  
The Hall,  
Hemsea.

"You have posted them to Rupert!" I said.

I looked at my watch, but it had stopped. I took his out, but that had stopped, too.

"By what post?" I asked, very quietly.

"The last," he said.

That was delivered at half-past nine. I thought it was that time already.

"And now," I said, still very quietly, "I shall kill you."

### III

I TOOK him by the shoulders; and then I seemed to feel a touch on my arm. It was the touch of Alice's hand—Alice, who stood for all that was best in my life. The harm was done, I thought. I could not save Rupert by killing this man, though I would have done it for that, and would have thought it no wrong. It was not necessary to kill him to save Alice's reputation. He could not speak of my letters after I had saved his life. It would make him an outcast among men. Nor would Rupert speak of them. If I killed Vinall, it would be just for revenge. The man who was worthy of Alice would not do that; and I was a doctor, and my work was to save life.

"Listen," I said, still calmly, though I raised my voice on account of the sea. "To go up to-night is almost certain death. The rope is probably frayed, and it will cut on the rocks when it bears my weight. I had intended to stay here till the tide went down. I leave you in safety. I go up to die, or to face with *her* the trouble that you have brought upon us. My blood is on your head!"

I walked back to the cleft where I had rested. Vinall knelt upon the rock and screamed prayers for my safety. A man never quite escapes his conscience—not even the worst of men!

When I reached the big crevice, I managed to signal to those above to draw me up. I heard the rope grate on the rocks, and I could even see that a place near me was frayed. One strand hung loose. I was too exhausted to fend myself properly from the rocks when I swung in the air, and I was cut and bleeding and bruised when at last they pulled me to the top of the cliff.

I gasped that Vinall was safe on the

ledge, and fell. Alice took my head on her lap and washed my face. Every touch of her hand was a caress. Then I heard the clock strike ten. I staggered to my feet.

"I am all right," I stated. "I will see Mrs. Marlow home."

I offered her my arm, but she put mine in hers, and made me lean on her, and we went. When we were in the lane alone, she held me around the neck and we kissed each other. I do not count that for wrong. What else could we do?

"Alice," I said, "my darling! Vinall posted the letters to him. He would get them at half-past nine. We must go to him."

We said no more, but went. I looked at her, hoping that she would cry; but her face was like marble.

She found her voice when the housemaid opened the door.

"Any letters, Mary?" she asked.

"One, ma'am," the girl said. "A big one, and registered. I took it up to master."

"How is he?"

"He's been terrible worried, ma'am, about you and the doctor. He knew the doctor had gone down the cliff, and how you'd feel about it. We all felt it." The girl wiped her eyes. I had brought her through all the ailments that children have, and the scarlet fever. "We couldn't think more of you, sir," she said, blushing at her daring.

"We will go up to him," Alice said.

We paused for a terrible moment at his door. Then we went in.

Rupert lay on his bed—asleep. The letter was unopened on the table by his side. Alice handed it to me. I opened it and took out my letters.

"Seven," I counted.

"There were seven," she said.

I put them on the fire and watched them burn.

"I have been very near hell to-night!" I said hoarsely.

"And you were true to yourself, and to me," she said. "You left it to the mercy of God, and this is His judgment."

### ETERNAL HOPE

WHAT though we seek our beds with sorrow,  
And sob upon the breast of Night,  
There's still a God and a to-morrow;  
The morning's sun will bring the light!

*Gladys Moon*

# MAKING CHILDREN MIND

BY ELISE MORRIS UNDERHILL,

FORMERLY INSTRUCTOR IN THE KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT OF THE NORMAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK

MARION'S mother stands in the doorway of the kindergarten room, facing Miss Blank, and a frown of perplexity creases her brow.

"I'd like to ask your advice, Miss Blank," she says. "It's about Marion. I want to know how you manage her in school. She's a good enough child at home, only we can't make her mind!"

And Marion, clinging to mother's hand, hears that she cannot be made to mind, and swells visibly with pride at the smartness of her small self.

Another time it is Henrietta's mother who comes with her tale of disobedience, to drink of the well of Miss Blank's wisdom.

"I just don't know what to do with Henrietta," she says. "She is so impudent to every one, and answers back so, that I have to send her away from the table almost every meal. I've told her," continues the mother blandly, "that you are coming to visit us some time, and you won't like her if she is naughty at table. I wish you would tell her so, too, and ask her not to be so saucy. She'll do it for *you*!"

As there is no invitation to a meal following this request, Miss Blank wonders how long her influence over the somewhat troublesome child would last if she, too, should seek to discipline Henrietta by means of lies.

Or, again, it is John's mother, with the request that Miss Blank will "tell Johnny to hurry with his dressing in the mornings"; or Mary's, with the flattering certainty that Miss Blank can wheedle the breakfast milk into a rebellious little stomach, even through absent treatment! Or that the same apparently omnipotent lady will please insist that Edwin shall go to sleep as soon as he goes to bed, though she knows, from Edwin's accounts of home life, that the pre-bedtime conditions are such as

to murder sleep in any nervous, high-strung five-year-old.

When all teachers of little children can duplicate such cases many times over, there is a significant fact concealed somewhere in the evidence. For, without doubt, the first and most important lesson any child has to learn is to obey—and to obey immediately and unquestioningly.

Now the modern child does *not* obey immediately and unquestioningly. That is beyond dispute. His failure to do so would seem to be due to the modern parent's inability to command wisely; for the reasons of a child's misbehavior may nearly always be found in the attitude of the people who have authority over him. There is too little examination into the motives of his acts, too little relation of the punishment to the offense. Too often discipline means physical coercion, or futile threats which the mother or nurse has no power or intention of carrying out.

How wearily often have we heard, in street-car, ferry, or train, an anxious mother in a rasping voice commanding Willie to "come away from the window," or she will "throw him out"! How many times have we seen small arms almost dragged from their sockets, small hands slapped, even spankings administered publicly, not because of real disobedience, but because Willie or Johnny or Mary wished to gratify some perfectly legitimate interest which did not appeal to the adult!

## THE QUESTION OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

As corporal punishment has the sanction of history and the weight of custom behind it, it is not to be passed over lightly and unadvisedly. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a doctrine that has been adhered to militantly through many generations—though, be it said, oftentimes with such un-



toward results that it usually seems that the parent or guardian is aiming, not at the betterment of the child, but at the easiest way to rid herself of a troublesome duty.

The net result of whipping in all its forms is not to create a better, more amenable spirit in the child, by which he will learn to do right from the love of the right, but, on the contrary, if the child does respond to this physical discipline, it is from fear—the lowest of motives and the farthest removed from the ideal one.

If we recall our own whipped selves, I fancy that most of us will admit that our first feeling on those sad occasions of reproof was one of blind wrath—wrath that some one who was bigger and stronger than ourselves was taking advantage of our weakness and getting the best of us in the only way it was possible to get the best of us. Our will was as strong as hers, or his. If it wasn't, the issue would never have been raised; so on the face of it, spanking is a confession of failure.

It is as if the one in authority said to the child, "I am master this way, at any rate," and any normal child is just as well aware of this as you are. *You* were quite well aware of it in your early days, and though you may have minded if the punishment hurt enough, your resulting emotion was not sorrow for the fault and a determination "not to do so any more." It was, in all probability, a fierce sullenness and rage at your own powerlessness to hit back. These feelings, I imagine, must form a large part of the mental content of every whipped child, and it is hardly necessary to point out that they are neither healthy nor reconstructive feelings.

There is also the sense of lost dignity—how painful a feeling to a sensitive child!—which he takes long to forgive. I remember one little boy who refused to speak to his mother for a week after she had given him his first—and only—spanking, because he felt that his pride and self-respect had been hurt beyond repair. These are delicate matters to tamper with in the growing child, and he who does so is laying up for himself lack of esteem and loss of authority, if not actual feelings of dislike. We none of us love him who makes us lose our self-respect.

Is corporal punishment never to be practised, then? Must we always "spare the rod and spoil the proverb"?

Never, we should say, upon a child more than three or four years old. Previous to this age the child is somewhat like the small animal, and immediate physical reaction is often the best way to correct the baby faults, as the immediate present is all that interests the baby. But this does not necessarily mean a whipping. If your child is in a tantrum, you will bring him around far sooner if you take his two arms in yours and hold him so firmly that he feels your power. The very fact that he is in the grasp of some one stronger than he is will have a soothing effect.

But of course this presupposes calmness and control within *you*, and how pitifully seldom this is seen in one administering punishment! How often the red face and flashing eyes, the loud voice and intemperate speech, tell of a judgment in abeyance and a spirit in the worst possible case for the dealing out of justice!

Fröbel, in his book for mothers, recognizes the truth that the child needs a stronger than himself to struggle against, that only so can he test and augment his own strength; and so the mother is pictured holding her hands against her baby's feet, while he pushes and finds in their resistance a means of multiplying his own powers.

This is just as true in the life of the spirit. The child has to find his place in the world by struggling against it; he sometimes has to learn its laws through breaking them, and the whole period of childhood is a constant repetition of his push against authority. Thus he gains the needed power to cope with the world, and finds his place in the social structure. The parents' opportunity and problem is thus to be the rock of strength against which he can test his own, his example of the ideal, his embodiment of law and justice.

#### TEACHERS SUCCEED WHERE PARENTS FAIL

The fact that so many parents fail and so many teachers succeed in representing these things to a child is, I think, due to a very simple reason, and that is that the child has absolute faith in the word and justice of the teacher. He knows by experience that she means what she says, that she says what she means, that a given order must be obeyed, and that she carries out what she promises. A certainty like this in the mind of the child is fruitful in two ways. It establishes the right attitude toward obe-



dience and it develops the child's respect for rightful authority.

But this authority ought, above all, to reside in the mother. For many years she is the child's ideal. Where shall he turn if she fail him? Where look for truth if he does not find it in his mother's eyes? What shall he do if she be like one foolish woman whose constant threat was—

"If you don't mind, I'll send you to boarding-school!"

In reality, this mother would hardly let her child out of her sight long enough to attend the brief kindergarten session; and Richard, a fretful little bundle of nerves, grew daily more fretful and nervous at the prospect of separation from home, until he realized, as any sensible child will ultimately do, that mother was telling lies, and then his plight was pathetic. He refused absolutely to believe anything the mother said, and his distress over his inability to accept her word was heart-breaking.

Another point that parents frequently fail to consider is the fact that the child is totally without perspective. With him, *now* is the acceptable time, and, in fact, the only time. Yesterday or last year, to-morrow or next year, all are one to him whose life, thoughts, interests, feelings are all centered in and bounded by the immediate present.

What a travesty of justice, then, to place the punishment for a present offense in that dim, scarce-imagined to-morrow, when to-day with its faults will have largely passed into the dim background of consciousness! And what a still more dreadful state of affairs when the morning's fault is to be punished "when your father gets home"! Poor child, who has in all probability forgotten the misdeed long before retribution in parental form appears, and poorer father whose home-coming must be shadowed by the assumption of a tardy vengeance which can hardly fit a crime of which he necessarily has only a hearsay and biased report.

#### DO NOT REASON TOO MUCH

Many painstaking and conscientious parents, who bring up their children, not by instinct and brute force, but thoughtfully and with prayers, make a serious error in reasoning out the why and wherefore of every command until the young tyrants refuse to make any move whatsoever until its cause, meanings, and effects have been made perfectly clear and satisfactory to them.

This method is perhaps legitimate after the child has reached years of discretion—whenever they may be!—but it should not be practised until he has learned to obey unquestioningly; for if it is employed in the early years, the parent is practically saying:

"You may know what is best, rather than I."

Of course this is obviously absurd, yet the child possessing ordinary acuteness will so construe it after a very short time, and will naturally take every opportunity to prove that he does. The mother of my acquaintance who has striven the hardest over the bringing up of her children has made just this mistake, and now golden hours slip by uncommemorated, while futile arguments are bandied back and forth about futile details. As a result, mother and child wax ever more nervous and fretful, and the possibilities of pleasant work and play fold their wings and steal silently away to the land of lost things. Every such mother should pin on her nursery wall:

Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to wash and cry!

For I think most mothers will confess that the great source of constant daily friction is in the questions of what ought to be daily habit. The ordinary processes of life should never be allowed to become issues—they should be ingrained as habits from the beginning, and could easily be made so by a little care and forethought on the mother's part. Eating, drinking, dressing, getting up and going to bed, washing hands and picking up toys—in other words, the daily routine—should be matters of course, not matters of debate.

This does not mean that the mother is never to employ the aid of external associations of interest to the child when she is training him in the habit. The sight of Billy Black running down the drain-pipe and Willie White coming in his place has cleaned many a grimy hand without protest, and a charming picture on the bottom of the bowl has sent many a spoonful of oatmeal into a reluctant stomach. The wise mother is she who is fertile in these fascinating devices, and who has not wholly forgotten the time when the world was so full of a number of things that to be torn away from it to wash, dress, eat, or sleep was a misfortune not to be borne with equanimity.

And just here let us drop a tear of pity for the child whose mother is overparticular—who has to wash himself *every* time he comes into the house, whose hair is *never* tousled, and whose linen is immaculate at *all* hours of the day. One extreme is as bad as the other, and the hatred of the thing you are trying to cultivate will not be the surest way to produce it.

#### GOOD HABITS THE BEST INHERITANCE

A few really good habits are worth more to the child than a lordly inheritance, and every mother, rich or poor, can give them to her children.

In my school-days, one of our favorite quotations was that which said:

"Sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character."

I fancy we did not realize its psychological bearing in those days, but it has one, nevertheless; for if character is the combined mass of a man's habits, then he is a good or a bad man as his habits are good or bad; and his habits are good or bad in large measure according to the way he has been led to form them in childhood.

Now, if we are going to train our children in good habits or good character, there are several things to keep in mind. The first is to *start right*. If the act is to found the habit, be sure that it is the right act. Then, having started right, *never* allow an exception in the habit you wish to form.

To illustrate this, I must run the risk of recalling an old story. At every meal, Harold was sent away from the table to wash his hands. This occurred with such wearisome regularity that his mother finally said:

"Why don't you wash before you come to the table? You know you will be sent away."

And the answer came promptly:

"Well, one day you forgot!"

One day! And one hundred or one thousand days could not wipe out the memory of that single hoped-for lapse. She had forgotten once; perhaps—oh, rapturous possibility!—she would forget again. But it defines our responsibilities pretty clearly.

In the "good old days," discipline and "don't" went hand in hand. In fact, there are far too many "don'ts" in the modern child's world. Use them with more discrimination, mothers. Realize that the child is a distinct person, a child, not a miniature man or woman, and that he has a right to

work out his own salvation, providing he breaks no laws. What a revolution will come when we really take this to heart!

To be sure, childhood has always had its disciples, prophets inspired with love and understanding of the young things of the race; but it is only in our own day that there is coming to the consciousness of the world at large the tremendous and vital importance of childhood as a definite and individual state in itself, not as merely a prelude to manhood—something to be got over as quickly as possible, so that the real work of life may begin.

#### A NEW IDEA OF DISCIPLINE

With this new conception of the value of childhood, a new idea of discipline is developing. The day of "don'ting" is passing away, and in its place is arising a day of fairer promise—the day of *doing*.

Put into a few words, this new idea of discipline is called the law of suggestion, and it is hardly needful to state that it is the same law which is being used to help cure many of the world's ills. Applied to the bringing up of children, its worth can hardly be estimated. To the skeptic who demands proof one can only say:

"Try it, and see for yourself."

Practically the method of suggestion is this. Put your emphasis on the positive, not on the negative. Talk to your child about what you want him to *do*, putting the constructive thought, and that only, into his mind. Stop telling him what not to do, thereby causing him to dwell constantly on the very thought you wish to eradicate. Every time he thinks a thought, a brain-track is made. Every time he thinks about what he is not to do, the impression of the wrong thing grows stronger; and what you think about you tend to do.

A child has a pair of scissors in his hand, which naturally suggests cutting. The foolish mother says:

"Be careful, don't cut your dress with those scissors."

The child immediately begins to think along the line which the mother has designated as the most undesirable, and in nine cases out of ten the thought results in action, with dire consequences. The wise mother will never mention dress, or table-cover, or bureau-scarf. Far from it. She will have a scrap-basket of odd pieces, or some old magazines and fashion-books

stored up for the emergency, and, armed with these, she will say:

"These are your things, your very own, and you may have them to cut whenever you want to."

This child has something to *do*, and in the doing of it wrong ideas find no place.

This is a simple illustration, but it exemplifies a principle that is limitless in its application. It is an ounce of prevention that is worth many pounds of cure. To the teacher, to the preacher, to the doctor, to the man or woman of whatever profession or calling whose part it is to influence others, there is no law more hopeful, more re-constructive, more really Christian.

#### THE MOTHER'S POWER OF SUGGESTION

But it is the mother who, above all others, has the power of suggestion at her command. The human brain is most suggestible just as it is going to sleep, and in this half-waking time the wise mother will seize the opportunity to sow in her child's mind the thoughts and feelings she wishes to see blossom there. Few mothers will delegate the bedtime talks to another; and if any mother does do so, it is probably as well for her child that she does!

Then is the time to make the whining, fretful boy into a cheery, pleasant one. Each night his mother will say:

"To-morrow you are going to be sunshiny all day."

And the next night she will say the same thing, and the next, and the next. And

finally, one day, he *will* be sunshiny, and the next day it will be easier, and by and by the fretfulness will be a thing of the past.

After all, the child and the grown-up are much alike in this respect. You get from both largely what you expect to get. We are all our better selves with those who believe in those selves. The tragedy is that there is so much more goodness in the world than ever gets a chance to come out, just because most people take the attitude of the mother who called to her son in the next room:

"Tommy, whatever you are doing, stop it at once!"

That is the habitual attitude of too many of us. The great reformers are not those who go about hunting vice and crime for the purpose of eradicating them; they are those gentle souls who assume it as a blessed certainty that you *prefer* to be good, and never suggest the remote possibility of your being anything else. These are the real regenerators of the world, on whom, with the mothers and teachers, lies the responsibility of the future.

For we are all trying to creep up a little bit higher, and it is only good psychology to believe that every thought of ourselves as successful is a step in the direction of success. And if at the same time we are surrounded by those other hopeful ones who also believe, is it too much to predict that in a few more generations "discipline" will be as defunct as the dodo?

#### LIFE

DAWN, and the dewy hush  
Or ever the skylark trills;  
Faint, fair flush of the day

On the summit of beckoning hills;

And the wide clear eyes of a child, that question but know not ills.

Noon, and the passionate glow  
Of the rose, and the poppy's flare;  
The swift, red flow of the blood;  
The will to do and to dare;

And the steady eyes that are seeking Truth, and shall find her—where?

Night, and the ebbing tide,  
And Hesperus low in the west  
Guiding the laborer home,  
Lighting the bird to its nest;

And the wan lids closed over eyes that are sealed in a dreamless rest.

Helen Coale Crew

# ON THE POTTER'S WHEEL

BY ALFRED J. OLSEN, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD V. BROWN

WIDE-EYED and haggard, Palmer lay tossing on his couch in the Byzantian Hotel. The incessant yelping of pariah dogs, who had prowled the streets since sunset, had murdered his sleep far more effectually than *Macbeth* himself could have done it. When the first dim rays of the rising sun penetrated the windows of his lofty chamber, the raucous howls and barks gradually died away, and, with a sigh of relief, he turned over—for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time—and fell into a restless sleep.

A few hours later he was awakened by a loud knock.

"Come in!" he cried sleepily.

The door was softly opened, and his dragoman entered.

"What is it?" growled Palmer.

"Your unworthy servant begs a thousand pardons for this disturbance, but there is an important message for you."

With a profound bow, the servant handed Palmer a letter, and retreated to the door, where he stood waiting respectfully.

The note was written in a copperplate hand, on highly scented paper, and read as follows:

MY DEAR MR. PALMER:

Having just heard of your presence in Damascus, I hasten to ask you to become my guest. I have sent my carriage and kavass, with orders to await your pleasure to be conducted to my residence.

Awaiting your advent with great eagerness, I am,

Yours fraternally,  
EUMER RUSCHDI, PASHA.

Palmer read the note through twice, and then stared at it for several minutes, before the central office in his brain made the necessary connection on his mental switchboard. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Why, it must be Old Rushy!"

He remembered Old Rushy as a rather melancholy Turk, who had come all the way from his native land to study political and social science at one of the New England colleges. Old Rushy was not what college boys call "a good fellow," although he possessed the characteristic politeness and generosity of the Orient. It was not on account of these qualities, however, that he had been "rushed" by Palmer's fraternity, but rather because it was considered a beat on the other fraternities to have a genuine nobleman, albeit a Turkish one, enrolled among the Phi Gamma Phis. The distinction of superintending the new member's initiation had fallen upon Palmer, who was famous for his ingenuity in such matters. The marked success which had resulted from his elaborate plans—that is, of course, success from the standpoint of the initiators—was vivid in his mind, as he sat staring at the note in his hand.

Catching sight of his dragoman, Palmer commanded:

"Tell the man that gave you this that I'll be ready in half an hour. Give orders to have my breakfast served right away, in this room. That's all!"

As soon as he had finished dressing, he stepped to the window overlooking the narrow street. Directly in front of the hotel, a brilliant equipage was drawn up. It consisted of an ornate coach, to which was harnessed a team of magnificent white horses. The coachman was arrayed in a long silk robe, and wore on his head a red tarboosh, ornamented with a blue tassel. Beside him on the box was the kavass, gorgeously clad in a blue jacket embroidered with gold, and wearing a long, curved sword.

A crowd of idlers and ragged urchins

had gathered on the opposite side of the street, and they were all watching the portal of the hotel, as if expecting some noted personage. Struck with a sudden inspiration, Palmer took from his trunk three large athletic medals, and pinned them in a conspicuous row on his breast.

When his tall, distinguished form appeared in the entrance, a loud cry of acclamation arose from the watchers in the street. They evidently took him for a European prince, or at least for a duke. Ushered by the ceremonious kavass, Palmer strode forth from the hotel and stepped into the carriage; and, amid the cracking of whips and the shouts of the spectators, was driven away.

As they zigzagged through the "street called straight"—which, Palmer reflected, must have changed considerably since the time of St. Paul, unless that austere apostle could be suspected of using sarcasm—Palmer noticed long rows of mangy, yellow curs, lying asleep in the sun. They made no attempt to move out of the way as the carriage approached, and the coachman was obliged to drive very carefully to avoid running over them.

"Don't be so careful," suggested Palmer. "Why don't you run over a dozen or two of them?"

To his astonishment, the kavass turned and in excellent English replied:

"We should be arrested and tried for murder if we did that."

For the rest of the journey Palmer kept his thoughts to himself.

## II

WHEN he arrived at the pasha's house, which was just outside the walls of the city, Palmer found that distinguished official awaiting him at the top of the marble stairs. Even in his Turkish costume, Old Rushy was easily recognized by the American. He greeted his guest effusively, and conducted him along a path bordered with fragrant rose-bushes.

Passing beneath one of the pointed arches of the lofty colonnade, they entered a room of the dwelling. There were but three walls to this room, the fourth side being completely open. The only article of furniture was a long divan, which extended around the three sides of the room. The floor was of marble, and in the center a small fountain splashed. The water overflowed into a series of diminutive channels,

hollowed out of the pavement, thus forming a symmetrical pattern of running water, leading to a larger basin in the middle of the colonnade.

If I were writing a book of travel, I should feel compelled to give all the details of the pasha's entertainment of his American friend. I should tell about the smooth-skinned, dreamy-eyed dancing-girls, who went through voluptuous contortions for Palmer's amusement. I should describe the uncouth instruments, from which came the cacophonous tumming and skreeking which accompanied the dance. I should give an account of the midday meal of *kebabs* and *mohalebi*, served on the small, octagonal, olive-wood table placed on the divan. But I must go on with my story, depending upon the reader to supply the atmosphere and accessories of the Orient.

The pasha had been conducting Palmer over his extensive gardens. At the farther end, they came upon a narrow opening in the wall, from which a winding passage led to a small but highly ornate building a few yards distant.

"That is my harem," explained the pasha. "I am sorry I cannot take you there. I think you know enough about our customs to forgive me if I do not introduce you to my wives."

"Wives?" questioned Palmer. "Then you have—"

"Three. The designing mamas with marriageable daughters would consider themselves cheated if I did not have so many, at least. While I cannot take you to my harem," he continued, "I can at least show you something else, which I think is interesting and unique."

He conducted Palmer to a remote corner of the mansion, where there was a broad and lofty tower of rough stone, which looked as if it did not belong to the rest of the building. The pasha approached a small postern, and, taking down a rusty key from a hook beside the door, unlocked it and flung it open.

"This," he said, "is what my father called the Potter's Wheel."

Palmer stepped to the opening, and peered within. The interior of the tower was very dimly lighted, but he could distinguish the outlines of a thick metal rod, extending vertically upward for about fifteen feet from the center of the floor. At the top of this shaft there was a circular platform, with

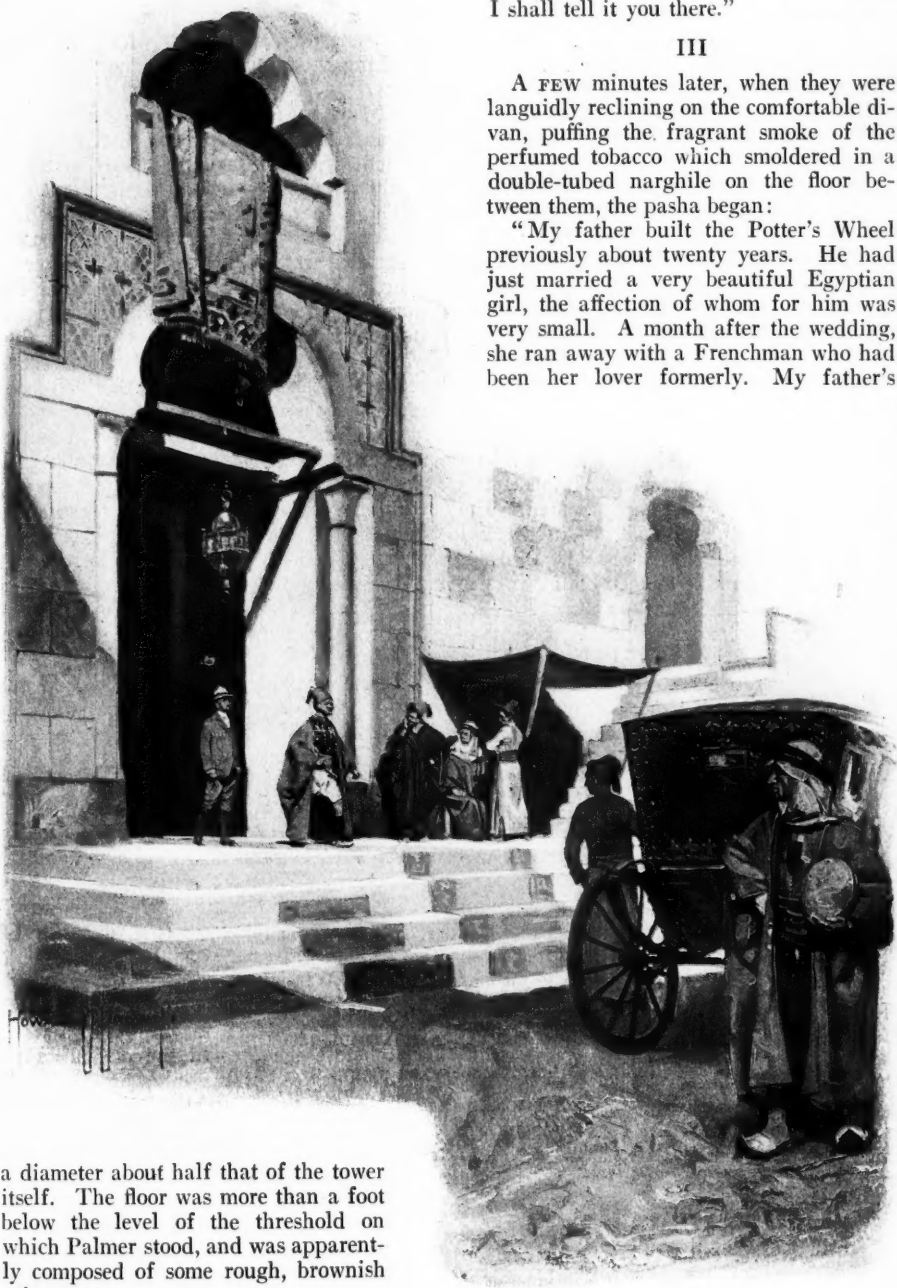


ing late. Let us return to the house, and I shall tell it you there."

## III

A FEW minutes later, when they were languidly reclining on the comfortable divan, puffing the fragrant smoke of the perfumed tobacco which smoldered in a double-tubed narghile on the floor between them, the pasha began:

"My father built the Potter's Wheel previously about twenty years. He had just married a very beautiful Egyptian girl, the affection of whom for him was very small. A month after the wedding, she ran away with a Frenchman who had been her lover formerly. My father's



a diameter about half that of the tower itself. The floor was more than a foot below the level of the threshold on which Palmer stood, and was apparently composed of some rough, brownish substance.

"I'm sure I can't imagine what it is," he confessed.

"There is a story connected with it," responded the pasha. "But it is grow-

USHERED BY THE CEREMONIOUS KAVASS,  
PALMER STRODE FORTH FROM  
THE HOTEL

servants overtook them on the road to Beirut, and brought them back here. The Frenchman was treated as an honored guest, but kept under lock and key, while the Potter's Wheel was being builded. You noticed the steel column in the middle of the tower? It is connected with a twenty-horse-power steam-engine in the basement of the house. Just beneath the tower itself is a large oven, which has for its purpose the heating of the pitch in the bottom of the tower."

"Pitch?" inquired Palmer. "Is that what the floor was made of?"

"The real floor is made from iron, and is several feet below the level of the door. The bottom of the tower is like a very great kettle full of pitch, which it is possible to melt and boil by building wood fires beneath it."

"What in the world was that for?"

"It was the punishment of the wife's lover, which my father had prepared. The Frenchman was placed on the platform, and the engine started, slowly at first. In order that he might be able to keep his footing, he began to run. The wheel was turned faster and faster. The man was what you Americans call 'very game.' They say he ran for more than two hours; then he dropped exhausted, and was shot off into the boiling pitch. The woman observed the whole performance from a favorable location, which my father was so kind as to provide."

"And then what happened to her?"

"Oh, she met the customary fate of unfaithful wives. She was tied up in a sack along with a quantity of scrap-iron, and was thrown into the Abana."

The cold, matter-of-fact tone in which these words were spoken made Palmer shudder.

"Wasn't that pretty severe?" he cried. "I should think it was enough punishment to see her lover murdered before her eyes."

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not understand the conditions with respect to matrimony here in Turkey! It is necessary to make an example now and then, in order to keep discipline in the harem."

For a while, they puffed in silence, then Palmer spoke.

"The Frenchman was a fool. He might have cheated your father by jumping into the vat and ending his life at once."

"Ah, but that would not have been human. My father had an understanding of human nature when he made the Potter's

Wheel. He knew how man will cling to life, even when it means always misery. Is it not one of your authors who says about drinking the cup of life to the last bitter dregs?"

"I suppose it would take a great deal of courage; but it seems to me that the mere thought of his tormentor gloating over him would have driven him to do it."

The pasha smiled, and shook his head.

"You must admit that my father comprehended psychology," he said, after a pause. "He knew the principle that the worst agonies are those which originate from anticipation. You know that it is that which makes an initiation into a secret society so formidable. It is the being uncertain concerning just what is going to happen. Do you remember how you gentlemen frightened me into thinking that you were intending to roll me into the reservoir with my hands bound and my eyes covered? Perhaps you have been through it yourself, and know how it feels to roll, and roll, waiting for the splash of the water, which never comes. When I found I had been rolled down the bank on the other side, I almost felt disappointment."

Palmer nodded. He made a desperate attempt to change the subject, but the only remark he could think of was:

"This is excellent tobacco."

"I am very pleased to have you enjoy it. Do you know, the shape of that little cloud of smoke reminds me of the evening when I was branded with the seal of the Phi Gamma Phis. Do you remember?"

Indeed he did remember! The branding was a ceremony which Palmer himself had originated as a special feature of Old Rushy's initiation. A cow-puncher's branding-iron had been procured, especially for the occasion, and it was heated to a white heat before the eyes of the victim. Four of the huskiest of the initiators had held the terrified Turk, while Palmer stepped behind him and pressed the glowing iron against a piece of leather, at just the same instant that one of the others clapped a piece of ice, cut to the same shape and size as the brand, against the bare back of Old Rushy. This was Palmer's application of the psychological principle that sensations of extreme heat and extreme cold cannot be distinguished by the less sensitive portions of the human skin.

How well he remembered the agonized cry which escaped from the lips of the vic-

tim, as he felt the sharp sting of the ice, and smelled the nauseating odor of scorching hide! Still more vivid in Palmer's memory was the look of mortification on the face of the Turk when he viewed his unblemished skin in the mirror which his "brothers" gleefully held for him. It was then that he had muttered something in Turkish which sounded strangely like an oath.

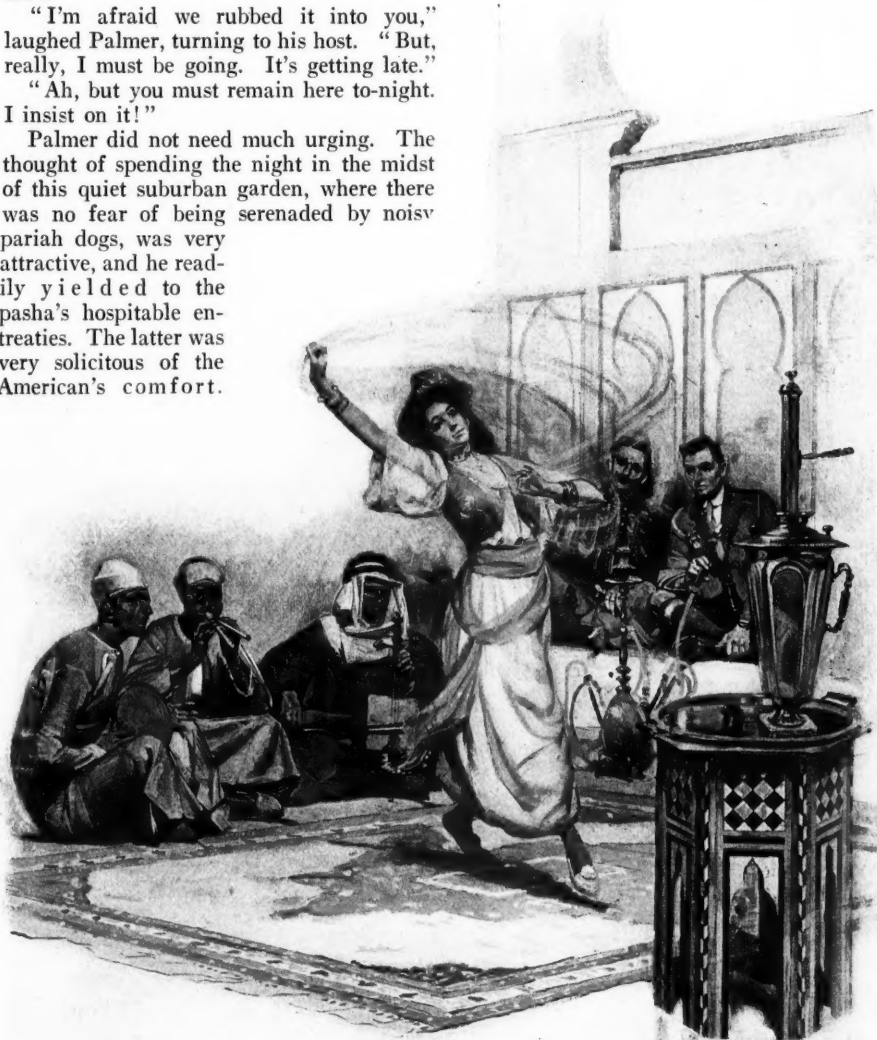
"I'm afraid we rubbed it into you," laughed Palmer, turning to his host. "But, really, I must be going. It's getting late."

"Ah, but you must remain here to-night. I insist on it!"

Palmer did not need much urging. The thought of spending the night in the midst of this quiet suburban garden, where there was no fear of being serenaded by noisy pariah dogs, was very attractive, and he readily yielded to the pasha's hospitable entreaties. The latter was very solicitous of the American's comfort.

He personally showed him to the guest chamber, and saw to it that he was provided with a suit of silk pajamas.

"This is the room in which my father entertained the Frenchman," he remarked, as he bade his guest good night. "This long, narrow door is made like a draw-



HOWARD BROWN

THE PASHA'S ENTERTAINMENT OF HIS AMERICAN FRIEND

bridge, which can be lowered to the platform of the Potter's Wheel. I hope you will have pleasant dreams!"

"Thanks, the same to you," returned Palmer, as he stooped to untie a shoe-string.

He undressed quickly, and abandoned himself to the downy softness of his couch; and it was not long before the monotonous croaks of the bullfrogs, whose gurgling voices were wafted to him from the pool in the garden, lulled him to sleep.

#### IV

JUST before daybreak, Palmer awoke to semiconsciousness, with the feeling that his bed had suddenly become hard and uncomfortable. Mechanically, he made a savage jab at his pillow, to soften it. The stinging impact of his fist against something decidedly solid awakened him completely.

Puzzled and perplexed, he sat up and looked about him. A single glance told him that he was not in bed. His first thought was that he had rolled out upon the floor, but the fact that no furniture could be seen made this idea untenable. There was just enough light to enable him to make out the walls of the room, which was round, like the inside of a well. The floor on which he sat was of bare wood, and around the outer edge was a black ring, which a second glance told him was a chasm about eight feet wide, between the wall and the platform on which he rested.

All at once, his nostrils caught a peculiar odor. It was unmistakably the acrid smell of burning pitch. At the same moment the platform gave a slight jar, and began to revolve very slowly. Immediately, the startling truth flashed upon him. He was on the Potter's Wheel!

He sprang to his feet, and, as if in response to his action, the rotating floor began to move faster. Impelled by the motion, he began to trot. Again the speed was accelerated, until he was obliged to sprint, in order to keep his footing on the slippery boards.

It was rather singular that Palmer's first thought was not one of fear, nor one of indignation or anger at the Turk, but simply a recollection of his own words, spoken to the pasha the evening before:

"The Frenchman was a fool. He might have cheated your father by jumping into the vat and ending his life at once."

He imagined the sardonic grin on the

face of Old Rushy, as he watched his victim from some hidden peep-hole. Although Palmer really wanted to fling himself from the platform, his limbs refused to obey the commands of his brain, and only continued to move in accordance with the instinct of self-preservation.

The stifling air was tainted with the suffocating smell of boiling pitch, and Palmer could feel the clammy, sweat-soaked fabric of his pajamas clinging to his sweltering body. He shouted lustily, between his gasps for breath, but the only response was a slight quickening of the rotating wheel. He could hear no sound, save the puffing of a steam-engine somewhere below him, and the pad of his bare feet on the hard-wood floor.

A feeling of shame swept over him as he realized that he did not have the will-power to carry out the conviction which he had so confidently expressed, and hurl himself from the torturing wheel; but the thought of the seething, viscous mass below was horribly repugnant. He could fancy himself writhing in that blistering, suffocating, disgusting pool, with his seared limbs ensnared in the tenacious grip of the glutinous pitch. And so he continued to run, spurred on by a faint hope of rescue.

Perhaps the pasha might relent, or lose his nerve, and stop the engine before it was too late; or perhaps they would miss him at the hotel, and would come to make inquiries about him. He remembered that the intended victim of "The Pit and the Pendulum" was rescued by officers of an invading army, just as he was tottering on the brink of the horrible abyss.

"If I can only hold out," he thought, "help will surely come!"

Palmer was a good runner, and he would probably have broken the record established by the Frenchman had his feet been clothed in gymnasium shoes. But he was not accustomed to running in his bare feet, and after a few minutes he stubbed his toe, and fell sprawling on the platform. Instantly, he began to slip. He clutched desperately at the hard, smooth planks, vainly striving to cling on with his finger-nails. A shriek of terror escaped him, as he felt himself shooting over the edge of the spinning platform. For one dizzy instant his cringing form dropped through space; then it crashed into a bed of straw, which had been spread over the entire floor.

For a moment he lay stunned, expecting

the excruciating pain of burning pitch, which did not come. Then he staggered to his feet, and looked about him.

Overhead the wheel was still turning.

of brownish smoke arose. It was from them that the fumes of cooking pitch had emanated.

Hearing the grating of a key in a lock,



"THIS IS WHAT MY FATHER CALLED THE POTTER'S WHEEL"

Just beneath it he perceived four stands, arranged at intervals. On each of these stands a small gasoline stove flickered beneath an iron vessel, from which clouds

Palmer turned. A door opened and revealed the pasha himself. His face was a study; on it was an expression of uneasiness mingled with trepidation, like that

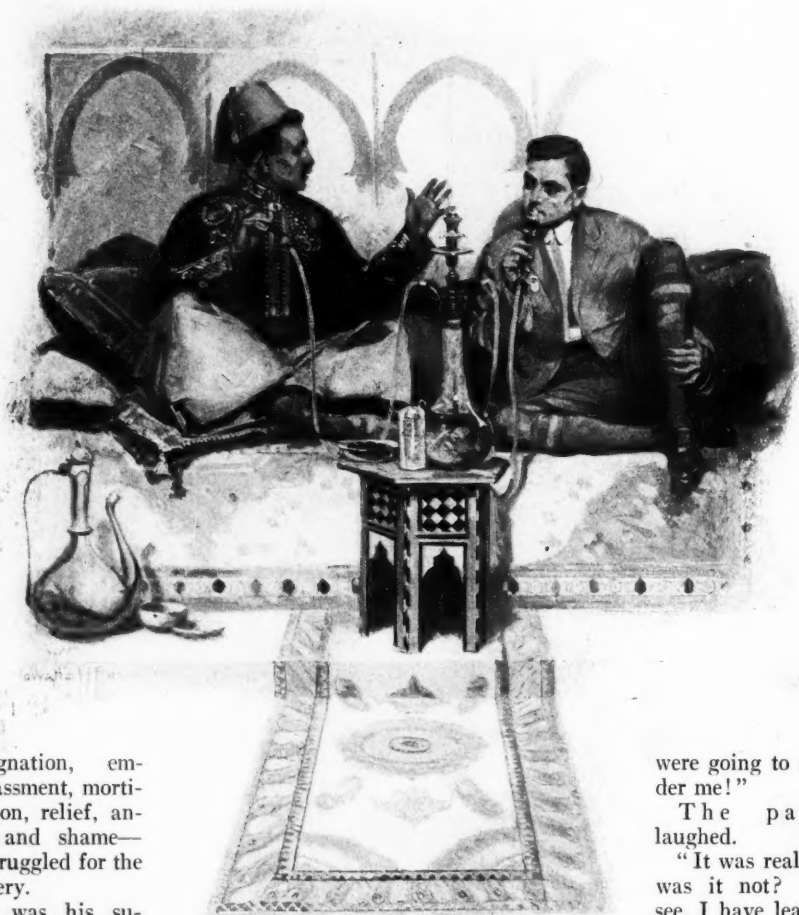


of a schoolboy who has rashly committed some grave offense without counting the cost, and who anxiously awaits the inevitable punishment.

As for Palmer, a veritable deluge of conflicting emotions surged through his mind.

"Then you understand my malicious little joke, and you can forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," replied Palmer, graciously accepting the outstretched hand. "I ought to beg your pardon. Why, I actually believed that you



Indignation, embarrassment, mortification, relief, anger, and shame—all struggled for the mastery.

It was his superb sense of humor which finally won the day and saved the situation. He had a momentary vision of his lanky form floundering on the heap of straw, and he laughed—not a very hearty laugh, to be sure, but, under the circumstances, an extremely creditable attempt.

The look of anxiety vanished from the face of the pasha.

"Ah, my dear, dear friend!" he cried, hastening to his guest over the pile of straw.

were going to murder me!"

The pasha laughed.

"It was realistic, was it not? You see, I have learned from the Phi Gamma Phis!"

From that instant, strange to

say, Palmer and Old Rushy became fast friends. The feeling of constraint, which had previously formed a barrier between them, was now removed, and in its place was a bond of supreme respect, such as can only be felt by men who have engaged in contest and have found each other worthy opponents.

The pasha urged his guest to stay longer,

"MY FATHER BUILT THE POTTER'S WHEEL  
PREVIOUSLY ABOUT TWENTY YEARS"

and Palmer would have accepted had not his business demanded that he leave at once for Antioch. As the American took his leave, the Turk could not refrain from making a final reference to the Potter's Wheel.

"Do you not think it would be a most excellent thing to use in initiating members of the Phi Gamma Phis?" he said. "You have my permission to use the idea."

Whether Palmer followed this suggestion is doubtful; but after his return to America, he obtained a patent for a device consisting of a circular platform, which could be rotated by means of an electric motor. He sold his patent to the proprietor of a large amusement resort, on a royalty basis, and reaped a harvest from the proceeds of the so-called Human Roulette-Wheel.

## THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD\*

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER," "THREE SPEEDS FORWARD," ETC.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

**W**HEN Matthew Broughton is left an orphan, his uncle, an admiral in the United States navy, gets him a nomination to Annapolis. Here the boy does well until he is dismissed as the result of a hazing affair, and, being cast off by his uncle, he ships as an ordinary seaman on a collier bound for the South Pacific.

After a shipwreck and other adventures among the Pacific islands, Matt, at thirty-one, finds himself captain of a schooner owned by a mysterious individual known as John Mort. Mort lives in absolute seclusion and a good deal of luxury on the lonely island of Lotoalofa, sharing his retreat with a beautiful and equally mysterious girl, Mirovna. When Broughton decides to return to civilization, his employer tries to dissuade him; failing to do so, Mort gives him a valuable ring and the schooner of which he has been in command. At the same time, the recluse pledges Matt to absolute secrecy as to the whereabouts of his island retreat.

Matt's ship is wrecked on the voyage to California; but Snood & Hargreaves, the San Francisco jewelers, lend him a thousand dollars on the security of his ring, and promise to pay him forty-five hundred more for it if he should decide to sell. With his little capital he goes back to Manaswan, his native town in Connecticut, to make a fresh start in life. While looking for an opening, he takes up his quarters at Mrs. Sattane's boarding-house, where the most important of his fellow boarders is Hunter Hoyt, a bibulous newspaper man who was once a sensational journalist of some celebrity. The most attractive business opportunity that he can find is a project for raising mules, in partnership with Victor Daggancourt, a mulatto who owns a garage in Manaswan.

One morning, Matt is astonished to receive a call from Mr. Maynard, editor of the *Banner*, the local newspaper. Maynard, in much excitement, shows him a sensational story which has just appeared in the New York *Clarion*.

### VI (Continued)

**T**HE smaller type was lost in a blur; a sentence caught here and there, but most of it danced before Matt as unintelligible as Sanskrit.

#### HAIL TO THE KING!

ROYAL BROUGHTON RETURNS TO CHILDHOOD'S HOME

#### KING OF THE KANAKAS HERE

Pearl islands and deep-water ships fly his flag in far-off Pacific, while copper-hued subjects lout

low to Matthew I—Romantic story of Manaswan boy shipwrecked in labyrinthine seas, and his amazing rise to greatness—Isles where old men's beards pass as currency—Palm-wine jags, with ten thousand savages on the blink—How the Christian half of Tapatuea massacred the heathen half—Beachcombers, pirates, and mysterious characters—Violinist who held attacking cannibals spell-bound till wind saved the becalmed vessel—Black pearls and gold-lipped shell—Vast lagoons awaiting modern exploitation, but Matthew I would leave them as they are—His majesty only smiles at questions, and remarks significantly that he is satisfied—Two hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls in a match-box—Royal plans uncertain,

\* Copyright, 1910, by Lloyd Osbourne, in the United States and Great Britain This story began in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

but will probably remain here a few months—Say, girls, don't any of you want to be a queen?

Matt had scarcely reached the end, when there was a violent commotion outside—sleighs galloping, men descending excitedly, the porch shaking with the tramp of feet, and pull, pull, pull at the bell as if the house were on fire. A second later, a crowd of newspapermen and photographers surged into the room, spattering the carpet with mud and snow—a noisy, jostling throng in heavy overcoats, all demanding “the Kanaka king.”

“Me first, gentlemen!” cried Maynard, grabbing Matt as if he were a bale of goods. “The king’s mine till noon!”

“The dickens he is!” exclaimed one of the mob, elbowing up to Matt. “We’re all in on this, aren’t we, boys?”

“You bet we are!” came from a dozen ready throats.

“Tell them they can all go to thunder!” cried Maynard, tightening his hold on Matt. “They can’t make you be interviewed if you won’t.”

“Open out there,” shouted a photographer, letting up a blind with a crash.

“Ask him to stand up, George,” cried another.

“Better flash him,” added a third, busy-ing himself with a sort of pistol. “Say, let’s flash him!”

“Oh, do open out, all you fellows!” wailed number one.

“Sorry to intrude on you like this, king,” said the foremost reporter to Matt, planting a muscular dig in Mr. Maynard’s anatomy, and pressing him away. “Treat us right and we’ll treat you right. Better go ahead and get it over with!”

“Is it true you were expelled from the Naval Academy?” asked a voice.

“How did you get started in this king business?” inquired another.

“He’s mine till noon!” protested Maynard chokingly. “Mine till no—”

“The *Times* would be grateful for a short, brief, signed description—”

“Do open out there!” bleated the photographer.

Matt rose, speechless with rage, and, tearing himself clear, strode to the door and up to his bedroom. Here he locked himself in with a bang, the whole pack pounding at his heels like boys after a run-away.

“I’m not a king!” he roared through at them. “There’s not a word of truth in that

idiotic article. The first fellow that breaks down my door will get his head punched!”

It was fully half an hour before they descended, disheartened and growling, to bundle into their sleighs and depart.

“Three hoots for that confounded king!” cried one of them, trying to lead off, but his suggestion met with no response, and the jingling bells drowned his solitary effort.

A little later there was a shuffling, lumbering sound outside Matt’s door, and Hoyt’s husky voice came through the key-hole:

“Shay, ole man, you aren’t angry with me, are you? Good joke, dresh it up a bit, and git fiv’ dollarsh! Didn’t mean any harm—shole and honor, didn’t mean any harm. Great newspaper stuff, that story! Royal Broughton returnsh to childhood’s home, and I got fiv’ dollarsh for it. Come along, and painsh town red—come along, you old stiff!”

## VII

THE *Manaswan Banner* reprinted the *Clarion’s* tale in full, and by that one issue lifted Matt from obscurity to local greatness. People stared at him on the street; children ran backward, pointing at him; tradesmen rained cards; Matt could not enter a store but there was a scurry to await on him.

Denials were useless; the whole boarding-house, loyally pledged to disseminate the truth and radiate contradiction, was forced to avow failure. Price, Goldstein, and Daggancourt were brought into daily contact with half the population, yet the public refused to be undeceived. The public did not wish to be corrected; the public wanted romance, and clung to it with both hands, like the overgrown baby it is; the public would not permit Matt to be dethroned—even by himself.

Matt’s own appearance contributed not a little to the deception. Men who have led adventurous and hardy lives on the frontiers of civilization usually get a peculiar stamp—a peculiar and marked individuality. Matt was not only good-looking, but there was something noticeable, attractive, and even distinguished about him. It was impossible for any one to “place” Matt; every local *Sherlock Holmes* was baffled; he fitted into no class, and yet had an “air.”

This capacity to rouse interest—favorable interest—is a human possession of

great value. It has also, of course, its drawbacks. When the *Banner* raised Matt to kingship, Manaswan was thrilled but not altogether surprised. The town had long been aware that he was "somebody out of the way."

One result of the grotesque fiction was to bring Matt into contact with some of the better families of the place. The Clegghorns, the Randalls, the Russells, and the Bucks—all in some manner or other contrived to scrape acquaintance with him. These social overtures, made first out of curiosity, and in most instances inspired by the women, opened to Matt a number of pleasant if somewhat stiff and old-fashioned households. He was led into the extravagance of buying evening clothes, and began to cut a modest dash in Manaswan society.

It wasn't the best society, however. There was an upper crust still, to which the Clegghorns, the Randalls, the Russells, and the Bucks were as peris outside the gates. In this higher realm were the Marshalls—the old general and his daughter—who rode thoroughbred horses, and lived within a vast park; the Derwents, owners of the shoe-factories; the Bells, and a few others—an aristocracy of wealth, and compactly exclusive. The old general had been American minister to half the courts of Europe, and was described as "very grand." Lamont, the millionaire wheel-manufacturer, was also "grand." There were also the "grand" Doolittles, and the "grand" Bells. When a peri said "grand," the superlative was reached.

Matt enjoyed the homespun gaieties to which he was now so often invited—the candy-pulling, the parties where they played games, the jolly sleigh-rides and suppers. They offered him more enlivening companionship than he found in the boarding-house, which, in contrast, grew drearier every day, till its fly-specked walls took on the aspect of a morgue.

The girlish laughter was sweet to hear; the general cordiality and good-will very warming—though it was all extraordinarily strait-laced in some respects. Dancing was barred; Cromwell's Ironsides could not have been more aggressively pious; nobody smoked or drank "liquor." Yet with this there was a freedom no less extraordinary. Chaperons were unheard of; kissing was brisk and unashamed; the romping games often appeared to Matt very indecorous.

There was an Early Christian atmosphere over the whole, a simplicity and rural innocence that was as charming as it was trying.

Matt, in spite of himself, was always shocking somebody. The fact of his not being a church-member was in itself shocking. His path lay over egg-shells, and they were continually cracking beneath him. There loomed before him a dreaded day, when he would either have to join a local church or be cast bodily from the vineyard.

Meanwhile the *Clarion's* story was apparently being carried far and wide. It came back to him from everywhere, tangibly evident in letters. Every morning there was a substantial mail, which was at once both an exasperation and a delight. Here are a few samples taken at random from that daily pile beside his plate:

DEAR SIR:

Having read of you in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, I respectfully desire to bring to your attention our unrivaled line of diving and marine apparatus. If you will kindly glance at the accompanying catalogue—

HONORED SIR:

Am a young man in Boston Express Co., driving delivery wagon, but would like to exchange into your service, salary no object if could be Captain of your Guard, or similar confidential position. When I opened the *Transcript*, and seen your romantic story, I decided to apply right off—

DEAR KING:

Noticing the account in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and learning you intended to make some stay in this country before returning to your island home, I thought perhaps you might care to buy a thirty-six-foot power boat, only three years old, hardwood finish, sixteen H.P., Snipkin engine, that I should be glad to sacrifice at a bargain—

DARLING MATTHEW:

I am only a high school girl, but I loved you the moment I took up the *Deseret News* and found you was looking for a Queen. I'm afraid I'm not very pretty, but if a loving, faithful heart—

DEAR MR. BROUGHTON:

May I take the liberty of asking if you are a Sun-Worshiper? Or if this ideal religion has not been brought to your attention, could you not at least find room on one of your lovely isles for a small colony of S. W., who desire to discard their clothes and attain that simplicity and beauty of existence which they find so difficult—nay, so hopeless—here. We number thirty-two, mostly



ladies, and in the hope of a favorable answer enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Yours in the R. Z.,

(MISS) HELEN DORMER.

P. S.—We would be very willing to pay a small rent, either in cash or early vegetables, or supply one or two of our number in rotation as nurses, educators, etc., to those noble, simple people who have elevated you to their throne.

H. D.

Matt made no reply to any of these epistles. His money was ebbing fast enough as it was—frighteningly fast—and he was in no humor to squander any of it on useless stamps and note-paper. The arrival of spring, and Daggancourt's lengthening face, hastened his resolution to leave Manaswan and pay a flying visit to Kentucky in order to spy out the land. The mules were calling, and it was time for dreams to become realities. Daggancourt would have bought a pair in Manaswan, loaded their joint effects on a wagon, and started off. But Matt was not such a burner of bridges. He would prudently inspect mule territory and mule conditions, and then return with well-formulated mule plans.

While nerving himself to depart, and putting it off from day to day, on one excuse or another, he wrote to Snood & Hargreaves, the San Francisco jewelers, saying that he had made up his mind to part with the ring, and requesting them to remit him the forty-five hundred dollars by express, deducting whatever interest had accrued. It was not without a pang that he dropped this letter into the box; it marked the knell of those easy-going days at Mrs. Sattane's. It must now be mules in earnest, with hard work and frugal living, and evening clothes put away, perhaps forever.

He spun out his farewell calls, dillydallied, held back all he could, but at last the inexorable morning arrived. Daggancourt was there in an automobile; Matt's suitcase, packed to bursting, stood ready on the porch, together with a large brown-paper package of the overflow; his pockets bulged with hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches; and never was a man more apparently destined for instant departure—when the telephone-bell suddenly rang, and Bridget came rushing out to say that Mr. Doty wanted Mr. Broughton on the wire.

At the moment it seemed an intolerable infliction. Mr. Doty was the Reformed Methodist Episcopal clergyman, a mild

creature of an anxious cordiality, whose acquaintance with Matt was of the slightest. Matt took up the receiver with the intention of making short work of the reverend gentleman—an intention emphasized by the honk of Victor's horn, imperiously bidding him to hurry.

"Hello!" he said.

"Oh, Mr. Broughton," returned Doty, "this is just to remind you of our church social to-morrow night—tickets twenty-five cents, including hat-check—and to say I simply cannot take a refusal. Please tell me that you will come."

"Come!" cried Matt. "Why, I'm leaving this minute for Kentucky!"

"Put it off, then," protested Doty. "I have a special reason—a very special reason for wishing you to come. Indeed, I must make my request imperative. Oh, Mr. Broughton, refuse me if you like, but do not say no to one of the sweetest and most gracious of our young patricians."

"Can't help it!" exclaimed Matt curtly. "Sorry to disappoint you, but really—"

"Mayn't I try to persuade you, Mr. Broughton?" said a new voice in his ear—a girlish voice with the indescribable cadence of good breeding. "I've been counting so much on meeting you to-morrow night—in fact, I only agreed to go for that reason."

Matt's own tone softened.

"Do tell me who you are?" he asked. "I oughtn't even to wait for that, but I'm too flattered not to."

"I'm Miss Marshall," she replied; "General Marshall's daughter, you know—or I suppose you don't know, though—"

"Miss Marshall!" cried Matt, dazzled at the name. "I had no idea I was talking to angels unawares. Of course I know you, in a far-off, cat-looking-at-king sort of way. Who doesn't?"

"I know you better than that," she returned gaily. "Let me count—yes, it's five times I've seen you, and once I was so close to you in the music-store that I might have touched you. I am sorry I didn't, now—hold out my hand, I mean! And here we are like ships that pass in the night—with you going to Kentucky. Must you really go to Kentucky, Mr. Broughton?"

"I'm afraid I have to."

"Does that mean you've found Manaswan horribly dull? But of course it does. People only stay here who have to—like barnacles on a rock."



"I don't know—I've liked it well enough," stammered Matt; "though you make me ashamed to admit it. I think I am sorry to leave the old place—specially now."

"To me it seems deadly," continued the girl. "It's the Siberia of America without the excitement of chains or fresh prisoners to brighten us up—not a single person of the slightest interest till you appeared. Do you know, Mr. Broughton, you express the only bit of romance that has ever come our way?"

"Oh, no, no!" protested Matt. "All I am is another kind of barnacle from another kind of rock, and just as commonplace as the rest of them, I'm afraid."

"But even that is so interesting!" went on Miss Marshall encouragingly. "A strange, remote barnacle from the South Pacific—dear me, how delightful! Besides, they say you are a king out there."

"Oh, Miss Marshall, I'm really glad to go on account of all that rubbish. You can't imagine what a bore it has been, what a detestable mortification. I need hardly tell you it is all newspaper stuff—not a word of it that isn't a silly lie."

Matt stopped, trying to nerve himself for a heroic admission. Somehow it seemed suddenly important that he should be honest—that he should free himself from any meretricious glamour.

"The prosaic truth is that I am going to Kentucky to raise mules," he added.

"Mules?"

"Yes, mules."

"But can't you do that here?"

"Well, you see, the book says—"

"The book?"

"I don't know anything about them—so naturally I bought a book."

The merriment of the half-caught reply was rather wounding.

"Oh, it is not as absurd as it sounds," he said. "I have a sort of partner, too—a practical colored man."

"A practical colored man?"

"Yes, a kind of *Man Friday*, who has attached himself to me. We are going to pool our money and build a log cabin in the mountains."

There was a moment's pause at the other end of the telephone, followed by suppressed laughter.

"That settles it, Mr. Broughton, you simply must come," exclaimed the young lady. "Please tell me that you will!"

Matt listened eagerly as she laughed again, and then struck his flag. The sound of his voice startled him with its earnestness.

"Certainly, if you wish it," he said. "It's too charming an invitation from too charming a person for me to refuse."

Apparently Miss Marshall was a little taken aback; there seemed a shade less cordiality in her tone as she replied:

"Oh, if you'd much rather not, you know—if it's inconvenient or anything—please don't let me put you out!"

"But I'd love to come—really and truly I would."

With an even more ambiguous "Oh, thanks, then we'll expect you; good-by!" the phone was dropped.

Poor Daggancourt was terribly cast down at the news, and expostulated tremblingly, with tears in his eyes. He was so humble, so quaveringly restrained, that his reproaches were harder to bear than if they had been more outspoken. Mrs. Sattane and the others were merely surprised—very much surprised, indeed—and listened with the greediest of ears, and the most evident incredulity, to the tale of a forgotten promise to Mr. Doty. Hunter Hoyt, buzzing about tipsily, was very much pleased to think they were going to keepsh their dear old boy after all; and made what to Matt was a very opportune diversion by falling off the porch.

In the confusion attending his rescue, and the subsequent examination of some highly prized shrubs by Mrs. Sattane, and of a highly prized leg by the journalist, Matt managed to slip away without remark and take the river road to the pines. An unreasoning elation possessed him. He was eager to be alone with himself and dream; for had not a lovely queen stooped to notice him and thrown him a flower?

## VIII

NEVER was a Saturday night so slow of arrival, yet, when at last Matt stood at the entrance of the church, and heard the babel of voices within, he was stricken with a sort of terror. He entered guiltily, and once inside had a fresh spasm of dismay to find that he was apparently the only man there in evening dress.

The place was crowded and hot and noisy and disconcerting; committeemen, with rosettes, grabbed his hand and welcomed him as "brother"; excited young ladies sur-

rounded him, holding up objects for sale, and overwhelming him with saucy pleasant-ries; little girls, with immense bows in their hair, tried to drag him toward the booths, of which there was a row on either side of the church, forming a sort of street or promenade between.

There were a comic policeman, embarrassing everybody—as well as himself—by arresting them, and a comic judge, in false whiskers, before whom culprits were brought. Mr. Price, in pink tights, was exhibiting Mr. Goldstein as a performing bear who emitted ferocious growls in a Jewish accent; spoons clattered on emptying saucers; children, already speechless with ice-cream, were forcing doughnuts, pies, and sugared waffles into bursting little bread-baskets. Over all, here, there, and everywhere, was Mr. Doty, feverishly cordial, perspiringly gay, gimleting his way through the crush to make sure that every one was having a "good time."

It was all very kindly and simple and good-hearted and genuine, and had it not been for a devouring suspense, and a restlessness that kept Matt ever on the alert, he would have entered into the affair with his usual amiability. But at the moment it was maddening. He had to laugh and chatter; to eat things he didn't want to eat; to buy things he didn't want to buy; to be hilarious when arrested by the comic policeman—in fiction after infliction to one whose heart was in a tumult, and whose eyes were ever on the watch.

But here—there—everywhere Mr. Doty was more to be trusted than Matt had thought. Of a sudden he came bustling up like a rushing little tug towing two statelier ships. Bewildering introductions ensued; Matt found himself shaking hands with an imposing gentleman with a white mustache; shaking hands with a young lady in blue foulard, whose dark, soft glance lingered curiously on his own. Matt hardly knew whether she was pretty or not—or, at least, whether she was very pretty. His first impression was more of graciousness, youth, and breeding—of rather an impudent little mouth, parting continually on perfect teeth; of delicately penciled eyebrows, a nose slightly aquiline, and an abundance of glossy hair, which under the lamplight appeared darker than it really was.

"I've met a considerable number of kings in my time," said the general genially, "but always glad to add another to the list, you

know. It's rather a reproach to us, I'm afraid, that we let the newspapers discover you first."

"Oh, those newspapers!" exclaimed Matt. "But really, general, what is one to do? I might as well run after an express-train as try to deny all that rubbish."

"Nobody is safe in this country," agreed the general with great good-humor. "You can go to bed at night an honored citizen, and wake up in the morning an alliterative outcast. 'Merciless Marshall Murders Maid,' or something equally surprising and unpleasant."

"It's the smudgy pictures I hate most," put in Miss Marshall. "I've had mine stuck all around with little Cupids shooting arrows into an unfortunate foreign nobleman."

"We've all been there," said the general. "When the up-to-date American stops a runaway or saves a drowning lady, he invariably gives a false name and address, and then scoots out of sight. The modern boy on the burning deck would never have admitted to the reporters that he was Casabianca. He'd have called himself Smith, probably, and insisted there wasn't any fire!"

The general, still laughing at his own sally, was greeted and diverted by a passing acquaintance, affording Matt an opportunity to ask Miss Marshall if she would not like to make the round of the booths with him. Her face showed her pleasure at the proposal, and in her answering look, so arch and eager, Matt seemed to read something that made him dizzy. She was more than pretty, she was exquisite, and the sudden realization of her beauty was not without a dart of pain.

They moved about, talking—or rather trying to talk, for the noise and jostle caused constant interruptions; talking, and hoping for chairs, and eluding the general like a pair of truants, and all the while looking into each other's eyes and laughing. But there were no chairs; there was not an empty spot in the whole church, except in the pulpit, and that was set inaccessible in mid air, like a wooden lily on a long, twisted stem.

Matt gazed at it much as a castaway sailor might gaze at an air-ship—an unmanned air-ship, drifting high above his head. But as he gazed, his resolution grew, and he announced it recklessly.

"But they'll all see us!" cried Miss Marshall aghast.

"Only the tops of our heads," said Matt. "And Mr. Doty will be scandalized—everybody will!"

"Oh, nonsense," said Matt. "It's the dickens to stand up here, with people digging into you, and pestering you to buy beadwork pincushions when you'd give everything in the world for a cozy talk."

"A cozy talk *would* be nice, wouldn't it? Though it would take an elephant to get through all—"

"Come along, I'll be the elephant!"

The pulpit was reached by a spiral stair—or rather could be reached by pressing apart a stout lady gabbling to another stout lady, sweeping through five gauzy little girls, and disturbing a mounting tier of sweethearts, two to a step. Had Matt not been in evening dress he would never have succeeded in dislodging these lovers, but his swallowtail was an awe-striking garb, and bore with it a mysterious authority. Moreover, with quick presence of mind that convulsed his companion, he announced that he was going to give a recitation, which allayed resentment and filled every one with delighted anticipation.

The blockade was broken, and Matt had the supreme satisfaction of leading Miss Marshall into the pulpit. He would have put her on the chair—there was a chair—but she preferred the hassock, insisting at the same time that he should sit on the floor. Here they cowered out of view, trying to restrain their laughter.

"Now tell me about those five times," said Matt.

"What five times?" inquired Miss Marshall, provokingly insincere, and with that pretty parting of her lips.

"Oh, you know—what you said over the phone."

"I'd rather hear about *your* first time."

"That's easy. I came here expecting to find you adorable—and you are."

"Men say things like that just as little boys shout 'Get a horse, get a horse!' when you're stuck in a motor."

"But you really and truly are, and—"

"And what?"

"In all seriousness, I'm almost sorry I came."

"Oh, dear, why? Isn't the great, splendid, swaggering king happy in his little pulpit?"

It became Matt to look grave—became his strong features and well-cut mouth.

"I might like you too well," he said.

"Would that be so dreadful?"

"I'm afraid of life—afraid of deep emotions."

"But you've got over them before?"

"Not without scars."

"Isn't that what life is, Mr. Broughton?"

"Getting hurt and getting mended?"

"No—looking for that other half of one."

"Have you looked?"

Miss Marshall nodded with an air of great seriousness.

"I found him, only he was the wrong half—somebody else's half, you know—anyway, not mine. You mustn't think me altogether *jeune fille*. I am nearly twenty-three, and have broken an engagement."

"I suppose it would be horribly presumptuous to ask if I have any of the 'other half' qualities?"

"Oh, you want to make sure of a doughnut before trading in your cooky! My other half could never be so cautious."

"But you do like me, don't you? You would scarcely have telephoned to me like that if you hadn't."

"That's true; it was perfectly crazy of me, and almost entitles you to think everything."

"Everything? What's everything?"

"That I meant more than I did."

"What exactly did you mean?"

"Oh, how you pin me down! It's so impossible to tell you. You never could understand."

"Why not? I'm not as conceited as that. I am quite capable of understanding that a woman might like me three cents' worth, but not a dollar."

"It's that very literalness that makes it so impossible. Men—oh, how can I express it?—men see everything so clearly—can express everything in different kinds of symbols and chart them in their mind, like a barometer record or immigration statistics. We are hazier—more unformulated—all instinct—with a tingle where you have a fact."

"That's awfully clever! Go on."

"Is it clever? You see, we're even clever in the same haphazard sort of way, and hardly know it when we are! Then you came, and I saw you, and didn't think anything much about it except that you stayed in my head. Stayed and stayed, you know—not right out in front, but in a corner like a hat-box your maid has forgotten to take away. And every time I saw you the hat-

box grew bigger and more worrying, till finally—"She broke off with a smile, adding lightly: "Oh, well, there's your doughnut, and now, please, I want my cooky!"

"It's a darling little doughnut," said Matt, "and instead of eating it I'm going to put it away in silver paper, and keep it just to look at. And as for cookies—all I know is that the sweetest voice in the world said: 'Come to the church social to-morrow night'—and I came to the church social to-morrow night, where I found the sweetest voice in the world belonged to the sweetest girl in the world, and then everything seemed to go round and round till the sweetest girl in the world, who is also the cleverest girl in the world, suddenly seemed to become the only girl in the world, and—and—"

"Yes, you'd better stop there," said Miss Marshall. "That isn't frankness, that's conventionality. A second later you'll be saying, 'Love me, and the world is mine.'"

"Would that be so awfully silly?" asked Matt.

"Not only silly, but bromidian."

"Bromidian? What's bromidian?"

"Repeating commonplaces like a parrot."

"Mayn't anybody say I like you without being called a parrot—or that bromide?"

"In good society Mr. Anybody never says that to Miss Somebody after an acquaintance so very, very brief as ours."

"No short cuts allowed—is that the idea?"

"Yes."

"What's the most I could be permitted to say, then? Worrying? You said worrying yourself."

"It isn't quite fair to steal my word."

"How clever one has to be—to like you! One mustn't say this; one mustn't say that; it's like a complicated game, and terribly beyond a poor, simple sailor like myself. You must forgive me for being blundering and stupid; I hardly know anything about young white ladies."

Miss Marshall laughed outright at being thus described.

"I never thought of myself as a young white lady!" she said, much entertained. "It sounds as funny to me as if you called me a young pink lady, or a young blue lady. Oh, dear," she went on softly, "I don't

want to be too hard on my poor sailor, who's awfully nice and winning, even if he is stupid and doesn't know the right word. Let's just admit that I like you, and that you like me—and that, perhaps, in some queer way, it was all inevitable."

This unexpected admission made Matt's heart leap; again there was that dart of pain, that sense of overwhelming and somehow elusive happiness. The fragrance of that enchanting young womanhood was in his brain; the rounded contours, the swell of the girlish bosom, even the small foot with its peep of stocking—all intoxicated him with the magic and ecstasy of sex. For a while he remained silent, as if under a spell that he was loath to break.

"I don't believe I can laugh any more," he said at last, looking up strangely at his companion. "I don't believe I can even go on talking as we have done. I would like to go away as I did yesterday, and think, and think, and think."

He feared a light retort—a word that might shatter the whole fabric of his fancy. But their accord was too subtle for such a blasphemy.

"That's what I did, too," she returned in a voice that was almost a whisper. "When great things happen, one wishes to be alone, doesn't one?"

"Tell me your name," he said, still in that wondering tone. "It's incredible, but I do not know it."

"Christine—though they call me Chris—always call me Chris."

"And mine's such a horrid one—Matthew—and it's always Matt, you know, which is even worse!"

"I like it. Matt and Chris—it sounds old-fashioned, doesn't it, like one's Mayflower ancestors? 'And ye aforesaid Matthew was a young man of noble presence and of understanding, withal sober and upstanding in the fear of God, ye whilk of all ye pilgrim maids he chose one Christine Marshall, avowing for her—'"

"Go on—don't stop there."

But she did stop there, looking down at him with eyes like stars, all wonder and tenderness and shining girl-light, with just a quiver of the pretty mouth.

Alas for the lie that came back to roost, accompanied by a peremptory knocking on the pulpit panels, and the apparition of a very impatient young man in a high collar!

"Say, brother, ain't you ever going to give us that there recitation?"



"It has been unavoidably postponed," said Matt brazenly, rising as Miss Marshall did the same.

He pleaded with her to remain a little longer, but she would not. It seemed that by this time the general would be as a roaring lion, and prudence dictated a return. They found him, not exactly roaring, but certainly fretful, not to say crusty, and his recognition of Matt was of the scantiest.

"For Heaven's sake, let's get out of this place!" he said, smothering an expletive. "You might have had some thought of the horses, even if you hadn't for me. Come along!"

"Oh, papa, wait; I've invited Mr. Broughton to have tea with us to-morrow. About four," she added to Matt hurriedly. "Please come, won't you?"

"Shall look forward to it," snapped the general, with the manner of a person temporarily blocked in a burning building. "Good night, good night!"

And with that, and the pressure of a slender gloved hand, Matt was left alone—more alone, so it seemed to him, than he had ever been before in his life.

## IX

HE rose the next day a very different man from what he had been the night before. A pitiless consideration of his circumstances, begun at dawn, and carried to the bath-hour, had shown him facts as they were—the most dismal facts imaginable, and as gray as the first peep of that gray morning.

Who was he, to be calling on aristocratic young ladies, and whispering things in their pretty pink ears—he, whose fortune amounted to less than forty-five hundred dollars, and who had need to strive very energetically to keep his own somewhat large and red ones above the engulfing waters? His business was indubitably mules—not to linger in fools' paradises, waste money and time, and drift into the most heart-breaking of false positions.

He tried to put that sparkling face out of his mind; tried not to linger on those girlish admissions that made his pulses beat; called himself, oh, so many times, a fool—a crazy, silly fool—and vowed all sorts of tremendous things. He would excuse himself from that tea; would leave the next day for Kentucky; would get back to dry land and mules and sanity.

But he did not wish to appear rude; he would hate to have his action misconstrued;

he would go at four, after all, and, if the occasion presented itself, would tell her the truth quite frankly—that he had hardly any money, no profession, and a long, up-hill fight in front of him. Though how idiotic he was to take it all so seriously—himself and her and the whole affair—as if it were any more than a passing flirtation! It was just the incurable way he had of everything—of making mountains out of molehills. He laughed at himself a little forlornly. What an ass he was, to be sure! What an ass!

After breakfast he made it up handsomely with Daggancourt, expatiating on mules with much ardor and enthusiasm, and gradually recovering the mulatto's sorely shaken confidence. It seemed that Victor had not slept all night, so distressed had he been at Matt's indecision. He spoke of it quaveringly, like a father to a wayward son, his face yellower than ever, and puckered with chagrin. He said that no one, even with mules, could go very far without "concentration of purpose." He repeated the phrase several times, always with the same note of timid warning.

Matt apologized, explained, and promised to "concentrate." Victor was perfectly right! Mules first, and not another side-step off the track. He attested his sincerity by promising to leave for Kentucky on the morrow. They shook hands on it, then and there, in front of Buggins; and any lurking grudge that Victor might still have felt disappeared in that hearty clasp.

But there was still a weight on the mulatto's mind. He stammered out something about the San Francisco money—hoped that it was all right—hoped that it had come.

"Excuse my mentioning it," he said. "But, you know, we'll be needing it pretty soon, and I'd rather not sell the garage till—"

"Oh, that's all right," returned Matt. "It ought to be coming along soon, and if it doesn't I'll telegraph. Don't you worry about that," he added reassuringly. "It's one of those splendid jewelry stores with diamond necklaces in the window, and is good for a hundred times the money."

But Victor's concern remained. He had kept better tally on the dates than Matt; it was exactly twenty-four days since the latter had written—a long while, surely. Victor asked for the receipt, and examined it closely.



"That's all right as far as it goes," he said, handing it back with a relieved expression. "Though they don't have to buy the ring if they don't want to, or change their minds."

"If people like Snood & Hargreaves offered fifty-five hundred dollars for the ring, it's pretty sure to be worth it," replied Matt. "Even if they backed out, we could sell it somewhere else."

"Yes, that's true," said Victor, recovering his cheerfulness; "and maybe for a better price, considering you took the first bid they made. Depend upon it, you could have raised them a few hundred dollars."

They lingered a while longer, talking about the three-hundred-dollar commission Victor hoped to get on a second-hand car, and as to the advisability of taking sixteen hundred dollars cash for the garage, or a thousand down, and another thousand on a nine months' note. They also touched on the often-debated and never-settled question of a genuine, pedigreed Fison jackass. This dazzling animal was capable of absorbing three-quarters of their capital, and would be, if he lived, a four-legged gold mine. His value, dead, was precisely seventy-five cents. No wonder the partners were harassed, blew this way and that, one minute the imaginary possessors of a genuine, pedigreed Fison jackass, and another forswearing him as an unattainable luxury and the embodiment of carking care.

Victor went back to work, leaving the perpetual problem still unsolved, while Matt, with nothing in his head but mules, walked up and down the porch, raising more.

Perhaps he kept closer to the veranda that morning than usual, for it was warm and sunny, and likely to tempt the presence of Mrs. Sattane with her rocking-chair, her darning, and her interminable tongue. For once Matt was eager for Mrs. Sattane; and when at length she appeared, he was very agreeable and friendly, drawing up beside her with his pipe, instead of dropping off the end rail as he ordinarily would have done.

After a few false starts he got her on the subject of the Marshalls, and though as a narrator she was as uncertain as a rabbit, and apt to give conversational jumps in the most random directions, Matt always contrived to bring her back and set her running in the way he would have her go.

The general, when a young cavalry officer

—hardly more than a boy, indeed—had made a runaway match with a Miss Koenig, of Philadelphia, who was so rich that people used to call her Miss Kilmansegg. He had thereupon given up the army and taken to law instead, and from law had graduated into politics and Congress. After seven or eight years his wife had died, leaving him with two little boys, who were now middle-aged men—one a traveler and writer of some reputation, the other an ironmaster on the Lakes, with a railroad of his own, and fleets of ships.

The general had taken his bereavement terribly to heart, and for a while went all to pieces, until his friends made interest for him, and had him appointed minister to some far-away and insignificant post, more with the idea of benefiting him by the change of scene than of launching him into what was to be a distinguished career. He rose rapidly, was constantly promoted, and was one of the first American ambassadors when that grade was inaugurated by President McKinley.

In the mean while he had married again, losing his second wife many years later in a carriage accident. His daughter Christine had narrowly escaped the same fate, and for several years had been a helpless invalid, nobody ever thinking she would be well again. But at last she recovered, and was as strong as most girls, or stronger, to judge from the daring way she rode, and her much-talked-of flights on skis.

On the Spanish war breaking out, Marshall had thrown diplomacy to the winds, and returned to Connecticut to help organize the State's quota for the national defense, receiving his commission as a brigadier-general of volunteers, and earning much local renown by his energy and patriotism. It was not his fault that the enrolled citizens never saw a Spaniard, or burned anything more deadly than mosquito-powder. The picnic stage was hardly past before the war was over, and the general reappointed to his former post. Since then he had definitely retired, more on his daughter's account than his own, it was said, to let her see something of her own people and marry in her own land, his regard for courts and court life being none of the best.

He kept up three establishments—one in Washington, another at Bar Harbor, and the third, his big, comfortable old colonial house at Fair Oaks, about four miles out

of Manaswan—moving from one to another as the humor seized him. Fair Oaks was his favorite. He had owned it ever since his first marriage, and had never closed it, partly from sentiment and partly from the political advantage of preserving a roof-tree in his native State. He was a Connecticut man, and there was the proof of it for all to see.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Sattane said all this as concisely as it is written. The reader is presented with the maple-sugar of the matter, in one nice, fat brick, and has been spared all the preliminary boiling and steaming and skimming and bubbling, and frantic running to and fro with fresh buckets of the thinnest of thin juice—not to speak of extraneous efforts and excitements that had nothing to do with sugar at all.

Nor are Bridget's interruptions included; nor the staggering intrusion of Hunter Hoyt; nor the general fuss and cackling attending Miss Gibbs's departure with Buggins; nor the arrival of an entrancing stranger, ostensibly in search of board, who subsequently took on the horrid hue of a book-agent, with Somebody's "History of the World" in nine subscription volumes; nor a tramp, who hung gloomily over the fence, and speculated aloud whether a pore man might even ask for a glass of water without having the dorg set on him—and who departed with a pie, a turkey drumstick, a loaf of bread, and, also, as it transpired later, a coil of garden hose—though where he hid it, or how absorbed it, remained as impenetrable a mystery as that of the Man in the Iron Mask.

It was a very dragging afternoon for Matt; he was restless, could settle to nothing, was both stirred and depressed at the prospect of his call at Fair Oaks. He had dressed with such care that he was afraid to sit down; or to leave the porch, lest his immaculate shoes might suffer; and was horribly conscious of the crinkling nature of his fresh white waistcoat. No girl could have been in more of a tremor. Periodically he went up-stairs to look at himself in the glass—to make sure there was not a hair on the neck of his coat—to brush and brush, and worry again that his hands were so large and so sunburnt.

He had ordered a buggy for half past three, a buggy and a man to drive it, for he meant to take no chances of missing his road. It came too early, and caused

him renewed agitation in consequence—a quarter of an hour too early, when, as a matter of fact, he would not dare to start before the half-hour—giving him a whole fifteen minutes, therefore, to be dawdled through, with more crinkling of white waistcoat, and more risk to shoes, and a whole new access of that suffocating feeling which he supposed to be pleasure, but which was in reality much nearer agony.

Punctually to the minute, he took his seat in the buggy, and was just starting, when of a sudden he was hailed from behind. The driver pulled up, and Matt turned to see an oldish man in a silk hat, still breathless from running, who had evidently been exerting himself to overtake them.

"Hold on there!" he exclaimed. "Hold on—stop!"

Relaxing his pace, he came up slowly on Matt's side, and steadied himself a moment with his hand on the wheel. He was an important-looking personage, with a crisp, gray, pointed beard, and heavy-lidded, penetrating eyes. His subdued yet faultless costume suggested a judge or a banker, or some one of equal standing—certainly not one who was accustomed to run or shout upon the public highway, or to hold on to buggy-wheels to recover his breath.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a decisive, arresting sort of voice; "I am looking for a gentleman named Broughton—Mr. Matthew Broughton—and as you somewhat conform to his description, and were driving from the house to which I was directed—"

"I am Mr. Broughton," interrupted Matt, surprised, a trifle alarmed, and most of all impatient. "What do you want?"

The memory of the entrancing book-agent tinged his tone with a certain belligerency. Was this another manifestation of the "History of the World" in nine subscription volumes?

"I've come a long way, and on very hurried notice, to have an interview with you," explained the stranger, gazing at him fixedly; "a very important interview indeed, and you will oblige me greatly by postponing this little excursion of yours, and affording me your undivided attention for half an hour. In private," he added, with a glance at Matt's companion. "I cannot be more explicit here."

"I am sorry, but it'll have to wait," said Matt. "I haven't a minute to spare. Please let go my wheel."

"But it can't wait," exclaimed the stran-

ger with indignant animation. "You do not realize what you're saying, or the issue there is at stake. I simply must insist, Mr. Broughton—yes, sir, insist!"

"So must I," returned Matt angrily. "Tell me what you want in two words, and I'll give you an answer in one—and let go my wheel."

Matt fully thought the stranger would take fire at this, but he did not. Anxiety, instead, spread over his upturned face.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"A short drive—to pay a call."

"Then let me take his place," pleaded the stranger, indicating the driver. "We can talk on the way—and on the way back. For God's sake, young man, don't go on thwarting me like this! I can't tell you how pressing it all is, how peremptory and urgent. Only half an hour—if you knew what was at stake, you could not refuse half an hour."

Matt was thunderstruck; such opportunity was startling; yet he had not a moment to spare if he were to be on time at Fair Oaks. Nothing should come between him and Fair Oaks, and the delay already incurred put him in a fever.

"Go on," he cried to the driver, and with that the expostulating gentleman was deserted—in the middle of the road, with his message still unsaid, and his arms waving madly after the retreating carriage.

Matt was very much thrilled and tantalized, but at last came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken for some one else. Nobody could want to see him on a matter so secret that it could not be divulged except in private. Though possibly—and here was an idea—he was again the victim of those newspaper lies, the "Kanaka king" and all the rest of it. Yes, this was the explanation; the man was a sun-worshiper, or some kindred lunatic, with one of those harebrained projects that rained down with every mail.

How foolish Matt had been not to think of that before—to have allowed himself the least curiosity about the man, whom he contemptuously put out of his mind, and settled back to dream with mingled torment and joy of Miss Marshall.

## X

THEY passed through a stone gateway of massive and towering design, that reared its head like a mausoleum in the lonely woods. The winding road was so narrow

that the trees met overhead and the air turned chill in the defile below. It was a very big place, the driver said—miles and miles of it, and he flicked his whip in the direction of unintelligible local landmarks. It hadn't been worth taxes till the wood-pulp business began, and now even the stumpage would bring in ten dollars an acre.

"A stroke of luck for the general, wasn't it, what with pulp getting dearer every day—though he just let it lie like it was, and did nothing. Thousands and thousands of dollars in wood-pulp and stumpage, and as good as money in the bank!"

Matt suffered under these reflections; it made him feel more of an intruder than ever, poorer and of less account. Who was he to be driving through such unnumbered acres of wood-pulp, and daring to lift his eyes, however timidly, to its owner's daughter? It emphasized his presumption, and every tree became a new barrier, abhorrent to look upon. It was in a very crushed humor indeed that he approached the lawns and shrubberies, the tortuous brick walks, and at last the house itself—a stately old Colonial structure, with the frontage of classic white columns so dear to our forefathers, and so expressive of their lives and aspirations.

Matt descended, dismissed the conveyance with the thrifty intention of walking home, and turned to mount the wide, high steps. He was greeted at the top by Miss Marshall, who seemed to spring up from nowhere, smiling and radiant, and bewitching to look at in her boyish riding-costume. Her father and she had just got back—and, oh, she was so afraid that he might have been made to wait—papa having met a long-lost lovely friend in a teuf-teuf and a tiger coat, and wanting to remain the rest of the week to talk to her. But they must go in, or papa would be at the muffins and disgracing himself. Papa was terribly elemental—about muffins!

Amid this laughing cordiality Matt found himself being guided through a lofty hallway, lined with books and engravings, to a large, low-ceilinged room, where the general, also in riding-dress, was standing before a log fire and refraining in the most exemplary manner from any premature onslaught on the tea-table. This, in spite of the fact that it stood temptingly near-by, gleaming with old silver, and set about with red roses.

The breath of out-of-doors was still on the general; like his daughter, he was glowing from his ride, and had a fresh, vigorous appearance. He welcomed Matt with a charming courtesy in which there was not a shade of condescension, and his shrewd, strong, ruddy face lit up delightfully as his daughter bantered him about the tiger-skin lady. Even at sixty-six the general had not outgrown his attractiveness, nor the desire—and ability—to please. Somehow, though they were worlds apart, Matt was reminded of John Mort and Mirovna—the same ease, the same grace, the same distinction animated father and daughter, lifting them above all other people he had ever known.

Yet what were his sensations as he sat beside Miss Marshall on the sofa, balancing a teacup on his knee, and stealing little sideways looks at her? The most dismal imaginable, it must be confessed. She was prettier than he had remembered her—maddeningly pretty, and every mark of her consideration came as a fresh stab, as a fresh realization of the gulf between them.

He was constrained; he knew he was not appearing at his best; he seemed to feel her artifices to draw him out, to overcome his awkwardness, to display him to some advantage before her father. But those old, profound eyes were not to be deceived, and had the look of wondering at her trouble. An ex-ambassador could read a young man like a book—even while eating muffins and joking about tiger-skin ladies in teuf-teufs.

It appeared that a teuf-teuf was an automobile. Matt's ignorance of the word seemed to stamp him as a boor. What a misfortune he had never heard of it before! He made an anxious note of it for future occasions, and then it came over him with despair that there would be no future occasions; he would never see Christine Marshall again. Thus altogether daunted and depressed, how hard it was to affect liveliness, to talk about the Islands, to try and hide that grinding sense of failure!

He hoped afterward that he had not talked too much about the Islands. It was all he knew to talk about. Cannibals, fighting, pearl-diving, and the shuddering, bloody business of the bark *Moroo*—things that people usually liked to hear, especially from a survivor of the last. The general,

with a big laugh, called him Captain Othello—a sally that induced Chris to repeat, with a whimsical acceptance that made Matt's heart beat, that "it was strange, most passing strange; 'twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"—causing him to flush, and feel very self-conscious, indeed, though thrilled, too, as those fine eyes turned on him so kindly and with such smiling significance. How little she realized their havoc on a poor devil, who then and there could have knelt down and kissed the hem of her skirt, with such reverence and adoration that it would have been an added rapture to include a pair of trim, small riding-boots as well, and the very bit of carpet on which they stood!

These thoughts, however, were not good for sustained and conventional conversation. Such as it was, it languished terribly at times, and the general's mouth could be seen to purse under his mustache, as if concealing—yes—a yawn! Captain Othello grew bluer and bluer, and more absent and constrained, till finally a real yawn brought him to his feet.

The end had come; he was holding out his hand; he was saying good-by; all was over, and forever. No, not quite! Learning that he had sent away his buggy, Miss Marshall offered to walk with him as far as the tennis-courts. She volunteered this in spite of a sharp look from her father, and a request, which had the quality of a command, not to stay out too long.

Side by side, Matt and she walked together, both silent till the house was left behind.

"What's the matter?" Miss Marshall asked at last. "You've been so different to-day—so changed. I couldn't make it out, and, and—"

"And what?" inquired Matt somberly.

"It hurt me a little. I thought you might be glad—glad to come, you know."

"I was glad to come."

"Poor fellow! I suppose you have to say that."

"I knew I was dull and disappointing, and the more I tried the duller I got, and—that's it, if you want to know."

She moved closer to him, and announced, with a shade of relief in her voice, that he was a very foolish person. He hadn't been a bit dull, nor disappointing—the idea! But he did not seem himself, that was all, and mopy—dreadfully mopy.



"It's because I'm going away to-morrow," he said. "Because"—and he faltered at anything so outright—"because I shall never see you again."

There was a pause.

"You mustn't," she murmured at last. "I don't want you to go away."

"But I have to."

"Oh, you have to?" she repeated questioningly.

"To do things—to start in seriously."

He could not say mules. Mules stuck in his throat.

"But how does that mean never seeing me again? That's what you said, wasn't it?"

"It's hard to explain; you wouldn't understand."

"No, I don't suppose I would," she assented. "I was foolish enough to think that you—that you—"

"That I loved you?"

"Oh, no, no, not that—that would be absurd—"

"But I do." He walked along, grimly, stiffly, in a fury with everything. "That's why I was on such pins and needles up there!" he broke out passionately. "I had no right there, and I knew it; every look at you drove it home—the utter hopelessness of it. I have to go away with the few thousands I have, and try to do something—work—earn money. If I succeeded beyond all my expectations, you would be as inaccessible as ever—as unattainable. I am nothing—nobody—the dirt under your feet. You wonder why I was so dull, so stupid—I was grinding to pieces, if you want to know—yes, grinding to pieces, and almost hating you!"

"If I felt like that about anybody, I'd stay," she exclaimed breathlessly. "I wouldn't give anybody else a chance. I think, if I really loved anybody, I would kill them first!"

Matt turned and caught her squarely by the shoulders, those slender, girlish shoulders—and held her out at arm's length in a vise.

"You would, would you?" he cried. "Don't tempt me, or I will! I give you your choice. I told you I would go. It's for you to choose, the one way or the other. Choose, choose!"

But his revulsion was as swift as his act. He let her go, stricken at her pallor, her gasp of pain—appalled, and incoherently remorseful. He smoothed her

dress with his big hands; he was a brute, a crazy brute, he quavered convulsively; he saw her through a blur, trembling, swaying, obstinately averting her eyes, and giving them little dabs with her handkerchief. As she recovered, he waited for his sentence, his doom. He had transgressed the last law, and might be thankful if she even spoke to him again. Perhaps she would turn away without a word, and that would be the end.

When she did speak, it was not to annihilate him at all. It was all her own fault, she said, tremulously smiling. That was what happened when you goaded elemental people—great, big, rough, elemental people. They grabbed you in their great, big, elemental way, and shook the curl out of your hair, wanting you to choose. As if anybody could choose while being shaken like a rat! And what was she to choose, anyhow? Would he please to tell her, like an ordinary, grown-up, unelemental person?

Matt was more abashed than if the heavens had opened with thunderbolts. He had expected thunderbolts, and in a sort of way had braced himself to receive them; but he had no armor against these teasing shafts. He colored to the ears, and was acutely embarrassed, wincing at every allusion to his outrageous conduct. She seemed to enjoy making him wince—found a wicked zest in it. Everything he said was gently ridiculed. That he should be in love with her was apparently the most ridiculous thing of all. She referred to his word "choose," and tangled up all his blurring explanations.

"Men are all egoists," she said cruelly; "and the contempt you have for us is really disheartening. To you we're all little ninnies, without the least will of our own—just laid out on the sideboard like prizes at a bridge-party. It has never dawned on you that I have any courage, any individuality—now has it?"

Matt vehemently protested that she had both—lots of both—till he was abruptly cut short.

"No, no," she said. "To you I'm just a charming little drawing-room ornament, sparkling in the firelight—just a dear little noodle that you'd like to put in a crate and take home with you—and you're horribly miserable because you can't and somebody else may—noodle having no voice in the matter at all, only rather



hoping that the crate will be padded with pink silk—that being the limit of her poor little noodle intelligence. The last thing to occur to you is that I'm a woman, with a head of my own and a heart of my own, able to take my place at a man's side, and work and fight with him."

She stopped, flushing and overcome.

"That's what I meant when I said you mustn't go," she added piteously. "Can't you see?"

Matt was less backward than stunned. He must have misunderstood; he could not believe it. It was only when her hands went to her face and her head bowed in an extremity of shame that comprehension really flashed on him. He pulled away her hands, incredulous still, yet mad with joy—pulled them away and kissed her on the lips, her burning, averted lips—again and again and again, insatiable of her young beauty, and inflamed by a resistance that was no resistance at all, but the panting, shaking, and almost terrified surrender of a woman to the man she loved.

"I hold you to it!" he whispered. "I hold you to every word you said. I love you, and you love me, and nothing on earth shall ever separate us!"

Then, obeying her stifled entreaty, he released her, and the pair gazed at each other in the deepening dusk, awed, struck to silence, and somehow at one with the trees, the sky, and all nature, of which they, too, were part, and at whose altar they vowed themselves to each other and received the benison of the stars.

Matt would have clasped her again in his arms, but she gently resisted. He was to go, she said. Had he not taken enough of her already? Was she not so spent

that to take more would kill her? Besides, she wished to be alone—to nestle to her heart the sweetest moment of her life, without even that great big him to disturb her. He was such a disturber! He would kiss her again and she would lose all the others—those precious first ones that would always be the dearest. No, he was to go. Please, he was to go. Please—it was a favor.

He perceived that she was in earnest; and something told him, moreover, that she had difficulty in holding back her tears—those tears which it would be a sacrilege for him to share. So, manfully and with a quickening perception, he made no further demur, but turned and left her, looking back once to wave his hand and to take one last look of that slight figure, now huddled and fallen on the carpet of pine needles, with one cheek pillowed on her arm.

But she loved him! That was all his dizzy head could hold. She loved him! Christine Marshall loved him!

Yes, men were egoists—blind, stupid egoists, measuring women's love by their own. No wonder the Bible said "passing the love of women." The old fellow who wrote that three thousand years ago could think of no better superlative. "Passing the love of women!" Up to yesterday that old fellow had known more than he did. Yesterday he hadn't known anything—had acquiesced miserably in what he thought was the inevitable. He had sat there that afternoon like a death's-head, till even the general, inured to boredom, had yawned; and all the while she had loved him—Chris had loved him!

Nothing could matter now, nothing could hurt him. Chris loved him!

*(To be continued)*

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#### THE LUTE OF LOVE

My heart is like a lute;  
Love slumbers in the strings  
Mysteriously mute  
Until my dear one sings;  
  
Then music soft and sweet  
Floats up to me above—  
I hear each joyous beat  
Interpreting my love.  
  
Her voice alone can make  
The tender tunes to start;  
So, my beloved, take  
Love's lute, which is my heart!

*Frank Dempster Sherman*

# FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXVI—ROBERT BURNS AND JEAN ARMOUR

BY LYNDON ORR

SENTIMENTAL readers, and even many critics, are wont to spend a good deal of time lamenting over the ill luck of many of the world's great poets, dramatists, and artists. It shocks them to recall, as Kipling did in that little after-dinner speech of his, that perhaps the finest literature we know came from a midnight stabber (Villon), a sheep-stealer (Shakespeare), a roving tinker (Bunyan), and a dissolute plowman (Burns).

It is still more grievous, one might say, that frowiness and poverty and squalor should haunt the steps of other geniuses—such as poor Chatterton, who was forced to suicide, or Keats, who died heart-broken by hostile criticism. Think, too, of Byron, sodden with brandy in his last few years; or of Poe, who was so poor that when his wife was dying he was obliged to cover her with his great-coat, because he could not afford a fire; and who himself died half-starved in Baltimore, the victim of a gang of roughs.

These circumstances do indeed appeal strongly to one's sympathy; yet sometimes sympathy goes a good deal farther than one's understanding should permit. Such, it has always seemed to me, has been the case with Robert Burns.

Let us assume—though it is purely an assumption—that had Burns remained in Edinburgh, carousing with his many boon companions, or even enjoying life more soberly with men of serious mind, and possessing an income sufficient for his reasonable wants—let us assume all this, and then ask ourselves whether Burns would ever have become the poet who now is Scotland's pride forever. Was it not the homely life at Ellisland, the lovely banks of the Doon, the vistas of forest and mountain, the quaint, rustic ways of those with whom he lived at home, and the raw nature of others whom he met when away from home—was it not these that made and molded him, and that gave his lyric strains their Doric music and their exquisite simplicity?

Had the life of Burns been other than it was, he would perhaps have given to the world only those poems which are couched in pure English, and which always seem a trifle artificial. Among them there is none that would raise him above the second grade of poets. We should never have had the thrilling address of Bruce to his Scots at Bannockburn; nor the homely lines of "Auld Lang Syne"—homely, yet going straight to the hearts of all who have lived and loved and toiled together—nor "Tam

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March); "Maurice of Saxony and Adrienne Lecouvreur" (April); "Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay" (May); "The Story of Franz Liszt" (June); "The Story of George Sand" (July); "The Story of Rachel" (August); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December), and "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911).

o' Shanter," nor the Rabelaisian abandonment of "The Jolly Beggars."

Consorting with men of standing and reputation, Burns might have written many fine lyrics; but they would have been smelled of the lamp, they would have been restricted in their subjects, and they would not have taken us to the byre and the rough-plowed field, the quaint old towns of Ayr and Dumfries, nor should we ever have made the acquaintance of *Holy Willie* or *Dr. Hornbook*.

Therefore, we can scarcely feel any particular sorrow because he began life as a farmer's lad, and ended it as an exciseman, who enjoyed a scanty salary of seventy pounds a year. Much less can we commiserate him, as some have done, because he did not marry a woman much above him in social station, who could have appreciated to the full her husband's genius.

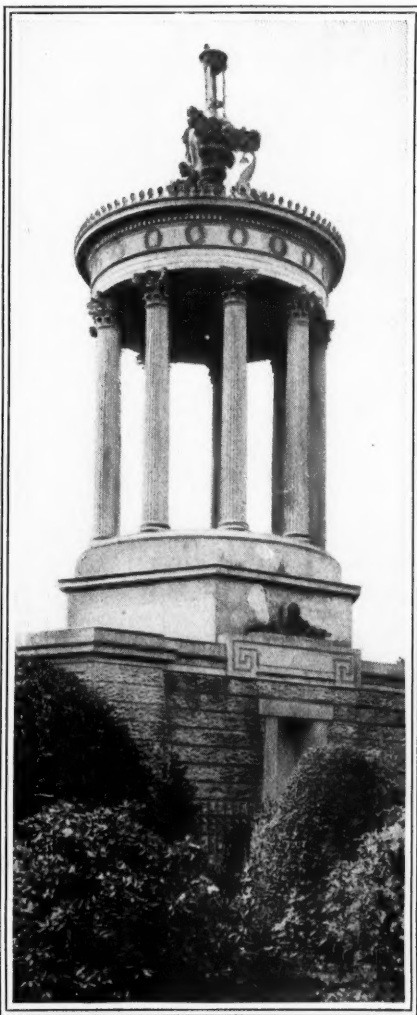
The web of his friendships and love-affairs with women was a very tangled one. At one time he sought to marry a woman of rank. At another time he had a strangely passionate interlude, which he has immortalized, although it came to nothing. Those who study his character most sympathetically will, I think, agree that his life was more complete because, amid all his wanderings in the field of love, he invariably returned to the one woman who seemed by her nature to be the fittest for his life-mate. It was a very humble romance, this story of Robert Burns,

but through it there shine as steadily as starlight the tenderness and the affection of Jean Armour.

#### THE PEOPLE AMONG WHOM BURNS LIVED

Before considering some of the particulars of Burns's life, it is only reasonable to take note of a very peculiar fact in the social usages of northern nations. It is a common belief that the temperament of southern people, such as the Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, is very different from that of the northern races. We are apt to associate a tropical country with tropical morals, and a wintry northern climate with great austerity of demeanor and coldness of feeling. At the south, many will tell us, there are laxity and licentiousness; at the far north there are sternness and strictness and self-control.

Now, as a matter of fact, while there is a great difference between the northern and the southern temperaments, it cannot be said that in the sphere of morals one can find much to choose between the two. The southerner will wreath his amorous play with every sort of graceful fancy. He will hide the grosser features of it, as it were, with flowers. The northerner, on the other hand, too often seems to feel no necessity for concealment. The southerner is like a bird of beautiful plumage, seeking its mate amid the glades at eventide, when heavy odors stir the senses amid the warm twilight, infinitely suggestive, and full of a strange ro-



THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS AT ALLOWAY,  
THE POET'S BIRTHPLACE, NEAR Ayr

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood &  
Underwood, New York

mance. The man of the north resembles rather a charging bull, red-eyed and impetuous.

So it is that in some of the northernmost countries there still exists the practise which our Puritan ancestors in New England called "bundling," and which was described by Washington Irving with a sort of appreciative humor. In that island set amid the icy seas, Iceland, which is pious and peaceful, and where the village pastor controls his flock without an effort, travelers say that there are social usages and customs which could not possibly be described in these pages.

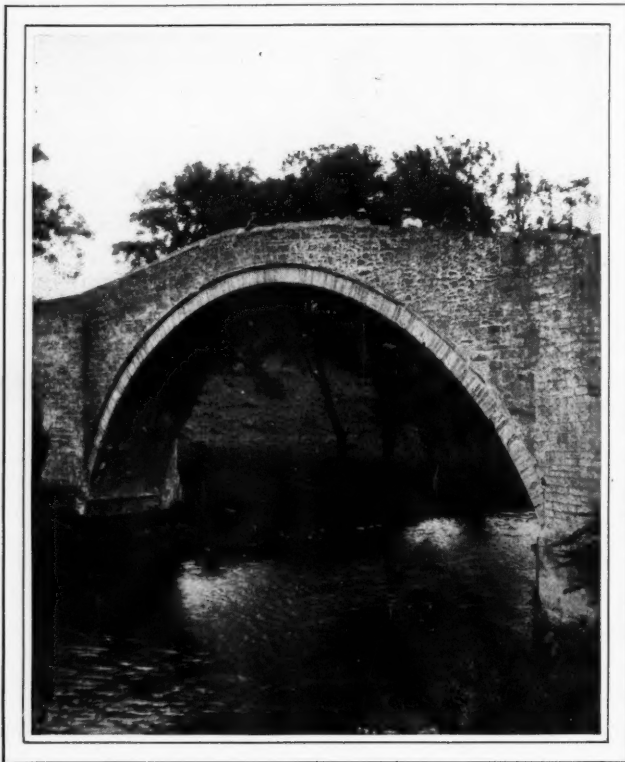
Likewise, in Scotland, long before the time of Burns, and continuing down to our own day, we find some curious anomalies. Thence the Covenanters swarmed down upon the English who had "bent the knee to Baal"; there the Independents and other fierce fanatics disputed over the most subtle

points of religious doctrine; and there the congregations thought a clergyman to be dangerously lax if he preached a sermon that lasted less than three or four hours. Yet, in practise, the morality of the Scottish peasantry is by no means of the highest standard. It is difficult to get any statistical test of such matters; but if we take the proportion of illegitimate births registered in official records, we find that Scotland makes a much worse showing than either England or Ireland. Though below those of several other European countries, the figure reported for Scotland is higher than the percentages of illegitimacy in Russia and Italy.

Now, it was among the Scottish peasantry, at a period of much greater laxity than prevails to-day, that Robert Burns was born and reared. His father—the "gudeman" of "The Cotter's Saturday Night"—was a simple farmer, living in the fear of God. From him his gifted son acquired an independent spirit and a love of Nature in all her forms. But he was born a peasant, and the coarse, strong, bull-like quality of the peasant was always visible in his life.

#### A SINGER OF PEASANT LIFE

He obtained some bits of education through books. He learned much more from association with men of intellect and genius; and he had, besides, a natural gift which was born in him and grew stronger and unique as it was cultivated. Burns came to write as simply as a bird comes to sing—with a spontaneous outpouring of native music. Nothing could have prevented this. His songs leaped forth on every possible occasion—whether his plow had upturned the nest of a field-mouse, or his sense of humor had been sud-



THE AULD BRIG (OLD BRIDGE) OF DOON, NEAR BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE  
AT ALLOWAY—IT WAS OVER THIS BRIDGE THAT TAM O'  
SHANTER ESCAPED FROM THE WITCHES

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



THE BURNS COTTAGE AT ALLOWAY, NEAR Ayr, IN WHICH THE POET WAS BORN  
ON JANUARY 25, 1759

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

deply aroused by some little incident of rustic life. "Tam o' Shanter," for example, was written in a day.

Where another man would have threatened corporal punishment, Burns threatened his detractors with ridicule in song, and they feared his gift of making them ridiculous. In short, he was a Scottish Hipponax or Archilochus.

But none the less, with all his gifts, Burns was still a peasant, and was most truly fitted for a peasant's life. Had he been transported to Edinburgh, away from his banks and braes, or had he received a liberal pension from the government—which, by the way, he attacked and vilified, though he was its paid officer—he would have fallen into a slothful, ignominious life.

As it was, his life was ignominious enough, but it was not slothful. We get no very exalted picture of the man when we think of him as riding hundreds of miles to run down smugglers and keep old women from brewing ale. But so far as his official work was concerned, Burns spoke of it in a way which did honor to his independence.

"I would rather," said he, "have men credit me with giving distinction to my pro-

fession, than to have my profession give distinction to me."

It was not, then, his activity in the excise service which brought disgrace upon him, although at that time the name of "gager" was offensive to Scottish ears. It is rather his mode of life that seems to us unworthy of him, as it was unnecessary.

His biographers have tried to make it appear as if his popularity was something to be proud of. Thus Lockhart vividly describes the life of Burns as he roved about the country on his mare, Jenny Geddes, in discharge of his excise business:

From the castle to the cottage, every door flew open at his approach; and the old system of hospitality, then flourishing, rendered it difficult for the most soberly inclined guest to rise from any man's board in the same trim that he sat down to it. The farmer, if Burns was seen passing, left his reapers, and trotted by the side of Jenny Geddes, until he could persuade the bard that the day was hot enough to demand an extra libation. If he entered an inn at midnight, after all the inmates were in bed, the news of his arrival circulated from the cellar to the garret; and ere ten minutes had elapsed the landlord and all his guests were assembled round the ingle; the largest punch-bowl was produced, and—



"Be ours to-night—who knows what comes to-morrow?" was the language of every eye in the circle that welcomed him. The highest gentry of the neighborhood, when bent on special merriment, did not think the occasion complete unless the wit and eloquence of Burns were called in to enliven their carousals.

What a depressing background does this description give! Take away the enthusiasm of the writer, and we see how sordid was the life which Burns then lived—a life which took him from one ale-barrel to another, and which meant nights passed riotously in squalid inns or in the banquet-rooms of the small gentry. His rural hosts gave him abundant drink, and enjoyed his wit and eloquence, not as if he were their equal, but with that indescribable difference of manner which he would have resented had his senses not been dulled. Yet it was he who wrote:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The man's the gold, for a' that!

On the whole, we must look at Burns not as a glorified being whose life was marred by circumstance, and who in another sphere would have wrought still more wonderful achievements. We had far better take him as Scottish rustic—not a boor, but with the instincts of the peasant. He had the lyric gift much more truly than men who have been schooled and pampered. It was because of his unrestraint that he poured out such gems of song; just as it was in spite of their cultivation that Gray and Poe equaled Burns.

No one can give any reason for the miracles which belong to unconscious art. They must be set down simply as miracles, and perhaps the old "inspirational theory" is the most rational of any.

#### BURNS'S EARLY LOVE-AFFAIRS

So, it is wrong to make too much of the romance, or rather the romances, which run like tawdry threads, for the most part, through the career of Burns. In his relations with women he was simply a rough north-countryman, with a touch of sentiment, but with very little feeling which endured. His brother said of him that up to the age of twenty-three he had had many love-affairs, but love-affairs that were wholly harmless. It was the rude, amorous sport of country girls and boys who happened to be thrown together for a short time, who "held hands," and exchanged bucolic kisses and caresses. It was, in short, the kind of love-making which Thomas Hardy has so well shown us in his Wessex peasants who roll and tumble

together in the new-mown hay, and seldom go beyond mere romping.

Burns greatly enjoyed sport of this kind—the more so because his wit and looks made him a favorite among the country girls. As described in after years, he did not carry himself with anything like distinction. His face, however, when he spoke with interest, lighted up; and Sir Walter Scott declared:

"Such an eye I never saw in the heart of any other human being, and I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

Burns, then, deserves no sympathy in most of his love-affairs, because he did not take them seriously, save at the moments at which they began and ended. He was an insinuating lover, swift to steal away a woman's heart; but he was inconstant to a degree, and it was only when the time came for breaking off the affair that he rose again to heights of sentiment that were often maudlin.

Read over the many names that have been preserved of the women whom he endeavored to attract. You can find letters and pictures and poems and curious anecdotes regarding each of these; but when you have completed your search, you will discover that of them all there were but two who deserve respect, and only one whom Burns himself at heart respected, even though he was no more faithful to her than he had been to all the rest.

One excepts from this assertion those ladies of rank who admired his talents, while they still kept him at a distance. He could not make love to them. They were above him in social station, in breeding, and in that tactful firmness which keeps men in their proper place. Among these were Miss Elizabeth Murray and Miss Euphemia Gordon, ladies of position in Edinburgh, and likewise Miss Margaret Chalmers and Miss Charlotte Gordon.

These women of gentle birth and training in turn bewitched Burns and his facile heart. They knew well enough his rustic life, his riotous tavern nights and days, and the coarser side of an eccentric nature. Therefore, they never treated him except with a slight degree of reservation. He wrote them poems and he sent them letters—some of the best letters that are preserved for us—but that was all.

#### "SYLVANDER" AND "CLARINDA"

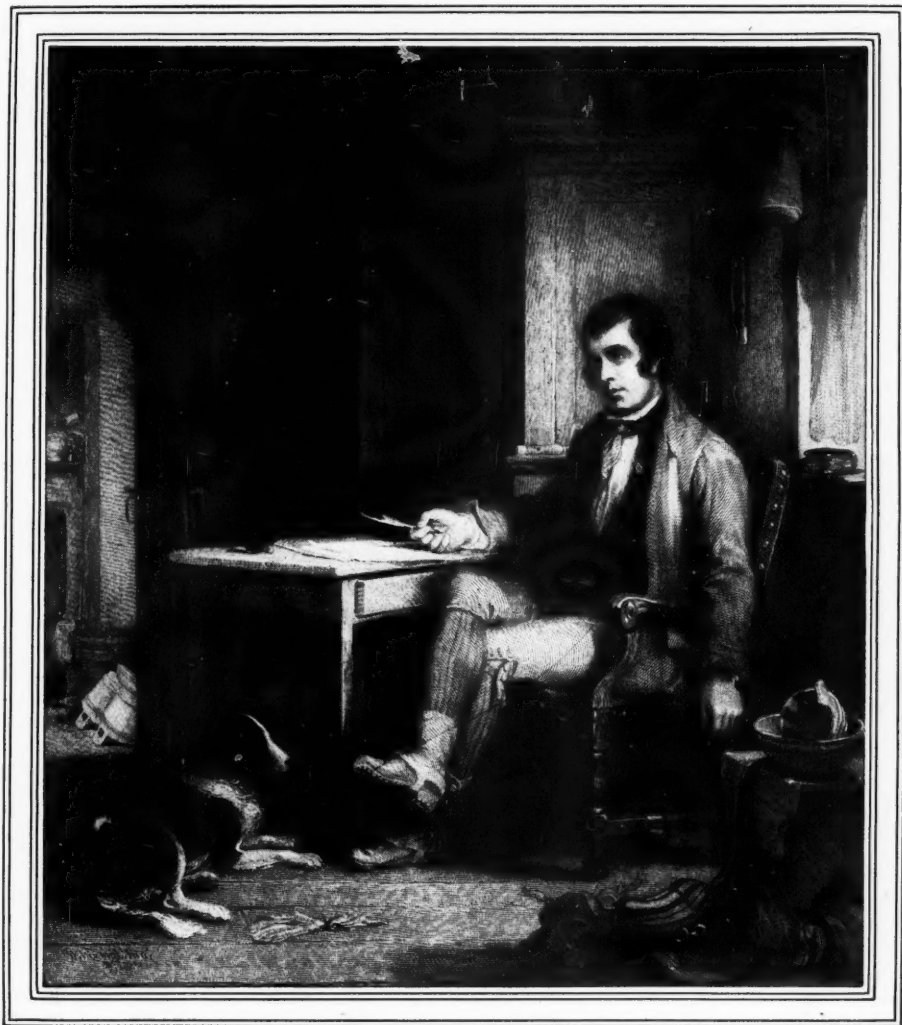
A closer approach to sentiment with a woman somewhat above him is found in his

curious affair with a certain Mrs. McLehose. With this woman he corresponded frequently, addressing her as "Clarinda," and signing himself "Sylvander." Clarinda was a woman of some beauty, but she could not marry, since she already had a husband, who lived in the West Indies. Burns played

a most beautiful lyric of which this stanza is immortal:

Had we never loved so kindly,  
Had we never loved so blindly;  
Never met, or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

For the rest, the gallery of those who cap-



"ROBERT BURNS IN HIS COTTAGE"

*From the painting by W. Allan*

the love game with this experienced woman, and it came to nothing, so that finally she sailed in pursuit of her truant husband. The whole matter might be passed over as of no consequence had it not led him to write

tured Burns's elusive love is not impressive or attractive. One after another we find the names of comely peasant girls, some of them strapping and strong, others graceful, perhaps, and not ill-looking. They begin with

one Ellison Begbie, and end with that other poor girl whom it is unfair to name, since about her and her love for Burns there is woven a story extremely sinister, so that it has been suppressed by all the poet's biographers save one.

It must be remembered that these romances, whether they were serious or only mere flashes of light love, were closely entwined together. Burns seldom or never loved steadily or constantly. While he was pursuing some woman who had caught his fancy, his eyes were always open for some other conquest; so that, at times, he was engaged in two or even three of these adventures. Each was simple in itself, but in combination they often became extremely complex.

I can find no better illustration than the

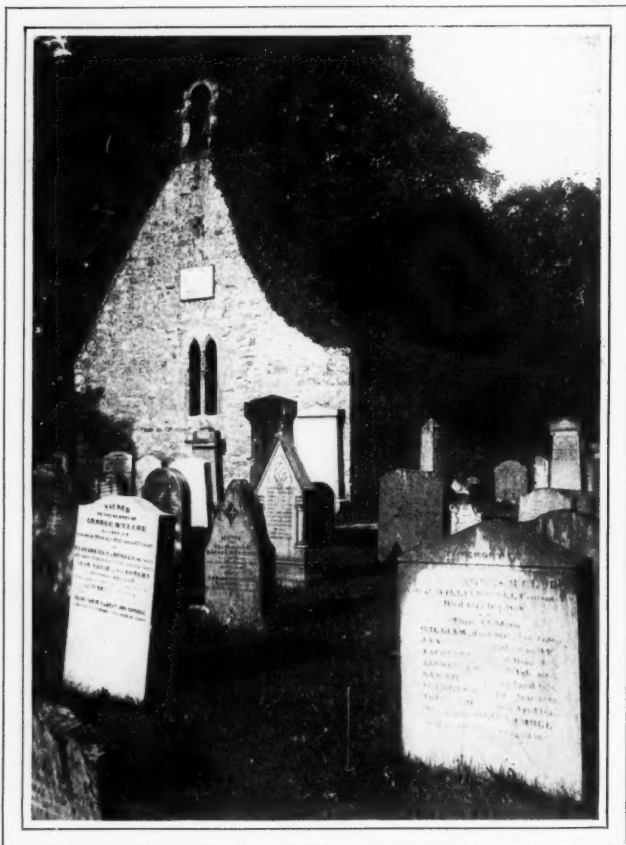
one which is supreme in the history of Robert Burns—his love for Jean Armour, and that strangely passionate interlude which has made the name of Highland Mary (Mary Campbell) famous in the annals of romantic love. Jean Armour was the bright strand of pure affection that made his life less coarse and wanton. Highland Mary does not belong to his entire manhood, but only to one little part of it. She gleams upon it like a shaft of sudden sunlight, and then she fades away as in a mist of tears.

Burns first became interested in Jean Armour when he was in his twenty-seventh year (1785). Down to that time, the story of his loves had been a record of fickleness, and of a promiscuous ardor which spent itself upon any pretty face and graceful form that fluttered by him; but in Jean Armour he

found a girl who inspired him with more than a fleeting sensation of delight. The two were mates by instinct, and not mere shallow lovers of a day. Burns poured out to her his heart, and in return she gave herself wholly to him—though only after his promise that she should become his wife.

Jean's father was a tiller of the field, rough, bullying, harsh of temper. When he heard the story of his daughter's downfall, and of the consequences that were to follow it, he let forth all his wrath; nor was he pacified when he was told that Burns had given Jean her "marriage lines"—that is to say, a written acknowledgment of their marriage, which by the old Scottish law made them man and wife. In his rage, Armour compelled poor Jean to destroy this document, and then, in a senseless fit of fury, he turned her out into the streets.

Burns was threatened with imprisonment. He



THE AULD KIRK (OLD CHURCH) AT ALLOWAY, HALF A MILE FROM THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS—THE POET'S FATHER IS BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

had scarcely any money. He saw no hope in the future. He skulked about from one hiding-place to another, wretched and despairing. He thought of emigrating to America, but was lured back by the success of his first book of poems. He came to Edinburgh, where again he met Clarinda.

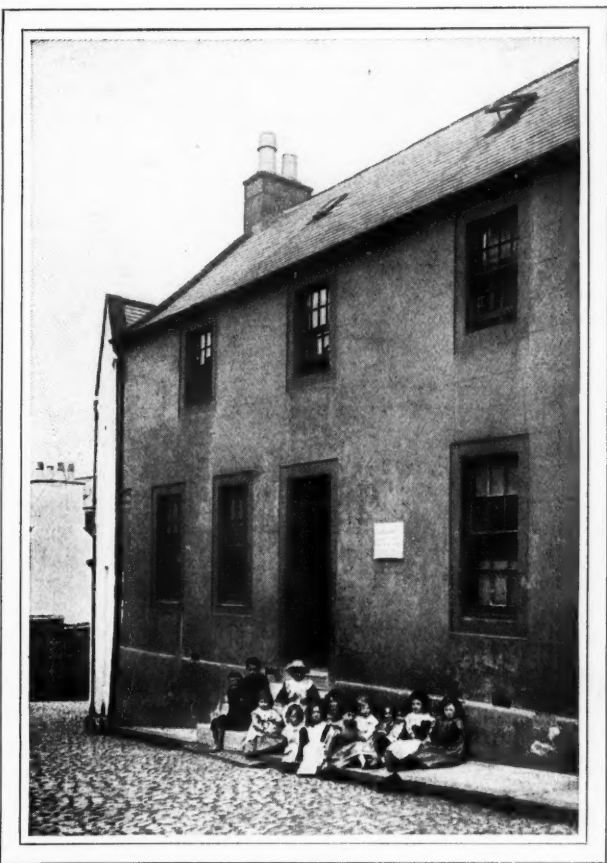
#### THE EPISODE OF HIGHLAND MARY

The year 1786 was a very singular one in the life of Robert Burns. At the beginning of the year he was dallying with Clarinda, while writing to Jean Armour that his love for her was the same as ever, and comforting her with his caressing words. One of his poems to her is perhaps the most beautiful that he ever wrote to any woman. It is the familiar one that begins with the stanza:

Of a' the airts the wind can  
blow  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonnie lassie  
lives  
The lassie I lo'e best.

Yet it was at this very time that he met the girl who was known to the world as Mary Campbell, and to Burns, in his poetry, as Highland Mary. The sudden rush of passion which swept these two together was wonderful because it was so irresistible. Mary Campbell was a girl of upright training and purity of heart. The love which Burns gave to her was, I believe, as pure as hers.

It was a romantic and at the same time a deeply pathetic episode. Burns was slightly infatuated with the voluptuous Clarinda. He was pledged to marry the devoted Jean. He thought for the moment that Highland Mary was the one woman in the whole world; yet his troth to Jean made it impossible for him to marry the girl from Argyllshire, and it seems as if she accepted the situation.



THE BURNS COTTAGE IN BANK STREET, DUMFRIES—HERE THE POET SPENT HIS LAST YEARS WITH HIS WIFE, JEAN ARMOUR

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

In September, 1786, the two met beside a brook that babbled through the woods, and there they spent a day of love together—of love and of infinite regret. Late in the day they stood, one on each side of the little stream, and, each holding a Bible in their outstretched hands, declared that they would never forget each other so long as they should live. The book is still preserved. There can be seen upon the fly-leaf a partly erased inscription which was once the names of Robert Burns and Mary Campbell.

This episode, in itself, was very slight, yet it is curiously interwoven with Burns's other love-affair. In the same month that saw his parting from Highland Mary, Jean Armour gave birth to twins, and Burns himself had been protesting his love for her. How can one explain this curious, multi-

plex nature, which could display the signs of tenderness and overwhelming love to three different women all at the same time and with perfect spontaneity?

For I believe that Burns was entirely sin-

Scottish dialect. This is true of everything that Burns wrote in English; and "Mary in Heaven" is stiff and a trifle stilted. One is conscious of effort.

Take, for example, the following stanza, and compare it with the lines to Highland Mary written four years before his death. Here is the stanza from "Mary in Heaven:"

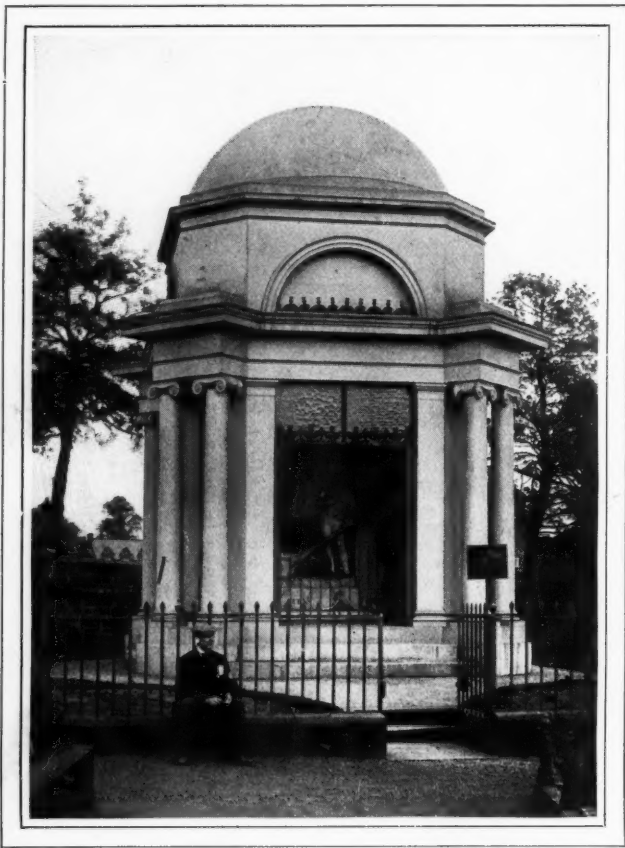
Thou lingering star with  
lessening ray,  
That lovest to greet the  
early morn,  
Again thou usherest in the  
day  
My Mary from my soul  
was torn.  
O Mary! Dear departed  
shade!  
Where is thy place of  
blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly  
laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans  
that rend his breast?

The last line of this is almost comical, and certainly conventional. Burns was writing in a language that was not his own. Compare now the other poem to Highland Mary, with all its mellow dialect words and its natural simplicity:

Ye banks and braes around  
The castle o' Mont-  
gomery!  
Green be your woods, and  
fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drum-  
lie;

There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
And there the longest tarry;  
For there I took the last fareweel  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

But to return. While Burns loved Clarinda in a somewhat flighty manner, and while he was tempestuously moved by his passion for Highland Mary, there is no doubt that, at the very bottom of his being, his deepest and most lasting affection was given to Jean Armour. Yet, that he should have loved all three at the same time, and with a sincerity which it is hard to disbelieve — this forms a problem that is dif-



THE MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS IN DUMFRIES, WHERE HE  
DIED ON JULY 21, 1796

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

cere; that when he toyed with the sentimental widow in Edinburgh, he really felt his heart go out to her. She was present and the others were absent, and much love was necessary to the poet's nature. Of his passionate devotion to Highland Mary there can also be no doubt, for the memory of her lasted many years, and she inspired him to write, after her death, those famous lines "To Mary in Heaven," which many rank among the first of all that he composed.

I do not agree with this opinion. The poem is written in "literary English," and lacks the sweet and natural cadences of the



ficult to solve. The elements of it are his profound sensitiveness and susceptibility, coupled with passionate intensity illuminated by the imagination of a poet.

#### HIS MARRIAGE TO JEAN ARMOUR

In 1787 he resumed his old relations with Jean Armour, to whom he was attracted again both by his early love for her, and also by the memory of what she had undergone for his sake. In 1788 she once more bore him a child, and in August of that year he married her in legal form. The two made for themselves a simple yet pleasant home at Ellisland, near Dumfries. It was a small farmhouse, situated on the top of a gentle, grassy height, and looking forth upon the stream below, the rich woodland and the distant mountains.

Here, and in a house in Dumfries, to which he and Jean moved in 1791, Burns spent his latter years in what ought to have been happiness. If he was not happy, it was not the fault of the woman whom he married. Writing of her to Miss Chalmers, he said:

I have married my Jean, nor have I any cause to repent it. If I have not got polite tittle-tattle, modish manners, and fashionable dress, I am not sickened and disquieted with the multifarious curse of boarding-school affectation. I have got the handsomest figure, the sweetest temper, and the kindest heart in all the country.

And he told another correspondent, with genuine warmth, that his wife possessed "the most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition; a warm heart, gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me; vigorous health, set off to the best advantage by a more than commonly handsome figure."

This Ayrshire girl, then, gave to Burns that which he needed most—unlimited affection; unlimited forgiveness, for he still was prone to go astray at times; and the sunshine of a genial temperament. No woman such as he had met in Edinburgh, in the abodes of the wealthy and the noble, could have made for him an hour of such peace as his "bonnie Jean" was always ready to inspire. No one could have known him half so well; no one could have been so utterly his mate. It is doubtful, too, whether, had he been a richer man, he would have been happier than he was, for it is to be feared that money would have meant to him a life of sensuality, and doubtless we never should have possessed those lyric gems which in his country home he breathed forth so spontaneously.

There is a very striking passage which he wrote in 1791. It shows us that his outbursts against poverty were only the outbursts of one who could not always exercise self-restraint. He begins:

God help the children of dependence! Oh, to be a sturdy savage stalking in the pride of his independence, amid the solitary wilds of his desert, rather than in civilized life helplessly to tremble for a subsistence, precarious as the caprice of a fellow creature!

So far one may sympathize with Burns; but at the end there comes a very characteristic sentence:

I do not want to be independent that I may sin, but I want to be independent in my sinning.

There was no occasion for him to suffer from the dread of poverty. His friends were many, his public duties were well enough performed, and his poems brought him a small but satisfactory income. It was his plunges into dissipation, together with the reaction which followed, that dragged him down in mind and body, and led to his untimely death at the age of thirty-seven, when really he should have been at the very prime of life.

He fell ill early in 1796, and, though his devoted wife was always with him, he never left his couch. Not long before his death a daughter of a friend who came to visit him gave occasion for the last lyric that he ever composed. Burns had said to her that if she would play him some favorite air on the piano, he would give her new words to fit the music. Eagerly complying, she played over the music of an old song. No sooner had Burns made himself master of the melody than he asked for silence; and then, in a few minutes, he dictated the words which are familiar all over the English-speaking world, and for which the great composer, Mendelssohn, afterward wrote another air, to which the beautiful words are now always sung. It is the poem beginning:

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast—

One might say much of Robert Burns, for his character in every respect is full of contradictions. He loved widely and seldom wisely; but somehow the genius which presided over his destinies, in giving him many hardships and many disappointments, sent him one great blessing in the woman whose constancy overcame all his lesser loves, and who outlived him by many years to do his memory honor.

# LIGHT VERSE

## THE NEW WORD

THE bank is closed,  
The door is shut;  
The building's there,  
And teller—but  
The president,  
Once highly rated,  
To foreign parts  
Has aviated!

The butcher's shop  
Is full of meat,  
Both fat and lean,  
And mighty sweet;  
And yet, alas!  
We're not elated;  
The price of meat  
Has aviated!

The wedding-bells  
Ring soft and clear;  
The merry guests  
Await the cheer;  
Alas, how shall  
The bride be mated?  
The craven groom  
Has aviated!

I backed the Cubs,  
And staked my dough,  
With many a tip  
From high and low;  
I staked my all,  
And hoped, elated;  
But ah, my luck  
Just aviated!

*Charles Irvin Junkin*

## THE COOK

OVER the stove, a sight to see,  
The kitchen monarch stands;  
The cook! a mighty person she,  
With strong and supple hands;  
And the power wherewith she "rules  
the roast"

Each one well understands.

She says what we shall have to eat,  
And how we like it best;  
How bad soe'er her latest "treat,"  
We'd better eat the rest,  
For if we don't, she knows the way  
Her sorrow to attest!

You like meat rare? Hers be the care  
To serve it, then, well done.  
You'd dine at six? You'd best be there  
By seven, then, my son;  
For who tastes meat ere cook says "Eat"?  
Not lord, not king—no one!

For home-made bread you have a taste?  
Cook doesn't choose to make it.  
You mean to check the kitchen waste?  
That plan, you'd best forsake it.  
You'll eat when, how, what, where she wills,  
Or not at all, I take it.

What does the Constitution say  
Of "previous servitude"?  
Our servitude is present, yea,  
As sure as we eat food!  
Escape? By marrying the cook?  
Ah, then we're slaves for good!

*Francis Whitehill*

## PHYLLIS IN HER MOTOR-CAR

PHYLLIS in her motor new  
Hath but lately come to view,  
And I truly must confess  
That she fills me with distress  
As I see her sitting there  
In the tonneau, with her hair,  
Once a glowing golden crown,  
'Neath a blue veil plastered down!

Then those cheeks so pinky sweet,  
That to gaze on was a treat,  
Lie concealed from mortal eyes  
By a mask that terrifies,  
Hiding from her lover's view  
All their soft and lovely hue;  
And the dimple once so rare  
Can't be seen now anywhere.

And her eyes! oh, where are they,  
Once so sparkling, once so gay?  
What's become of all the dance  
And the twinkle of her glance?  
There behind those goggles fierce  
Where mine own can never pierce?  
Ah, those optics glorified  
Now are merely goggle-eyed!

And the hand that once she gave  
To her most devoted slave—  
Like the hand of Esau drear  
Doth its soft touch now appear!

How I shiver, how I shake,  
As that hand in mine I take,  
Covered with a coat of hair  
From some monster grizzly-bear!

Dearest Phyllis, pray come back!  
Take your lover from the rack!  
Take those goggles off, my love!  
Take away that grizzly glove!  
Give my sweetheart back to me  
In the guise that used to be!  
Come as quickly as you can—  
I can't love a boggy-man!

*Wilberforce Jenkins*

#### CUPID'S BANK

YOUNG Cupid was my banker  
A little while ago,  
And when I used to hanker  
To see my fortune grow,  
It was my pride and pleasure  
To visit him, and say:  
"Here is a bit of treasure;  
What interest to-day?"

"A heart!" said he. "Well, this is  
Security that brings  
Good dividends of kisses  
And other tender things;  
Strong ever the demand is  
For hearts all sound and true,  
And such, I understand, is  
This one which comes from you."

I left in mood of rapture  
To tell inquiring friends  
How I should early capture  
Some precious dividends;  
But hardly had I spoken,  
When Love my vision crossed  
With, "Cupid's bank is broken;  
But—I've the heart you lost!"

*Julian Durand*

#### A PROPOSAL

IN all things generous I'd be,  
With others share what comes to me;  
If fortune smiles, it will be sweet  
To spread around the garnered wheat;  
If only name, 'twere better shared by two;  
Wherefore, my love, I offer mine to you!

*Carlyle Smith*

#### OUR CRITICS

THEY say we have no leisure class—  
What silly statements, and how crass,  
We get from critics of this type!  
I wonder if this wordy mummer  
Has ever seen a Yankee plumber  
A looking at a pipe?

No leisure class? Oh, my, what rot!  
Quite worthy of a Hottentot  
Or some poor empty-headed Turk!  
I wonder if this fount of knowledge  
Has ever been to Rahrah College,  
And watched the boys "at work"?

"We're always in a hurry here,  
Within a nervous atmosphere,"  
Another writer doth aver.  
I wonder if his penetration  
Hath brought within his observation  
A district messenger?

"We have no sense at all of rest.  
By mad onrushing we're possessed,  
Consuming all our brain and brawn."  
Thus speaks some great inspired man  
Who never saw my hired man  
While mowing of my lawn!

And, finally, he notes with pain:  
"We never think of aught but gain,  
And hoarding stores of cash away."  
Such criticism he'd be ending  
If once he saw my Phyllis spending  
Upon a bargain-day!

*A. Sufferan Mann*

#### "GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!"

I READ the words that Horace G.  
Once penned, although not meant for me;  
And I determined in a trice  
To follow out his sage advice.

In Cincinnati for a rest  
I stopped, and cried: "Is this the West?"  
The girl I asked said, "Oh, dear, no!  
Why, this is only O-hi-o!"

Chicago next I tried, and met  
A maid, and asked: "Am I West yet?"  
She frowned in scorn. "Not in the least!"  
She cried. "Why, you are still 'way East!"

St. Louis had its turn, and there  
I met a lass most sweet and fair.  
"Is this the West?" I murmured low—  
She blushed, and sighed: "I want to know!"

When Omaha was reached, I thought  
It must be there, the West I sought,  
So asked another girl, but she  
Just said: "Go West, young man!" to me.

In Denver with a stylish maid  
The self-same question I essayed.  
She cried in rage: "Do I suggest  
At all the wild and woolly West?"

Then San Francisco town at last  
I reached, and thought my quest was past;  
But all I met cried: "Are you blind?  
You've left the West far, far behind!"

*William Wallace Whitelock*

# THE PUBLIC SERVICE CORPORATION BOND AS AN INVESTMENT

BY JOHN S. GREGORY

SOME kinds of investment, like charity, may well begin at home, where you can keep your eye on them. This is notably true of the bonds of public service corporations, which, like the bonds of municipalities—dealt with in an article published in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* last month—touch all the people in a more or less intimate way.

A public service corporation may supply heat, light, power, transportation, or communication. It literally serves the public with necessities. At first glance, you would naturally think that securities of this class must necessarily be gilt-edged ones. As a matter of fact, more care should be exercised in buying them than is needed in connection with almost any other type of bond, with the possible exception of the industrial. Yet when properly selected, and when issued by companies of integrity, efficiency, and seasoned earning-power, they offer a very desirable medium for the employment of the investor's funds.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FRANCHISE

Since the public service corporation serves the public, it cannot exist without the consent of the public. Its permit to live and operate takes the form of a franchise.

You get some idea of the part that the franchise plays in the whole drama of life when I state that if all the franchises under which our public utility companies operate were suddenly revoked, prostration would fall on our cities. Street-cars would stop running; there would be no gas or electric light; the water-supply would be grievously curtailed, and the telephone service would cease.

In short, business would come to a standstill, and the earning-power of corporations whose capitalization aggregates more than eight billions of dollars would be paralyzed. Hence any consideration of the public service corporation bond must begin with the franchise which is the very root of it.

There are facts about franchises which every investor ought to know. The subject is somewhat complicated, because each State has its particular code of laws governing their bestowal and regulation. In many instances they are hopelessly bound up in politics, and it has been the rule that the company with the longest "pull" got the most favorable franchise. Once in a political entanglement, the company had to remain in the toils, and—as was the case with the New York street-car lines, for instance—it led to a severe drain on the corporation's treasury.

A franchise may be granted by the city or by the State. In Rhode Island, all franchises are bestowed by the Legislature. In New York State, the Legislature can grant franchises for any public utility except street-railways, which, as in most American cities, are at the disposal of the local governing bodies.

Street-railways are regarded as the most important of the public service corporations, and their capitalization is equal to that of all the others combined. The nearer you get to the wire-using franchises—that is, for electricity, telephone service, or power—the nearer you get to State grants.

There are three kinds of franchises—the perpetual, the fixed term, and the indeterminate. It is important for the average investor to understand this distinction.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This is one of a series of articles on various forms of investment, intended to serve as a general review of the subject, and specially to assist readers who are not experienced in financial matters. The first article, "The Municipal Bond as an Investment," appeared in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

The perpetual franchise, as the name indicates, is without end. Cities and towns used to grant them with reckless hand, thus tying up the future of many important streets. The establishment of public service commissions, such as exist in New York and Wisconsin, put a needed stop to the giving away of permanent control of valuable rights. In many cases, perpetual charters have tended to produce over-capitalization, high rates, poor service, and general indifference to the public interest. Naturally, this has led to hostile feeling on the part of the people.

A fixed term franchise runs for a definite number of years — twenty-five, perhaps, or possibly forty. Many of these have the privilege of renewal. Some States have been adopting laws providing a maximum life for a franchise. In Ohio, the longest permissible term is twenty-five years; in Illinois, twenty years; in Michigan, thirty years; in Kentucky, twenty years; in Virginia, thirty years; in New York City, twenty-five years, with the privilege of renewal for twenty-five more; in California, fifty years, and so on.

At this point there develops a condition that the investor should watch with eagle eye. Briefly, it may be said that he should never buy a public service corporation bond that outlives the franchise under which the issuing company operates. For example, if your bond matures in 1920, and the franchise expires in 1918, with no guarantee of renewal, you are running a risk. Hostility to the company may have arisen in the community, and it may have the utmost difficulty in renewing its right to operate.

In some instances, it has happened that a new franchise was refused altogether, and the company found itself in possession of its tracks and equipment, with a bond issue on which it had to pay interest, and yet with no authority to operate. Again, competing lines may spring up in the mean time, and the company's earning-power may be reduced. There are, therefore, strong reasons why the investor should not take a chance of this kind.

#### THE INDETERMINATE FRANCHISE

The third and latest form of the franchise is known as the indeterminate franchise. At the present time it is receiving much interest and study from people concerned in public service financing and operation. It is a compromise between the per-

petual franchise and the grant for a very short term, which latter was often insufficient to enable the companies to make any money.

The indeterminate franchise is valid only during the good behavior of the corporation. The city reserves the right to terminate it if the company's service is bad, or for some other good reason, and to take over the property for a fair compensation. In this way the community has real control over the corporations that serve it. In Massachusetts, indeterminate franchises prevail exclusively, and they have helped to work order out of the traction chaos in cities like Chicago and Cleveland.

The investor should know as much about the terms of the franchise of the public service corporation whose bond he buys as about the mortgage which secures his railroad bond. Many franchises lack safeguards on which the conservative investor should insist. You find such deficiencies in some short-term franchises. This is especially true when the company ceases to have any rights in the streets, and may be required to move its property at the expiration of the franchise.

Two things may happen when there is no specification of renewal. One is that the company becomes indifferent, and permits its property to run down. For the bondholder this means that if there is a foreclosure sale, little will be left upon which to realize. The other is that the company becomes involved in politics, and seeks, too often by doubtful means, to have its own franchise renewed or to prevent some new line from getting a permit. This, of course, means the expenditure of considerable sums of money.

Another evil that must be avoided is the capitalization of franchises. Nothing is more dangerous to the best interests of the company. It often happens when the corporation gets its franchise for nothing. Vast amounts of capitalization have been issued against franchises which represent no concrete outlay; and this "water" imposes a heavy burden. In many instances, it has dragged a company down to bankruptcy and receivership.

The worst example of this procedure, with various direful consequences, is presented by the traction lines of New York City. Politics, combined with the weight of water, were their undoing.

This kind of over-capitalization works



two hardships. It takes money away from the investor, because dividends must be reduced. It gives the community an inferior service, because it tends to prevent proper expenditures for improvements and new equipment.

#### THE TEST OF CAPITALIZATION

How is the investor to find out if the franchise is capitalized? By the one certain acid test, the kind that he should apply to any concern whose bonds he buys—the actual valuation of the property.

This is the signboard for the man with savings or other funds to invest. No capitalization of franchises can stand up under an honest appraisal. For every hundred dollars of capital, there should be a hundred dollars of property. If the franchise has been paid for, then securities representing the exact cost may be issued.

The case of one conservatively managed company will illustrate the right kind of financing for a public utility corporation. The property value is twice the amount of the original bond issue. Additional bonds can only be issued up to eighty per cent of the cost of the improvements. This leaves a safe margin, which adds to the value and security of the first, or original, issue of bonds.

Now let us take up the very important subject of earnings. Here is another real index of the stability of the corporation.

The earnings of utility companies are less affected by business depression, crop failures, and the other causes that contribute to the downfall of security values, than are the receipts of purely industrial concerns. The general investor will find it a good rule to invest only where the company's net earnings are at least twice as much as its fixed charges. In case new bonds are to be issued, the interest on them must come under this requirement.

Sometimes the most favorable-looking statement of earnings is deceptive, because a company may be doing a large business, but bad management or extravagance may be eating up all the profits. Hence there is a very important connection between earnings and operating expenses. It is difficult to fix a standard for this, because it costs less to maintain a gas plant than an electric-lighting plant, while a street-railway is much more expensive than an electric establishment. Among very conservative officials you find, however, that

operating expenses in the average public service corporation should not exceed seventy per cent of the gross earnings.

Then there is the all-important subject of the maintenance of property. The wear and tear on machinery and rolling-stock is very heavy. If cars become decrepit and are subject to frequent breakdowns, the service is impaired. This ties up traffic, cuts down income, and causes dissatisfaction among the traveling public. People will stop patronizing the road if there is any other means of transportation.

To meet this emergency, the well-managed public service corporation should have what is technically known as a depreciation fund for the maintenance of its properties. Some corporations of the highest type set aside as much as ten per cent of their gross earnings, in monthly instalments. Thus a substantial fund is built up. While awaiting employment, the money is invested in bonds that produce an income. If an improved type of street-car comes along, the company can adopt it without making any drain on its resources. At the same time, it is able to keep its tracks and other equipment in such condition as to produce the largest possible financial return.

A depreciation fund is an excellent safeguard for the investor's interest. When a company does not take this precaution, or have some kind of constructive fund, it cannot compete with those that have.

One of the old evils of public service corporations was the capitalization of replacements. For example, the company needed a new power-house, and issued bonds to raise the money. It had also issued bonds for the old power-house; they were still outstanding as an obligation, and yet the security behind them had vanished. Thus the debts of the company were increased and the security was decreased.

The conduct of the corporation is another leading factor in its success. An error in judgment, for instance, may bring on a strike. Nothing so demoralizes a street-car line, or plays such havoc with its earnings, as a tie-up or interruption of traffic due to labor troubles.

An example was afforded in Philadelphia last year. Here the lines were deeply involved in politics. A dispute arose with the public upon the question of fares, and the employees took advantage of it to call a strike. Rioting and confusion followed,

during which the stock of the company declined sharply.

It always takes a corporation a long time to recover from a serious strike. The public usually tends to side with the strikers, and adverse public opinion is a menace to the prosperity of a public service corporation.

#### WHAT IS THE BEST TYPE OF BOND?

The question naturally arises, what is the best type of public service corporation bond to buy?

It is not always the biggest companies that afford the best opportunity. That statement is especially true of the investment that you make in the company doing business in your home town. This is what may be called "home investment," and it has one great advantage—you can see just what is being done with your property all the time. It may be the local street-car line, the gas-works, or an electric plant.

The very best types of bonds are what are called the "underlying" bonds. This means the bonds that lie closest to the property and have first lien, or claim, upon it. But when you buy a first mortgage bond, be sure to find out that it really is a first lien on the property. The name "mortgage" is juggled around so much that very often the bond with which it is labeled has other bonds ahead of it, and is really no more than a debenture—a promise to pay. The point is to know just where your particular bond stands.

The average interest rate of public serv-

ice bonds is five per cent, although many very desirable ones are sixes.

The company issuing the bond should operate in a thriving community. A public service corporation cannot live where there are few people. This is a good fact always to keep in mind.

Because of the many factors that menace the safety of a public service corporation bond, it is wise to buy such securities only through agencies possessing the best machinery to investigate them. This means that you should do business only with houses of the largest experience and the highest integrity.

When a standard investment house underwrites an issue of public service bonds, it makes the most elaborate scrutiny of the property. Engineers are first sent to inspect the power-houses, the tracks, the equipment, and all other physical details; experts in law trace the origin and validity of the franchises. When the banker is assured that every requirement is met, and that the company is capable of discharging its duty to the public it serves, the bonds are then underwritten.

In many instances some member of the banking firm becomes a director of the company, and thus the investor who buys the bonds through that house really has a personal representative in the corporation. In this way the average investor, no matter whether the amount that he has to invest is large or small, has the benefit of scientific investment—which, in other terms, is simply expert knowledge of investment.

#### AN EARTHLY PARADISE

THE house it is old, unpainted, and small,  
But a climbing rose makes the dingy wall  
A bower of sweets to the morning sky,  
And a restful screen from the passer-by.

A child's gay laugh and a woman's song  
You may hear at times from it all day long;  
And oft through the showers of the rose-leaves shed,  
You may catch a glimpse of a sunny head.

And the man who goes from this place each dawn,  
To a long day's struggle of muscle and brawn,  
Bears a heart that is light as a bird on wing,  
For he owes to no man anything.

And what in our world is better than this—  
A roof for shelter, a child to kiss,  
The strength to toil, and the soul to sing,  
And to owe to no man anything?

*Cora A. M. Dolson*

# FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF  
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

## MR. HILL AS A PROPHET

**W**ALL STREET, as I have said before, is never without its problems. Just as rapidly as the old puzzles are solved or cast aside, new ones present themselves for solution. Indeed, it may be said that the financial district is engaged in a sort of continual guessing contest concerning what is to happen next. As the year 1910 drew to its close, the speculative element was wrinking its forehead over the industrial future because of certain remarks made by James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway. Mr. Hill predicted that 1911 would be marked by serious recessions in business and by an extensive lack of employment for American labor.

Speculative Wall Street is credulous. Among other rather curious tenets, it firmly believes that Mr. Hill possesses the qualities popularly attributed to the seventh son of a seventh daughter, and that he can read hidden signs and foretell the future. It is scarcely necessary to say that the sober banking element does not concede any power of divination to the Empire Builder, as Mr. Hill is called, but it knows him as a keen observer and a careful student of conditions. Though he has not always been right—what prophet is always right?—in his predictions, some of them have been so remarkably accurate that his views never fail to receive respectful attention, even among men who may not be willing to accept his conclusions.

By nature, Mr. Hill is not a pessimist. No one could accomplish what he has accomplished if built of pessimistic clay; and yet it is an odd fact that his prognostications best remembered by the speculative element are not his enthusiastic predictions of the future of the Northwest and the development of the Pacific Coast, which have been so abundantly verified, but his warnings of slackening commercial activity. So

it is that Wall Street sits up and takes notice when he speaks of the likelihood of much idleness during 1911, basing his opinions on the fact that neither the railways nor the great industrial concerns are contemplating improvements or extensions.

"It isn't because they haven't the money," said Mr. Hill, "but because, considering public sentiment and the business outlook, there are no inducements for them to invest it."

Some persons in the financial district are unkind enough to suggest that perhaps Mr. Hill's views are influenced by the increased railway competition within the territory traversed by his lines, and by the fact that the spring wheat crop in the Northwest was a little short last season. But perish that thought. Whatever his views on general business conditions or on the effects of lessened activity upon other railways, Mr. Hill has always exempted his own properties and the territory they serve, and he does so now. It is some other section of the country, and some other fellow's property, that are to feel the pinch, not his.

Of course, we cannot write the industrial history of 1911 in advance; and in the existing situation and in the future there are, no doubt, quite a number of factors calculated to make business men cautious. Many national problems, involving the railways and the industrial corporations, are awaiting solution; the political outlook is confused, with the question of tariff revision continually asserting itself; despite Wall Street liquidation, Western bank loans are still three hundred millions larger than they were a year ago; and some corporation managers are concerned about their relations with labor. This country, however, has frequently met and solved problems just as vexatious as these, and though they impel conservatism, they do not seem to justify the extreme pessimism that one hears just now in some quarters.

How can we help doing a considerable volume of business, despite any problems that remain unsolved, or any condition of mind that may afflict the captains of industry? This is a big country of more than ninety million inhabitants, who must be fed, and clothed, and housed, and whose food and clothing and material for housing must be transported by land and water. Moreover, there are people beyond the seas dependent upon us for food, and for the material for clothing and housing, all of which we possess in great abundance.

If we had experienced famine, or pestilence, or serious labor troubles, or great loss of wealth through some catastrophe, we might have to face an industrial setback. But we are more numerous as a people, and richer as a nation, than we were a year ago, and the work of buying and selling and manufacturing and distributing nine billion dollars' worth of farm products must constitute a big business in itself.

A country cannot go full steam ahead all the time; occasionally it must slow down a trifle, to catch up with itself, as it were. Perhaps we are destined for one of those slowing down periods in 1911; but, in the nature of things, the industry of the country cannot come to a full stop. In fact, there is every indication that the volume of business to be transacted during the coming twelve months will reach a total which, in any year prior to 1906, would have been of record-breaking proportions.

Many observers point to diminished purchases by the railways—the country's largest and most important industry, next to farming—as a factor making for contraction in business. But the railways of this country can no more cease buying for upkeep and improvement than the whole industry of the country itself can stand still. One may confidently predict that, when the total of the year is summed up, the purchases of the railroads will reach a heavy aggregate.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the United States may be about to experience a period of somewhat lessened commercial activity. What then? It is unpleasant while it lasts, we must admit, but it does not seem possible that business contraction can last very long, or be unduly severe, in a country which is growing richer all the time. If we were growing poorer, it would be a different matter; but we are not. About the worst that can be said of

us is that we have been too extravagant. We have got to correct that.

In the present instance there has been a marked reduction in the volume of new security issues, but a slow absorption, due to investment buying, has been going on all the time. The high cost of labor and material, while curtailing the profits of the manufacturer and the merchant, has deterred them from speculative ventures. Stocks of merchandise have been reduced everywhere, as is always the case when business moves along conservative lines.

The fact that stocks of merchandise are small means a great deal more to the country than the casual observer might think. Just as an idle horse in a stable consumes more than he is worth—"eats his head off," as the phrase goes—so are interest accounts and warehouse charges to the merchant. One shrewd old-time New Yorker used to say that "the warehouse is the undertaker of the merchant"—meaning that interest and storage expenses will sooner or later wipe out not only the trader's profits, but the entire value of his goods.

At the present time, stocks of iron are low, stocks of dry-goods are low, stocks of copper are diminishing. Many other industries report a "day to day" business, indicating that dealers are buying merely to supply their daily or current wants, and are not stocking up, or buying speculatively, or putting goods into storage-warehouses. Under such conditions capital accumulates rapidly, as it always does when the nation is wearing its old clothes, and sending its shoes to the cobbler for repairs, instead of throwing them away; in other words, when it is economizing.

It is regrettable that there should ever be lack of employment for labor, but it comes from time to time to every country, and it is unavoidable at a time of lessened commercial activity. Labor and capital enter jointly into the production of all things; and when production slackens, capital lacks employment, as labor lacks employment.

In this very fact rests the cure. Money accumulates rapidly in periods of dull business. Human nature is so constituted that in time men grow weary of inactivity and monotony; and so, after a while, they tire of looking at heaps of idle money. They seek to employ it, and they do employ it. First, probably, they invest it in very safe things, like bonds, and the investment market improves. Then, in a timid way, they ven-



ture it in business, and industry picks up. Corporations discover that they can sell securities. Finding it necessary to provide for improvements and extensions, they seek capital, invite contracts for construction, and send out the hurry calls for labor. Before you realize it, capital is actively at work again, industry is forging ahead, and labor is in demand.

It is always along lines such as these that industry alternately slackens and recovers. Experienced merchants and financiers, though they dislike the periods of lessened activity, such as Mr. Hill predicts, see no cause for undue dejection; for they know that during such intervals industry is gathering within itself all the elements of recuperation.

In this instance, even if Mr. Hill should prove a true prophet, the time for recovery ought not to be long delayed. In the situation as briefly outlined, we see many factors that should soften the force of any reaction and shorten its duration.

Moreover, during any period of slow readjustment, certain good things are accomplished. Labor becomes more efficient when a condition arises where two men are looking for one job, instead of one job looking for two men. Economy, or a diminished purchasing and consuming power, invariably reduces prices. The high cost or lessened efficiency of labor, and the high cost of commodities—things which have recently vexed our business community—would be likely to undergo a decided change for the better if industry in general should slow down for a time.

#### CORPORATIONS AND THEIR OWNERS

ONE hundred and sixteen railway and industrial corporations, including the leading American companies of both classes, have supplied the *New York Journal of Commerce* with some highly interesting information concerning the distribution of their stock. The statistics cover corporations having an aggregate share capital of more than \$7,000,000,000.

In December, 1909, these concerns reported a total of 678,624 shareholders. At the present time their stock is divided among 746,221 holders—an increase within the twelve months of 67,597.

The returns in detail divide the corporations into two groups of forty-nine

railways, with a share capital of \$4,025,404,283, and sixty-seven industrials capitalized for \$3,041,979,700. The total number of railway shareholders is reported as 310,581, which compares with 279,468 in 1909—a gain during the year of 31,113. The stock of the industrial companies stands in the names of 435,640 shareholders, as against 399,156 in 1909—a gain of 36,484. Of course, even when we allow for a good deal of duplication, the total number of shareholders in all American railway and industrial corporations is very much larger than the figures given in connection with this special group.

It is undoubtedly true that at the present time our railway and industrial corporations are owned by many persons of relatively moderate means, rather than—as demagogues and muck-rakers have been telling us for years—by a few large capitalists. This is shown by the fact that the holdings of railway capital average a little less than 130 shares each, representing a par value just below \$13,000, while the average of the industrial shareholders is slightly less than seventy shares, with a par value below \$7,000.

The average number of shareholders in each railway corporation reporting to the *Journal of Commerce* is 6,338, compared with 5,703 in 1909—an increase of 635. In the industrials the average number is 6,502—a gain of 694 for the year.

A few instances of the wide distribution of the securities of some leading corporations are interesting. The United States Steel Corporation is the largest incorporated company in the world, and has the largest number of shareholders. Mr. Morgan's associates in the great enterprise number 115,000—a gain of approximately 15,000 during the year. Mr. John D. Rockefeller shares the ownership of the Standard Oil Company with 6,053 other persons, the total shareholders of the company being 6,054. The shareholders of the American Tobacco Company number 40,284; of the Amalgamated Copper Company, 13,662; of the Western Union Telegraph Company, 12,933; of the Pullman Company, 11,148.

Among railroad companies, the Pennsylvania reports the largest number of shareholders—64,869. The Canadian Pacific reports 35,791 separate holdings; Union Pacific, 19,628; Atchison, 28,123; New



York Central, 20,102; Great Northern, 16,626; Southern Pacific, 12,615, and Baltimore and Ohio, 10,648.

### HIGHLY COLORED FINANCIAL ALLUREMENTS

**T**HE Pearson Publishing Company, which owns *Pearson's Magazine*, is pushing the sale of its stock with a booklet bearing the seductive title, "How Magazines Make Fortunes." In this highly imaginative work we find such statements as these:

The magazine business is perhaps the most profitable business in America. The percentage of success is believed to be higher than in any other line of industry.

The facts given in this pamphlet will be of immediate and vital interest to every man and woman who wishes to invest capital safely and secure the largest possible profit on that investment. The magazines of this country have made and are making amazing fortunes for their publishers. These fortunes have been built up within a surprisingly short time, and their mighty volume is increasing month by month.

MUNSEY's, the best known of the Munsey publications, receives an advertising revenue alone not far from \$70,000 a month. Its yearly income from the sale of copies, or "circulation," together with the advertising revenue, is about \$1,600,000, and the net profit from this magazine alone is probably not far from \$800,000 every year.

If you had been able to secure an investment in MUNSEY's of only \$100 soon after that magazine was established, that investment would now be netting an annual income of from \$1,000 to \$1,200, and would be worth somewhere between \$10,000 and \$12,000. A \$12,000 asset with an income of \$1,000 every year on an original investment of only \$100!

The Morrison Publishing Company, of Chicago, which is also offering stock to the public, makes equally unauthorized and misleading statements. From its prospectus we quote the following:

There is probably no other business that is so profitable and can pay such splendid and constantly growing dividends as the magazine publishing business.

The name or good-will of MUNSEY's MAGAZINE was recently estimated by a well-known expert as worth \$7,500,000.

It is reported that for the year 1905, Mr. Frank A. Munsey made \$2,500,000 from his publications.

Frank A. Munsey started in the magazine business with a capital of \$40; his business now pays a profit of \$1,000,000 a year.

If you had been able to secure an investment of

only \$100 in MUNSEY's MAGAZINE, that investment would now be paying an income of \$1,000 every year, and would be worth at least \$10,000. Those who had the opportunity to become interested with magazines when they first offered their stock to the public have become wealthy.

Such talk is absolutely misleading. The facts of the matter are that the publishing business is not, as a whole, a paying business, and the magazine business in particular is not a paying business. Some magazines, indeed, are earning big money, but there are many failures, and many periodicals of one kind and another are barely existing. Instead of being a safe business, as these promoters argue, it is a notoriously unsafe one.

It does not follow that the publications of the Pearson and Morrison companies will not prove successful; but this does not alter the fact that the publishing business, as a whole, is a hazardous one. Practically all the money put into it goes into good-will, and if failure follows there is nothing but thin air to represent the investor's cash. There are some seasoned publishing properties that are good, but we should not recommend investing in them, unless they are buttressed by other holdings—that is, by holdings of other properties of a more substantial nature, such as real estate, cash, or the securities of other successful corporations. Moreover, we should not recommend investing in them unless they are listed on the New York Stock Exchange—which listing gives them a marketable center.

Since the Munsey house is so freely used as an example of the profits to be made in the publishing business, it is worth while to say a word about our history.

The business which Mr. Munsey founded a good many years ago was continued as a personal enterprise until early in 1902. At that time, as he had no partners, and considering the size to which the business had grown, he deemed it advisable, as a matter of safety, to organize it into a stock company. This is quite a usual step to take under such circumstances. The life of man is limited, but the charter of a State endures for all time.

Mr. Munsey had the further purpose of a very broad extension of his interests, an extension that should take in other periodicals and daily newspapers. The astonishing growth of the business during the preceding six or eight years justified an optimistic outlook for the company. Accordingly, in an-

nouncing the change from personal ownership to corporate ownership, Mr. Munsey said in substance that if any of the readers of the magazine wished to invest in the company's securities, he would sell them some of his stock at par. This was the only announcement made, and no further advertisement ever appeared in any publication, or in any form whatsoever.

As a result of the announcement, a considerable number of shares were sold. A few years later, however, excessive competition came into the field, with a marked general rise in the cost of doing business. Under these circumstances, Mr. Munsey, who had become something of a student of financial matters, felt less optimistic about the securities he had sold. He therefore offered to repurchase them, and has, as a matter of fact, repurchased every share, except one which has not as yet come in.

It is true that the business has continued to earn large money; but in an industry where the margin of safety is so small as in publishing, such a business, resting on its own good-will, and without substantial and tangible assets beyond itself, as we have already said, does not furnish a satisfactory investment security for small holders who cannot afford to take risks.

This is the way in which Mr. Munsey viewed the matter when he bought back the stock, and is the way in which he views it to-day. Moreover, his stock was not listed, and this fact was an additional reason for repurchasing it.

With regard to the alleged fabulous profits which—according to the authors of the Pearson and Morrison prospectuses—might have been secured by an investment in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, if this statement refers to the stock offered nine years ago, it is manifestly quite untrue. If it refers to a supposed investment at some earlier date, what right have these promoters to circulate such statements? On what basis can they rest their figures, when no stock was sold or offered for sale? Their calculation is a pure figment of the imagination. Taken in connection with its context, it is grossly misleading.

One more word as to the stock of this house. When the corporation was formed, the business was an established, seasoned, highly profitable one. Such a property is one thing, and a prospective success quite another. To capitalize the one and sell the stock, with a record of money-earning back

of it, has a substantiality beside which the securities of an undeveloped business that merely hopes to be successful cannot make a very good showing.

Mr. Munsey has never built up, or sought to build up, an enterprise of any kind whatsoever on the other fellow's money. He has always backed his undertakings with his own money or credit and his own personal responsibility. In the single instance in which he sold a certain number of shares of stock, as stated above, it was the stock of a personally developed property. In view of the financial methods that have prevailed pretty generally in the upbuilding of new undertakings, it is a rather interesting fact that a man who has founded so many enterprises should have had the courage, and the faith in himself, to develop them on his own money.

Indeed, Mr. Munsey has many times said that he was never willing to take the responsibility of developing properties—and all new developments are more or less hazardous—on the other fellow's money. He never hesitated to take the chances himself, as he has never hesitated to make mistakes himself. So long as the responsibility rested solely with himself, he felt free to follow his own convictions, his own conclusions.

As to *Pearson's*, *Hampton's*, *Morrison's*, *Human Life*, and any other periodical proposition that may have been selling stock on the strength of the success of the Munsey business, we are quite sure that Mr. Munsey has no feeling against them, and wishes them prosperity. Indeed, he has refrained for many months, on the ground of the delicacy of the matter, from answering letters of inquiry or in any other way referring to their propaganda of stock-distributing to the public. But this financial department would not be worthy of its name, and would be of no service to our readers, if it were to ignore the many letters that are coming to us about these publishing promotions.

#### UNLISTED SECURITIES AND CHARLES AUSTIN BATES

WE note another misleading reference to the record of this house in an article on "The Investor's Cash," by Charles Austin Bates, published in a Chicago periodical.

Mr. Bates speaks of Mr. Munsey's alleged "inconsistency," in that this magazine advises against investments in unlisted

stocks, whereas a few years ago Mr. Munsey "incorporated his publishing business and offered the stock for public subscription," without listing it on any exchange. Mr. Bates dates this transaction as having occurred "five years ago." Evidently he is not familiar with the actual facts, which were given in the preceding article. Our statement in regard to the securities of the Frank A. Munsey Company supplies an answer to the point he raises.

The apparent purpose of Mr. Bates's article is to show that we are wrong in warning inexperienced investors against putting their money into unlisted securities. He singles out for special criticism our word of caution as to the stock offering of a quarry promotion which we declined to indorse as belonging to the investment class. He charges us with speaking of the concern "without sufficient knowledge," and says that we were "deserving of condemnation" for doing so.

In order to increase our knowledge of this flotation—the Colorado-Yule Marble Company—we have since studied several of the company's booklets and circulars, which contain much interesting information. For instance, they tell us that the marble industry is "the most profitable business in the world." This, by the way, directly contradicts the magazine promoters from whom we quoted just now. They must have been unfamiliar with the wondrous possibilities of marble when they set forth their belief that they themselves possessed "the most profitable business in America."

Here are some further extracts from the Colorado-Yule literature:

The company is incorporated for only \$10,000,000, whereas the actual, measurable cash value of the marble it has definitely blocked out is \$136,150,000. Even this is less than one-fortieth of the value in sight.

The stock will begin to earn six per cent from the time you buy it. We expect to see it pay from twenty to thirty per cent during 1912, and one hundred per cent within five years' time, when the stock will sell at \$1,000 per share.

Under such circumstances, with a vast bonanza of more than five billion dollars worth of marble "in sight," it seems strange that the present owners of the stock are willing to part with it. Yet not merely are they willing, but apparently they are anxious to do so, or why maintain a selling agency and circulate alluring booklets and prospectuses?

Attached to this surprising exhibition of philanthropy is a list of the company's officers, from which it appears that the vice-president of the concern is none other than Mr. Charles Austin Bates. It further appears that the company's New York "financial and transfer agent" is the Fidelity Bond and Mortgage Company, and that the president of the latter concern is again Mr. Charles Austin Bates. From these facts we infer that Mr. Bates can hardly be considered an impartial critic of our comments on the Colorado-Yule Marble Company.

We have no animus in the matter whatever, and no feeling against Mr. Bates or his enterprises. Our desire is simply to present the facts as to certain matters which are of public interest.

In regard to the question of listed or unlisted stocks, we leave our readers to follow their own judgment. Any one who has money to invest is entirely at liberty to decide for himself whether he prefers to put it into such enterprises as those of which Mr. Bates appears as the not wholly disinterested champion, or into securities of the class recommended by this department.

#### PRESIDENT TAFT'S WARNING

TUCKED away in a corner of President Taft's annual message to Congress was this reference to the work of the Federal authorities in prosecuting keepers of "bucket-shops" and promoters of swindling companies:

I invite especial attention to the prosecutions under the Federal law of the so-called "bucket-shops," and of those schemes to defraud in which the use of the mail is an essential part of the fraudulent conspiracy, prosecutions which have saved ignorant and weak members of the public, and are saving them, hundreds of millions of dollars.

President Taft's pointed mention of "schemes to defraud in which the use of the mail is an essential part of the fraudulent conspiracy," ought to put at least a million persons in this country on their guard against "get-rich-quick" promoters, who offer their wares in glowing prospectuses and imitation typewritten letters.

It is said that one of the "fiscal agents" engaged in selling stock under the mail-order plan has a mailing list of more than three million names. Lists of names of prospective investors or victims, as the case

may be, are regularly bought and sold in New York. Lists which have been tested successfully—that is, those which have brought many responses—command very high prices. This explains why, without ever having written to a certain company, you may receive a prospectus, followed in due course by an imitation typewritten letter, calling for “your confirming remittance” for some unknown proposition, the stock of which “is about to advance in price,” although you are informed that you may still secure “the shares reserved for you at the former low figure.”

It is surprising how often this cheap trick works successfully among inexperienced people, inducing them to purchase shares in wild-cat companies by the simple trick of marking up the price of shares. As a matter of fact, the victim could not sell his shares at the higher figure, or, in all probability, at any figure, because there is no market for them.

#### A MUCH-NEEDED LAW

**POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK**, in the latest annual report of his department, estimates that the eighty promoters of fraudulent companies arrested during the preceding year succeeded in swindling the community out of fully a hundred million dollars. We hazard the opinion that most of these enormous losses would be prevented for the future, if the Legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Missouri, Colorado, and Oregon—States now highly favored by fraudulent promoters—should adopt a law like the following, which is advocated by the American Mining Congress:

Any person who knowingly makes or publishes in any way whatever, or knowingly permits to be so made or published, any book, notice, report, statement, exhibit, or other publication of or concerning the affairs, pecuniary condition, or property of any corporation, joint stock association, co-partnership, or individual, which said book, prospectus, notice, report, statement, exhibit, or other publication shall contain any statement which is false, or which is wilfully or fraudulently exaggerated, or which is intended to give to the public generally, or to any person, a less or greater apparent value to the shares, bonds, or property of the said corporation, joint stock association, co-partnership, or individual, than said shares, bonds, or property, or any part thereof, shall really or in fact possess, shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and, upon conviction thereof, shall be imprisoned for not more than five years, or fined not more than

five thousand dollars, or shall suffer both such imprisonment and fine.

The *Financial World*, of New York, calls attention to the fact that fraudulent misrepresentation on the part of promoters in connection with their securities is already liable to severe punishment in seven States of the Union. These seven States—Iowa, Connecticut, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, California, and Nevada—have on their statute-books laws similar to the proposed statute quoted above.

In New York, the committee appointed by Governor Hughes to consider the subject of speculation in securities and commodities made a strong recommendation for the passage, as an amendment to the Penal Code, of a statute in practically the same terms, except that the offense was made a misdemeanor instead of a felony. No action was taken, however, and New York continues to be the headquarters of the stock-swindlers.

Perhaps, now that the enormity of their operations has been made apparent, the Legislature at Albany may see its way clear to provide an adequate legal penalty for fraudulent misrepresentation in company-promoting.

#### WE DO NOT APOLOGIZE

**WE** are informed, in a letter which covers two large pages of Waldorf-Astoria Hotel paper, that we owe “the bankers and the public a retraction,” for urging our readers to confine their investments to securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The writer, who signs a name in a bold hand, with the request that it be held “strictly confidential,” asserts that he owns three hundred thousand dollars’ worth of unlisted securities. We are inclined to suspect his accuracy, for among the stocks he mentions are those of several New England manufacturing corporations listed upon the Boston exchange.

The writer of the letter insists that the financial department of **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE** is all wrong. Such, he says, was “the unanimous opinion of a group of bankers” who discussed our policy in recommending listed stocks—the meeting being held, perhaps, in that justly celebrated center of financial wisdom, the café of the Waldorf-Astoria. The unlisted stocks he mentions are far better, he says, than “New York Stock Exchange stuff,” some of which—Reading, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and



Ohio—he pledged and was called upon for margins in the panic of 1907.

We believe that we are fully as well acquainted with the relative value of outside securities, including New England corporation stocks, as our correspondent. We do not recall any occasion upon which we have received a misleading prospectus dealing with an established outside security or a New England textile corporation stock. The get-rich-quick men and the stock-selling sharks do not deal in such securities. Whenever we have urged investors to confine their operations to listed securities, it will be found that this advice has been given in connection with some property exploited through prospectuses, by stock-canvassers, or in extravagant newspaper advertisements, promising some tremendous reward; or in connection with some enterprise which is wholly speculative, or otherwise undesirable for a small investor.

Ours is a high investment standard, we admit. We think that the best bonds to buy are those which conform to the requirements legally established for the savings-banks of New York and of the leading New England States. We think that the best stocks to buy are those which are duly listed

on the New York Stock Exchange. We are aware that there are other bonds and other stocks, but we do not propose to apologize to any one for directing the attention of our readers to the highest standard. According to Postmaster-General Hitchcock, simple-minded investors have lost a hundred million dollars, within a very short space of time, by accepting a lower standard.

We believe that our readers are intelligent, and we expect that they will act upon our suggestions, avoiding unknown securities offered to them by plausible promoters and selling agents. When they write to us about New England manufacturing properties, or the securities of long-established and dividend-paying corporations not listed on the exchange, we trust that we shall know how to answer them; but those who invest in such securities are, as a rule, of a special class. They are people who have a knowledge of the textile industry, or who are personally acquainted with the enterprises in which their money is embarked.

Many of these propositions are local concerns, appealing to investors in their own neighborhoods. In such cases, the stockholders do not need our advice and do not burden us with unnecessary letters.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

### DR. PARKHURST QUILTS THE TELEPOST

C. W. North, of Cherokee, Iowa, asks me to publish the following letter, which he recently received:

133 East Thirty-Fifth Street, New York.

DEAR SIR:

I am no longer a member of the Board of Voting Trustees of the Telepost Company. I have discovered that some people who have not realized that membership on that Board was no guarantee of the advisability of investing in the stock of that company have purchased stock on the strength of my name.

Discovering that to be the case I have insisted that I should no longer be advertised as a member of that Board. I have no reason to suppose that the company is not an honest one, and although I have no stock in it, I am hopeful that in time it will prove a success and pay fair dividends.

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. PARKHURST.

I am glad to comply with Mr. North's request, the more so because Dr. Parkhurst puts the case so plainly, and so fully confirms what was said in this department last November—that the association of a board of voting trustees with the Telepost Company was no assurance of the success of the undertaking, and that there was no evidence that certain prominent gentlemen whose names figured in the voting trust had anything to do with the company's financial affairs.

I said that the Sterling Debenture Corporation laid great stress on the fact that Admiral Sigsbee and the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst were connected with the enterprise, and that such names naturally exert an influence with prospective investors. Dr. Parkhurst himself says that he has "discovered" this to be the case. One is tempted to ask for what purpose he supposed that the promoters of the Telepost wished to use his name, when he consented—as he presumably did—to its connection with this much-discussed flotation.

In transmitting Dr. Parkhurst's letter, Mr. North, who owns one hundred and sixty dollars' worth of Telepost stock, writes at considerable length in defense of the company. He insinuates that the article in our November issue was "inspired by the Bell telephone monopoly" or "written by some one who might have owned stock in the Western Union Telegraph or the Bell Telephone Company." Despite its length, I would publish his letter but for the fact that I have already—in the January number—made a clear statement of my position in regard to the Telepost, agreeing to publish, for the benefit of inquiring investors, the company's balance-sheet and the facts as to its financial arrangement with the Sterling Debenture Corporation, whenever this



essential information, properly authenticated, may be forthcoming. As yet, the information has not come to hand.

What I said in the November issue—which Mr. North might reread to advantage—was that “I would not purchase stock in any developing corporation which has been selling shares for some years, unless I saw the concern’s balance-sheet, or knew that it submitted one to its shareholders each year,” which the Telepost Company does not do. I added that “I would not purchase stock for myself, or recommend its purchase to any friend or acquaintance of mine, if it was handled in the way the Sterling Debenture Corporation offers Telepost stock, and if I did not know just what were the relations existing between the company and its selling agent,” as to the matter of promotion cost.

I have not changed my conclusions, for I believe that secretive methods of company promotion and secretive methods of company operation are things of the past, and should have no place whatever with an enterprise which claims to be a going concern. As to offerings of stock broadcast over the country through glowing prospectuses, alluring advertisements, or plausible canvassers, the plan is one by which many poor and inexperienced people have been made to suffer bitter disappointments and cruel losses. It is a plan which this department will never indorse.

#### A “SURE INCOME” FOR A FAMILY

Is it possible to get a permanent or perpetual investment of \$100,000 to pay five or six per cent. untaxable? If not, what comes the nearest to it? What would you advise as a sure income for one’s family?

R. P. S., Cadiz, O.

There is no such thing as a perpetual investment. No one can foretell the life of a corporation, and mortgages are made and bonds are issued for a period of time, with a specified maturity, near or remote. We assume that R. P. S. is inquiring about forms of investment other than real estate, and about matters other than the creation of a trust to hold property for some indefinitely long period. The permanency of an investment may concern the security, or it may concern the holder of the security; but I won’t split hairs on this, because I don’t suppose that R. P. S. contemplates putting his money where neither he nor his heirs can ever get it back.

Our correspondent’s inquiry was submitted to a prominent retired banker of Cincinnati, for any answer involves a knowledge of the tax-exemption features of the Ohio law.

“Within the limits of my knowledge,” said this gentleman, “I know of nothing in the way of a permanent investment in Ohio that is non-taxable, and that would produce a net income of six per cent. There are, however, non-taxable investments in Ohio, producing from four to five per cent, of a character which may be termed permanent, being such as are usually called ground-rents, where the owner of the land or property

pays the taxes. The safety in ground-rent investments will lie in the sufficiency of the property pledged as security for the money invested. The ground-rent comes nearest to the investment indicated by your correspondent.”

R. P. S.’s second question—what we should advise as a sure income for a family—is not an easy one to answer briefly. Before going on record, we should want to know all about the estate of the inquirer, and more about his family than we know at present.

The manner in which a man should leave his estate is largely a thing for him to determine personally. He may leave a business which is profitable and desirable to continue, and he may have heirs competent to carry it on, and again he may not. His estate may be large or small; expensive to maintain, or otherwise. The heirs may or may not be competent to administer the property. It may be necessary to provide for a widow and minor children, and other dependent persons. A great many matters of this kind are involved in such a question as R. P. S. propounds.

If the heirs of an estate are left entirely dependent upon the income derived from investments, only the highest grade of securities should be selected, such as first mortgages on improved real estate, municipal bonds, and the first mortgage bonds of established railway companies, such as those in which New England and New York savings-banks may invest. A life-insurance policy in a first-rate company is also an excellent thing to have.

One who is considering an investment of \$100,000 should consult a lawyer, particularly in a case like that of our correspondent. His question involves the construction of the Ohio tax law, which is rigorously enforced. The stock of an Ohio corporation is non-taxable in the hands of holders, because the corporations pay the taxes on their property in the State. Owing to the enforcement of the tax law, Ohio municipal bonds sell at high prices, and their return is correspondingly small. Stocks cannot be recommended as an investment for dependent persons, and bonds which might be indicated might not comply with all the provisions of the tax law.

#### A READER WHO DISTRUSTS BANKS

I would like to know if you have any stock or shares to sell in your magazine company. I want to put my few dollars where they will earn as much as possible. I have been told that if I had put fifty or one hundred dollars in your company several years ago I would now be getting a good income from it. I have always been afraid to trust banks or any other kind of an investment. I have only a hundred dollars to put in.

J. R., Essex, Ark.

This letter is undoubtedly typical of the financial ideas of a great many people in this country—especially in the more remote districts. It is unfortunate that such should be the case. People who have saved a little money, who distrust banks, and who are looking for a chance to secure large returns from a small investment, are the natural

prey of the swindling promoter. He finds them ready to listen to his hypocritical denunciation of "Wall Street" and the banks, and to swallow his tales of the wonderful profits which, with rare unselfishness, he is prepared to share with those who will trust him with their hard-earned dollars.

We have no stock to sell. We advise any one who has saved one hundred dollars to put the money into a good savings-bank, and to leave it there, drawing interest, as a nest-egg for the future and a reserve against time of need. If there is no such bank in J. R.'s immediate neighborhood, there are more than one at Little Rock, which is at no great distance from him; or he can arrange to deposit by mail in one of the great savings-banks in New York, which are as secure as human foresight can make them.

If, however, in spite of this advice, he still wishes to put his money into stock, let him purchase a share of the preferred stock of some first-rate railroad, such as Atchison or Baltimore and Ohio. Or, if he can add a few dollars to his hundred, he might buy a share of United States Steel preferred, now selling at about \$117. If he does not know a broker who will make the purchase for him, we should be glad to refer him to one. The investment in Steel preferred would pay him about six per cent on his money. Let him abandon all idea of a higher return. To expect it, together with any degree of safety, is to chase a rainbow.

#### THE POTOMAC REFINING COMPANY

I enclose you prospectus of the Potomac Refining Company. If said company is as good an investment as they say, or half as good, why do they have to canvass all over the country to get money? I know an investment in this is a gamble, but are the statements made by the company reliable?

J. M., Ravenna, Neb.

Do you advise an investment of from \$100 to \$500 in the Potomac Refining Company?

T. V. D., Ironton, O.

To reply to the latter of these two inquiries first, we cannot recommend an investment in the Potomac Refining Company. The proposition is wholly speculative.

J. M. answers much of his question for himself. If the Potomac Refining Company is as good as its promoters claim, why is the stock being hawked about the country on a basis of par for the preferred stock, five dollars a share, with a bonus of fifty per cent in common stock, par one dollar? The prospectus contains the usual play upon credulity, figuring out the value of the company's mineral wealth in marble, manganese, limestone, iron, and other products at \$103,155,000. There is a statement which has been used in many other prospectuses, but which we believe to be apocryphal, crediting the late E. H. Harriman with saying that he was "not a ten-per-cent man"—implying that he believed in profits of "thirty to two hundred per cent, and upward," derived from new and more or less hazardous undertakings. As a matter of fact, the bulk of Mr. Harriman's estate was invested in stocks of established railway prop-

erties, and in bonds paying four per cent. There is the usual reference to some alleged tremendous profit that would have been secured by investing one thousand dollars in "Carnegie (refining) stock" and "Rockefeller (refining) stock." We do not locate these refining companies, and cannot determine the basis of computing the profit.

There seems to be a strange confusion in the mind of J. M. concerning "investment," on the one hand, and "gambling," or speculation, on the other. The two are as opposite as day and night—as irreconcilable as virtue and vice. If he knows that "an investment in this is a gamble," why should he concern himself with other particulars? He cannot expect that any one will guarantee him against loss in such a venture. He must assume the risk personally.

Many men seem to be engaged in "boosting" the Potomac Refining Company proposition. Among the number we find the name of William Griffith. We should not single Mr. Griffith out in this connection, but for the fact that a letter of his warmly indorsing the Potomac Refining Company project, a lithographed reproduction of which has been sent us, might possibly mislead some readers into the belief that this promotion was recommended by some one connected with MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Griffith uses a letter-head indicating his past performances as an editor of some magazines and a writer for others. Among the latter, he claims to be a contributor to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. On reference to our records, we find that we purchased a short poem from him about eight years ago; but we desire to say that he is not on the staff of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, and that no letter of his must be construed, even in the remotest possible way, into an indorsement of the Potomac Refining Company by this publication.

#### PRINTING TELEGRAPH PROMOTIONS

What is your opinion of the American Telegraph-Typewriter Company of New York?

F. J. S., Fairfield, Me.

Will you kindly advise me if you think it safe to invest in stock of the American Telegraph-Typewriter Company?

R. R. C., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Please give me your opinion on the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company as an investment. It took over the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter, which sold big blocks of stock out here, and I paid two and one-half per cent to effect the transfer from one company to the other.

A. F., Ogden, Utah.

These inquiries are combined because two of them are identical and the third refers to a company selling shares for a similar patented device.

Efforts to perfect a printing telegraph system have extended over many years. Countless people, before the American Telegraph-Typewriter Company, have laid claim to having patented a flawless instrument. The same assertion was made by the Burlingame Telegraphing Typewriter, and by several other concerns which were merged with the Burlingame Company and afterward taken over by the Consolidated Printing Telegraph Company. Much stock was sold in these companies, aside from which the undertaking has made little

progress. Some of the printing telegraph systems give good results on short circuits, but defective working has always developed when they have been operated over long distances.

The American Telegraph-Typewriter Company claims to have discovered and to have demonstrated an efficient system for long-distance work. The company prints numerous letters from reputable concerns to support its assertions. Many of the statements in its prospectus, however, appear extravagant. It claims to have orders for five thousand machines. These cost \$50 each to make. They are rented, not sold, at \$150 a year, which would give a net income the first year of \$500,000. Why the company, under these conditions, should offer its stock at a discount of thirty per cent does not appear clear.

If the American Telegraph-Typewriter has the perfected system that it claims, the enterprise is handicapped by an indefensible stock-selling plan—that of appealing to credulity by extravagant estimates of prospective business, and the cheap scheme of marking up the price of stock arbitrarily. The shares, with a par value of \$10, were originally offered at \$5 each. They are now offered at \$7, in letters which predict that “the stock will increase in price by leaps and bounds.” So it will—nominally, at least—if the vendors mark it up rapidly enough; but will there be any market for it at the advanced figure, or at any figure?

A stock in the promotion stage, at the very best, is wholly speculative. This department restricts its recommendations to shares of established and listed properties.

#### A MAN WHO WANTS TOO MUCH

I would like to know where I could secure six per cent per annum interest on my money, where I can withdraw my money at any time like a check account, and be paid the above rate of interest for the remainder of each day. Do you know a good, reliable bank or banking-house in Wall Street which pays the above interest on deposits?

J. J. L., New York.

No reliable bank or banking-house in Wall Street can afford to pay you six per cent on a checking account. Any firm in New York agreeing to pay such an interest rate on an ordinary deposit account must either employ the money in hazardous undertakings, or be in poor credit. Visionaries, schemers, and “get-rich-quick” men will promise you almost any rate for the use of your money; but a promise is one thing, and the fulfillment of a promise is something entirely different.

#### A STOCK LISTED IN MONTREAL

Illinois Traction is a United States company, and, as far as I know, is listed only on the Montreal Stock Exchange. Can you say why not listed on a United States stock exchange, and if you think it is a good investment?

J. M., Montreal.

The officers of the Illinois Traction Company are the persons to whom the first part of this query should be addressed. It is probably because of the extensive Canadian investment in the property

that the stock is listed on the Montreal Exchange. If memory serves right, Commercial Cable was listed in Montreal, and actively dealt in upon that exchange, before it was listed in New York.

The Illinois Traction Company has an important system of interurban and city traction lines. It makes regular reports, pays dividends on its preferred shares, and ranks well among companies of its kind. You apparently use the term “investment” in a general sense. Strictly speaking, the stock of the Illinois Traction Company is to be classed as a speculative security. The underlying bonds of the constituent properties rank as an investment for a business man.

#### A WASHING-MACHINE COMPANY

I would like to inquire about the offering of stocks in two companies, as follows—Hampton's Magazine, seven-per-cent cumulative preferred, at five dollars a share, with a bonus of one share of common for each eight shares of preferred; and the Saver Manufacturing Company of New York, the stock of which is being pushed very convincingly on a plan similar to the first.

W. B. E., Ottawa, Ill.

Some reference was made to the stock offerings of various publishing companies, including the one mentioned by W. B. E., in our January issue. See also the article headed “Highly Colored Financial Allurements,” on page 683.

The Saver Manufacturing Company is exploiting a washing-machine by the familiar method of a glowing prospectus, in which every appeal is made to credulity, by setting forth the alleged great fortunes which some other persons made, or might have made, out of some other patents, together with an extravagant estimate of the number of washing-machines which can be marketed weekly.

The company is organized under the laws of New York, with an authorized capital of \$1,250,000. Among its directors, it mentions some men who, we should think, would not be likely to approve the character of the literature sent out by the company. The stock of the Saver Manufacturing Company cannot be classed as being in any sense an investment security.

#### THE RENDALL STEEL PROCESS

What effect do you think the Rendall Process, when it gets working, will have on the stock of the United States Steel and other iron and steel and smelting companies? I enclose herewith a prospectus which predicts that a panic is coming in established iron and steel stocks when the company gets started. Do you think the five-dollar shares of the Rendall Steel Company will go up to a thousand dollars a share?

M. V. G., Hoboken, N. J.

You need lose no sleep over the fate of the shares of established iron, steel, and smelting companies arising out of the Rendall Process. Should the process ever develop into a commercial success, the established companies, which never overlook an improvement, and which inspect every new process presenting itself, are tolerably certain to be found in full enjoyment of it. It is most unlikely that the stock of the Rendall Steel Company will go up to a thousand dollars a share. Its purchase at five dollars is a speculative undertaking against

which we strongly advise. A corporation which tries to sell its stock by predicting panics is a thing to avoid.

### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO INVEST

I have a hundred dollars in the bank. I would like to put it in some safe investment. If you know of any kindly let me know.

T. T., McKeesport, Pa.

There is no better investment in the country for a small sum than a savings-bank, and you will make no mistake in keeping your money there until you accumulate a larger amount. One hundred dollars will not buy an ordinary bond, very few bonds being issued in such small denominations. It will buy a single share of stock in a number of very good properties; but stocks fluctuate in price, and it might disturb you to see your stock selling for less than you paid for it. You will take little risk, however, if you should buy Atchison preferred at about \$102; Baltimore and Ohio preferred at about \$91; or Union Pacific preferred at about \$93. There are also some good industrial preferred stocks, but the best of them are selling above one hundred dollars.

### THE PEOPLE'S NATIONAL COAL COMPANY

Do you know anything about the People's National Coal Company of Shickshinny, Pennsylvania? Its agent has been selling stock in this district, and I bought one hundred and twenty-five shares for \$95. The agent who sold the stock says the company owns two and one-half miles of coal land, and that it wants money to build a breaker.

J. S., Phœbus, Va.

The People's National Coal Company of Shickshinny, Pennsylvania, is a concern entirely unknown to us, and it does not reply to our letters of inquiry concerning the extent of its property, the manner in which it acquired and holds its coal land, its capitalization, and its proposed plan of operation. It is advisable to avoid stock offered by agents and canvassers, and to confine your investments to established properties.

### AMERICAN TELEGRAPHONE

Will you kindly tell me what you think of the stock of the American Telegraphone Company, which is being sold by agents through the country?

L. E., Seattle, Wash.

The American Telegraphone Company was referred to at some length in the November issue of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, page 265.

### LOTS IN A TEXAS CITY

Do you think that real estate in the "additions" now being made around Fort Worth, Texas, will be a paying proposition in the future, if I should buy lots now?

F. H., Alexandria, La.

Fort Worth is a growing community, but even in a developing community the value of lots de-

pends upon the location and desirability of the "additions." This department does not deal with prophecy, and cannot predict the future of a city's growth. We can only recommend a high degree of caution in considering such an investment. If F. H. wishes to put his money into real estate, let him put it into real estate with which he is personally familiar.

### PREFERRED INDUSTRIAL STOCKS

Having some investments in railroad and public utility bonds, I am now thinking of dividing about \$2,500 among five different preferred industrial stocks, having the following securities in mind—American Sugar, United States Steel, American Radiator, National Lead, and National Biscuit. What is your opinion?

L. D. K., Denver, Colo.

It is wholly desirable to diversify one's investments, and for a business man, with full knowledge of the business risk he assumes in purchasing stock, the preferred shares of established industrial companies make an excellent investment. The above list of stocks is well diversified, and is probably about as good a selection as one could make. An intelligent investor must determine something for himself—as, for instance, the question of marketability. Of the stocks mentioned by L. D. K., four are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which offers a free market for sale. The other, American Radiator, is listed in Chicago, where it is highly regarded.

### A BURR BROTHERS' PROMOTION

Do you know anything of the present condition of the New York and Chicago Air Line Railroad, which was so extensively advertised in Cincinnati papers a few years ago?

S. H. B., Columbus, O.

Burr Brothers, who are now under arrest on a charge of using the mails to defraud investors, sold the stock. Among the numerous companies which these persons handled, this is one of the few that still survive; but it is limping along, with no chance of accomplishing the widely advertised scheme of constructing an "air line" from Chicago to New York.

### NOT AN INVESTMENT ISSUE

I desire information as to the safety of Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada. It is apparently "on the boom," contingent upon a new discovery, and has sold a lot of cheap stock through the Northwest.

L. B. C., Mendota, Ill.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of Canada is not an investment security; it is highly speculative. I am unable to confirm the statement that there has been a "new discovery," or that the company is "on the boom." The par value of the stock is five dollars a share. Its recent quotation is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  bid,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  asked. It is not listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and has but a limited market.

*Written January 3, 1911*

# THE ONE THING NEEDED

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE SHANGHAIED BABY," "JUST LIKE A MAN," ETC.

NO button on Cap'n Overshort's coat dangled perilously at the end of a loosened thread. The old sailor-man was spick and span with a neatness that betokened some inspection more rigorous than that of his own eyes. He dined upon food not of his own cooking, from dishes not of his own washing; for, after sixty years of single loneliness, he had taken a wife.

How lonely he had been he never knew until he finished his last voyage from Buffalo to Duluth, brought his vessel safely into port, resigned his command, and went home to Marine City to live out his remaining years ashore. There, established in his little house, with its ample garden, its flock of chickens, and its conventional row of fruit-trees, he made a discovery which is but a few days younger than the world itself—that it is not good to be alone. So he had married a wife—a gray-haired, rosy-cheeked, ample wife, who lacked none of the attributes that place grandmothers among the choicest gifts of Heaven, but who, nevertheless, had hitherto been a spinster.

"I'm a goin' to call you commodore," announced the cap'n, as he and his wife turned into the yard after the celebration of their marriage. "I'm a cap'n, and there ain't no good reason to disrate me; so you, bein' my superior officer, have got to be commodore and command this whole fleet—the house and barn and chicken-coops and garden. 'Tain't much of a fleet, commodore, but I'm more'n glad to put you in command of it."

"That's nice of you, cap'n," the old lady cooed.

Then they smiled at each other with smiles that brushed away the years from their rotund faces.

"D'you know, cap'n," said the old lady—now the commodore—"there's just one

thing I've been wishin'—that you had some grandchildern. Just one, or maybe two, to come and see us and git in our way and go playin' around under foot would make things seem more like they ought to be. A garden with nothin' in it but vegetables is all right, but, to my way of thinkin', cap'n, a few flowers growin' around in corners makes it more cheery like. That's the way it is with childern in families."

"Ya-as," responded the cap'n huskily. "I ain't never been related to no little folks—not even an uncle to any of 'em. Sometimes I sort o' borrow a young one for a spell, and make b'lieve it's mine; but when I'm all alone again, things is worse'n before."

The days flew swiftly past the old couple, like telegraph-poles seen from the window of a train, carrying high out of reach the slender thread of the years. Happy they were with the real happiness of contented years; with the peace which comes only in the rosy autumn of life, when the days of waiting for the closing in of winter promise comfort without dependence.

Their one sorrow—it was not a sorrow, really, but a gentle regret—was that they would never know the nestling touch, the loving glance, of a petted grandchild. Of this they spoke together very often, and the very speaking of little ones brightened their days.

"There ain't nothin' else I need," the commodore whispered, as she sat close beside the cap'n under the old maple which shaded their porch. "Just one little grandson—or granddaughter—I ain't p'tic'lar. Just one!"

"We—" The cap'n paused diffidently, and cleared his throat, as if he were half ashamed, half afraid, to put his thought into words. "We might pertend—sort o' make b'lieve we got one. What d'you s'pose his name'd be?"



"It'd be William—after you," murmured the commodore.

"Maybe so," answered the captain tenderly. "Maybe so. He'd be a little feller, wouldn't he? 'Bout four years old, I reckon."

"Yes," assented the commodore. "And he'd have fat little legs and blue eyes, and he could just talk enough to call us gran'ma and gran'pa. I guess maybe he'd be visitin' us right now." She was able to imagine—to visualize—much more readily than her husband, at the beginning.

"He'd be out there in the yard, playin' around and gettin' into mischief. I'll bet anything that there little rascal is chasin' the chickens this very minute!" The cap'n got the manner of it with surprising readiness.

In this way the old people hugged to their hearts a joy that was not, just as wayfarers in a desert look with rejoicing upon a mirage which has the outward seeming of longed-for reality. Every day they pretended more than they had the day before, until at last little William's presence about the house became so real that they regulated their every act with reference to him, his amusement, or his profit.

They talked to him; they talked of him. For his pleasure they planned surprises; for his future upbringing they evolved schemes. At times they corrected him—with gentle kindness—for he was so healthy, so abounding in life, that mischief was his natural element.

"What d'you s'pose that little William did to-day?" the cap'n asked his wife. "After he'd et all the frostin' off'n that new cake of your'n, and you'd scolded him a little, he went right out in the yard and picked every green tomato off'n the vines, and was throwin' them at Mr. Jennings's cow."

"I hope you wasn't harsh with him, cap'n," the commodore said anxiously. "He don't never mean no harm, you know. He's a boy, and them mischiefs is perfectly natural to him."

So it went. When evening began to darken the yard, the commodore went to the door and summoned little William to come in to bed. In the morning they awoke him and sent him out to play. They even bought a high chair, which had its regular place at their table.

Once William was ill, consequent upon a feast of green apples. It was a very try-

ing time; but careful nursing brought him back to health, and it was good to see how cheerful his grandparents were when he was able once more to romp in the garden. He was present always; a part of their every thought was devoted to him.

## II

ONE morning they sat together on their shaded porch, planning that little William should start to school in the fall. That he must be an educated man, and must some day rise to the estate of captain of his own vessel, had been determined after many busy, serious sessions.

The cap'n glanced toward the street; his sentence stopped in mid career, and he pointed with trembling finger.

"There," he quavered, "there's little William now—out there by the fence!"

It was a fact, or seemed to be. Little William had materialized. Certain it was that a grimy, roly-legged four-year-old pressed his little stomach against the palings and looked through wonderingly at the garden, as if there lay the land of golden adventure.

The commodore uttered a soft little cry, and ambled down to the gate as fast as her feet would carry her.

"Good mornin', little William," she cooed. "Come and see your gran'ma."

The little one grasped a picket in muddy hand, and swung backward and forward with that indescribable half-willing, half-reluctant, bearing that said he wanted badly to come, but wasn't just sure whether he would do it or not.

"Come!" the old lady appealed again. "Gran'ma's got a cooky for little William."

This was an inducement that swept away all barriers, and chubby-legs trotted to the gate with alacrity. The commodore swept him up in her arms and cuddled him as it was her very right to have cuddled grandchildren these years past; and he was at home. The child-heart in him recognized the grandmother-heart in her, and he was content.

"Ain't he a cunnin' little craft?" admired the cap'n. "Come to see your ol' gran'ma and granddad, didn't you? Go in' to ship with us for a nice, long voyage, and there's a cargo of cookies in the hold!"

Then the old people played pretend like children. They made believe this was their truly grandson, who had come to stay

with them for a long, long visit—and neither of them dared to suggest that it was time to send him home.

"Better git him another cooky," suggested the cap'n, desiring to send his wife out of hearing, that he might inquire of the child about his parents without breaking the spell for her.

"Who's your pa, little feller?" he asked.

The child, with cunning perversity, would not reply, and by no manner of coaxing or proffer of bribes could he be made to disclose his identity.

"Somebody'll come lookin' for him," predicted the commodore, who had at last to be called into conference. "We better keep him till they do."

That plan suited the cap'n exactly, and he hoped the parents might be long in coming.

"S'posin'," he hazarded with fine imagination, "nobody ever came! Just s'posin' they let the little feller stay with us always!"

"O-o-oh!" breathed the commodore at the splendor of the thought.

And nobody did come all that day, nor during the evening, and the commodore had the joy of tucking the mite into bed, while the cap'n looked on raptly. When he was asleep, they sat long beside the bed, watching the moonlight as it fell on the little flushed face, and speaking not at all. They had a grandson. It was a temporary grandson, they knew, but they had him for the time—and it was the happiest day either had seen in all the crowded years.

"Maybe," whispered the cap'n drowsily, when sleep was about to close his eyes, "maybe they won't never come for him!"

Both slept happily on the thought; but next day a passer-by saw the child.

"What you folks doin' with Len Kimball's baby?" he called, and there their dream ended.

They talked the matter over, considering it strange indeed that the father had failed to come for his child.

"He must be near crazy, missin' it all day and all night," guessed the commodore.

"He's got nine, and his wife's dead," said the cap'n. "Maybe he ain't missed this one."

Then came the insidious thought, could they not keep the child? What if the father never did miss him from his large flock, and they could just let things go and

have him always for themselves? Neither dared put it into words.

"We could give him a home as good as he's got," said the cap'n, coming very near to disclosing what was in his mind.

"Better," answered the commodore, almost sharply.

After that they sat still for a very long time and watched the little fellow playing in the garden. The cap'n rose dolefully.

"Guess I'd better go down to Len's," he said shakily. "We can't go piratin' nobody's baby, can we?"

"I'm goin', too," announced the commodore.

Together, with the child between clinging to a hand of either, they went down the street to Len's.

### III

"You stay here a minute, while I run ahead and cast anchor and take bearin's," suggested the cap'n.

He went through Len Kimball's rickety gate and up to the house, through a drove of healthy but not immaculate children. Len sat in the dining-room, with his feet in the window.

"Hello, aboard there!" shouted the cap'n.

"Howdy, cap'n?" responded Len.

"Missed anything?" asked the cap'n.

Len thought a moment, pulled out his old silver watch, his jack-knife, and other pocket trinkets, and examined them with care.

"Nope," he said reluctantly. "I ain't lost nothin' that I know of."

"All your children well?" asked the cap'n, apparently changing the subject.

"Fine," Len boasted. "Finest in town!"

"Let's see, how many is there?"

Len scratched his head.

"Wa-al, I ain't just exactly counted 'em for a spell. Lemme see, there was ten—or was it 'leven? Somehow I can't keep very good track of the number of 'em. One died a year or two back, and whether there's nine or ten left I ain't prepared to take my Gospel oath."

"Ain't missed none of them the last day or two?" the cap'n asked huskily.

"Nope," replied Len carelessly.

"I got one," the cap'n blurted out, making a full confession at last. "He come yesterday and stayed all-night with us—a cunnin' little feller."

"Which one?" Len asked curiously.

"Dunno. He wouldn't say."

"Fetch him along and we'll see. Sometimes I git 'em mixed up myself."

The cap'n called his wife, who, almost in tears, brought the little fellow into the house. Len looked him over carefully.

"Lemme see," he puzzled. "That there is Willie, I guess—or else it's James. No, 'tain't James, 'cause James is bigger'n that; but it might be Georgie. Now, cap'n, I'm hanged if I can tell *which* he is. He's one of 'em, all right, 'cause I know his face, but which one it's past me to state. Which one be you?" he demanded of the child.

Still obstinate, the little fellow would make no response.

"We come perty near stealin' him," confessed the cap'n huskily. "He's sich a nice little feller!"

"We sure enough did, Mr. Kimball," echoed the commodore. "The cap'n and me wants a grandchild worse'n anything in the world!"

"Wisht I could spare one," Len said absently, still eying the child with aroused curiosity; "but I guess I can't give none away to-day."

"Course not," breathed the cap'n and his wife in chorus.

"I'm a goin' to find out which you be," Len told the child, "if I have to call in the neighbors." Then he raised his voice. "Children!" he called. "Come in here!"

In they flocked, and stood wide-eyed.

"Which one of you is this here one?" Len demanded of them.

"'Tain't none of us," piped a little girl. "'Tany rate, it ain't none of us brothers and sisters. That there is little William that come to live with us when Uncle Orve died."

"Wa-al, if that don't beat all!" gasped Len. "I clean forgot all about that one. It's like this," he explained to the cap'n. "My half-brother Orve, he died and left this here baby; and bein' as I was the only relative, it was sent on to me, jus' as if I didn't have enough of my own. But I couldn't turn no baby out just 'cause it cluttered things up a little more, so here he is, and here he can stay."

"He ain't your own?" quavered the commodore.

"Nope," said Len.

"You—you got a lot without him?" ventured the cap'n.

"Heaps," grunted Len.

"I wonder—" The old lady spoke softly, hurriedly, in shaking tones— "I wonder if you—maybe—wouldn't be willin' to—to—let cap'n and me adopt this here one that ain't really your'n! We'd be awful good to him. We'd—"

"What?" shouted Len, dropping his feet to the floor with a bang. "Give away little Willie? I guess not, ma'am! Why, I ain't never had enough children around the house yet."

"I don't believe you'd miss him much," ventured the cap'n. "And you got such a lot of others. Don't look like the Lord was playin' just fair to give you so many—and then send along this here extry one!"

"'Twouldn't be right, noways. He's my brother's baby, and he was sent to me to take care of."

"But you got eight others," said the cap'n.

"Or maybe nine," added the commodore.

"I guess numbers don't make no difference," Len said. "A feller can't give away a child like he would a kitten, now, could he?"

"'Twouldn't be nothin' like that," argued the commodore. "We'd take little William and adopt him, so's he'd be just like our own, and we'd look after him, and send him to school, and bring him up to be a good man. It ain't like givin' him away, Mr. Kimball. It's more in the way of pervidin' for his future. Not that you wouldn't do your best for him, I don't mean that, but we could do a heap more for him than you can, by way of eddication and sich. You got to spread what you can do among nine, and we could give it all to one. It sort o' looks like it wasn't right for you to hold the little feller back."

Len scratched his head dubiously.

"I ain't never thought of that there p'int," he said. "But I guess I can't part with him nohow."

Cap'n and commodore saw all their hopes destroyed, their dreams broken to bits at their feet. The old lady stifled a sob and turned hastily away. The cap'n, no less affected, followed heavily after her.

Somehow the little home lacked its former cheerfulness as they turned in at the gate. It was less inviting, less comfortable to contemplate. The old people, too, had left something behind them. Perhaps it was some of the springiness of their step,

some of the youthfulness that had stayed so kindly by them.

Slowly, almost unwillingly, they entered, and then sat close together, their hands touching, as if they feared to be left alone, as if each must have the support of the other.

Long hours passed, and they exchanged no word. Their grief was silent, deep-running. Outside, the shadow of the big tree reached out toward the fence, climbed it, and seemingly disappeared in the deeper shades which dropped down all about the house.

Still the commodore and the cap'n sat side by side and nursed their sorrow in the darkness.

#### IV

A KNOCK clamored on the front door, and they answered it together, because neither would be left alone. There stood Len Kim-

ball, peering in blinkingly, and little William nestled in his arms.

"Evenin'," stammered Len. "I got to thinkin' about what you said, and somehow it got to look to me like 'twas my duty to bring this here little feller to you. I got to do my best for him, an' I reckon this here is my best."

Putting the child on its feet, he gently pushed it across the threshold, and, turning, ran off into the night.

The cap'n looked at the commodore in dumb happiness. She was crying softly into the child's feathery hair. The old man bent tenderly over them and kissed his wife on the cheek.

"Mother," he said, and then repeated it, because the sound of it was sweet in his ear. "Mother, there ain't nothin' more to wish for, is there?"

"Not a single thing—father!" replied the commodore happily.

#### THE JOURNEY'S END

CLIMBER, scaling the mountain high  
Under the dawn or the sunset glow;  
Pilgrim, patiently plodding by  
Over the paths of the plain below;  
Rider, faring or swift or slow,  
Whatsoever the way you wend,  
Happy your hearts if you can but know  
Love awaits at the journey's end!

Sailor, under a stormy sky  
Braving the wrath of the salt sea's flow;  
Soldier, facing with fearless eye  
The cheer and charge of the stubborn foe;  
Rover, girt by the Arctic snow  
Where night and day in a blind wave blend,  
Happy your hearts if you can but know  
Love awaits at the journey's end!

Reaper or gleaner amid the rye  
Hasting home when the day droops low;  
Wanderer, lone where the deserts lie  
With mirage lure that is goal for wo,  
All who strive in the to and fro  
Of life to meet what the fates may send,  
Happy your hearts if you can but know  
Love awaits at the journey's end!

#### ENVOY

Mortals, while through the world you go,  
Hope may succor and faith befriend,  
Yet happy your hearts if you can but know  
Love awaits at the journey's end!

*Clinton Scollard*

# THE STAGE

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## SOME HANDICAPS TO PLAY-WRITING

**M**ORE people write plays than read them. There is an incentive to write a play, but none, as a rule, to read one. Indeed, the reading of a play is very tedious business compared with skimming through the same plot in story form. The names of the persons speaking,

and the parenthetical descriptions of what they are supposed to be doing, form constant interruptions to the smooth flow of narrative, and render the drama the least-read division of fiction.

The thousands of men and women who plunge into the writing of plays, from one end of the land to the other, never stop to think of this, although they probably never



LOUISE HOMER, CONTRALTO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE COMPANY,  
AS ORTRUD IN "LOHENGGRIN"

*From her latest photograph—copyright by Dupont, New York*





LILLIAN RUSSELL, STARRING IN A NEW PLAY,  
"IN SEARCH OF A SINNER"

*From a copyrighted photograph by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City*

read a play themselves. Big in their minds looms the thought of the lucky few—not as many as they can count on the fingers of one hand—who have made fortunes by simply, as their would-be imitators believe, stringing together on paper enough words to cover two or three hours in delivery.

Some twenty thousand plays a year are received in manuscript form by the various theaters in New York. The New Theater gets an average of fifteen a day; David Belasco, about twenty, with nearly an equal number for Henry B. Harris. The reader at the New Theater is rather more optimistic than the others, for he says that among the fifteen his secretary finds about three good enough to pass up to him for further consideration. At the Belasco, the run of the offerings is usually hopeless, many of them coming from the most illiterate sources; while out of the thousands of scripts sent to Mr. Harris every year he has never found one worthy of production. The plays he has staged have come to him from people he already knew, and this supply is so small that Robert Edeson has been forced to write one for himself, adapting it from a novel. And yet all the leading theaters now maintain a play bureau, and examine everything that is offered, in the persistent hope of finding another "Paid in Full," "Fortune Hunter," or "Seven Days."

I said that more people write plays than read them, and I am taking into account the paid readers to whom these thousands of amateur efforts are delivered day after day. For, even if you are

paid for doing so, it is of small use to wade through one or two hundred pages of drivel, with perhaps fifteen scenes and forty parts. A cursory glance will tell you more of the impracticability of a play than of a book manuscript, as the stage has more limitations than the printing-press.



ETHEL BARRYMORE, STARRING IN A REVIVAL OF PINERO'S FAMOUS COMEDY,  
"TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS"

*From her latest photograph by Savory. New York*



LULU GLASER, STARRING IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY FROM VIENNA,  
"THE GIRL AND THE KAISER"

*From her latest photograph by Hall, New York*

So much for the drawbacks to reading plays. Now to consider a handicap or two in the writing of them.

Although, on the face of it, the process seems infinitely more simple than the writing of a story, the task is far and away more difficult—more difficult to-day even than it was in Shakespeare's time, when the dramatist was permitted to change the scene as often as he liked, for the very good reason that there wasn't any scenery to be shifted. Now you are restricted to four acts, as a rule, and if you require a change of set in any one of them, you diminish the chances of your play's acceptance by that much. Thus you are obliged to make it seem reasonable that your characters will be in only four different places throughout the entire action of the piece. In a novel, of course, you are not bound down by any such restriction.

Again, in a story destined for print your flow of thought is not being constantly interrupted by the exigencies of looking after stage business. For instance, you send the servant after a letter or a newspaper. In a play, you must remember to calculate about the time it would take him to find it, and then make a break in your main thread to bring him back on the scene, and set down a few words of dialogue to mark the close of the incident. Meanwhile, you may have forgotten the brilliant idea that had suggested itself to you for the next speech with an important bearing on the plot.

Once more, in a play you must condense into three hours—or about twenty thousand

words—a story which, in the form of a novel, would cover from three to four hundred printed pages, containing eighty or a hundred thousand words. Of late, to increase the dramatist's difficulties, the man-



CHRISTINE NORMAN, LEADING WOMAN IN THE FARCE,  
"THE AVIATOR"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

agers have evinced a decided preference for plays with consecutive action—that is to say, with no interval of more than a night, at most, between the acts. Then you must also remember that it is not wise to burden

your play with more than fourteen characters, with a carefully graded allotment of work for each one—unless you are writing for a star, when you are in bad case indeed, placed between the Scylla of the lady

upon a drama by the Italian, T. Cicconi. As the leading lady is called upon to play two parts, one can easily fancy that Mr. Hughes found little difficulty in pleasing the star with the theme. The more you can



WINONA WINTER, WITH SAM BERNARD IN "HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE"

*From a photograph by Bangs, New York*

herself, who demands everything, and the Charybdis of the critics, who will chide you for giving it to her.

This last is the unenviable position of Rupert Hughes with his "Two Women," written for Mrs. Leslie Carter, and founded

give an actress to do, the better she likes it, and the idea of being a thoroughly respectable seamstress who dies with consumption in the first act, and sliding into the skin of a high-flier dancer at a Paris music-hall for the rest of the piece, was





OLIVE FREMSTAD, DRAMATIC SOPRANO OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE—THIS SEASON SHE HAS APPEARED AS ARMIDE, KUNDRY, ELSA, AND VENUS IN "TANNHÄUSER"

*From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York*

quite irresistible to a star of Mrs. Carter's temperament.

The two women in the play are at opposite poles in character, but wondrously alike in face, and the husband of the de-

stay with him. Mrs. Carter was evidently not content with four acts of the gabble set down for her in the prompt-book. Demanding a fifth, she provides for it by wilfully declining to have anything to do



JULIE SANDERSON, LEADING WOMAN IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY FROM LONDON,  
"THE ARCADIAN"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*

ceased seamstress engages the dancer to pose for an uncompleted portrait he is painting of his late wife. The model falls madly in love with the artist, but he remains cold to her until the necessity of a fourth act requires him to warm up off stage and go to the gilded palace of sin, to which she declares she will return unless he bids her

with the fellow over whom she was raving only an act back.

Poor Rupert Hughes and happy Mrs. Carter! Mr. Hughes has probably had more failures produced than any man in the business, and Mrs. Carter is so wrapped up in herself that she will be quite content to go on maundering through this play,

with its endless speeches for the star, as long as John Cort is willing to put up the money to keep it going. He has certainly made a fine production, and the supporting cast is good, including, for the lover, Robert Warwick, who acted with Grace George in "A Woman's Way" two years ago. Mrs. Carter's acting reminds one of "Zaza" and "Du Barry," but in those plays we hadn't had time to grow weary of the one note in her voice and of the utter artificiality of her methods. There was also the Belasco glamour to help out.

#### THE WONDER OF BERNHARDT

Sarah Bernhardt needs neither strong play nor Belasco glamour. With her it is the woman for her art, not art for the woman. I hope Mrs. Carter and several of our other emotional actresses have contrived to get into one of the Globe's Thursday matinées, and have noted how quietly "the world's greatest actress"—for once, the advertising does not over-exaggerate—achieves her points. With her, noise is not realism; nor is she absolutely the "whole show."

In "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc," the first new play she offered in New York, there are two acts in which she does not appear at all, and yet the movement was kept as spirited as a rather talky drama could be made by the fine team-work of the organization from the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris. Especially noticeable was this where *Jeanne* is first brought before her accusers, and questions are poured in upon her from eight or ten different directions, some put by men who have only that one line, but a line spoken with all the force and assurance of an important principal.

Mme. Bernhardt's repertoire for this tour includes twelve different plays, including her old stand-by, "Camille," and so modern a melodrama as "Mme. X." When she sailed away from New York after her last visit to this country—June 15, 1906—she waved her hand as the Touraine steamed out of the dock and murmured:

"Farewell, *mon Amérique, que j'adore!* I shall never return!"

As a matter of fact, she had already undertaken several "positively final" farewell tours. This is her seventh trip to the United States, the first having been made in 1880, when she opened at Booth's Theater, on November 8, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." It was two years later that

she married M. Damala, a Greek actor, who died in 1889.

Bernhardt was born at Havre, France, October 22, 1844, and is consequently sixty-six years old, although one would never think it, nor that she is a great-grandmother. She was educated at a convent in Versailles, where she first acted in nuns' plays before she reached her teens. In due course she began the study of declamation at the Paris Conservatoire, and her career has justified the tradition that first-prize scholars are rarely successful in later life, for Sarah never took anything higher than a second prize. She began to act at the Comédie Française in 1862, but did not make her big hit there until twelve years later, when she appeared in "Le Sphinx."

#### DRAMATISTS, BEWARE OF THE THEATER!

The public's persistent avoidance of plays dealing with stage life continues. "The Chorus Lady" still remains the one notable exception to prove the rule, and that, it will be remembered, contains only one act bearing direct relation to the theater. "The Love Cure," in musical comedy, and "Your Humble Servant," with Otis Skinner, both seem to have fallen foul of this prejudice.

In the present season, "Miss Patsy" failed to break the spell, while Albert Chevalier, at the time of writing, is playing to pitifully small houses in "Daddy Dufard," a character-comedy by himself and Lechmere Worrall, which wholly concerns itself with the experiences of the mummerns. And very tedious, old-fashioned drama it is until the final act, when the star doubles as himself, appearing with his famous songs at a London music-hall, and as an old Frenchman desirous of seeing his daughter act in a sketch which a haughty favorite of the West End tries to secure for herself. This bit is very good indeed, but one has to pay high for it in sitting through the preceding hour and a half of twaddle.

An entertaining one-act piece could easily be contrived from the third act of "Daddy Dufard," which enables Chevalier to make some marvelous quick changes and to sing his famous "Mrs. 'Enery 'Awkins." For some reason he declined to oblige with "Old Dutch."

Chevalier's leading woman is little Violet Heming, the original creator of *Rebecca* in the Sunnybrook Farm play. Miss Heming has a charming personality and a childlike

face, which seem to fit in so happily with Mrs. Wiggin's heroine that I can only think of her growth in inches as a reason for depriving her of the part.

#### NEW YORK'S NOTABLE WEEK

New York has surely become a world-center when in one week the American metropolis can see the premières of two such notable works as Maeterlinck's "*Mary Magdalene*" and Puccini's opera, "*The Girl of the Golden West*." The first performances of these creations took place respectively at the New Theater on Monday, December 5, and at the Metropolitan Opera-House on Saturday, December 10.

The fly in the ointment is that the former did not fall to the regular New Theater stock company, but to Olga Nethersole, temperamentally unsuited to the rôle, but for that reason—such is the perversity of man, and of woman—all the more anxious to play it. The struggles of the New Theater organization with preparations for "*The Arrow-Maker*" opened a two-weeks' gap at the handsome playhouse, and Miss Nethersole moved in for that period, only to read the next day, in at least two of her notices, that it was too bad Edith Wynne Mathison could not have had the chief rôle in the Maeterlinck play.

As to the play itself, its interest holds up to a point in the last act, where the talk between the *Magdalene* and her Roman lover, *Verus*, becomes tedious, and the action lacks real climactic force. The Scriptures are followed closely in the way of quotations and the distribution of characters, but as the drama has been published there is no need to speak at length on this point.

What will most interest the reader is the question whether such a representation savors of sacrilege. Let me say at once that it does not. The Savior is seen only once, for an instant just before the final curtain, walking past the window on the way to Caiaphas. At other times only His voice is heard, delivering passages from the Sermon on the Mount, and coming from the midst of the throng about to stone the *Magdalene*, bidding the one without sin among them to cast the first stone. A good deal of liberty is taken with the Bible narrative in arranging the sequence of events; but this follows in all dramatizations.

The Liebler Company's production is a careful one—better, in fact, than the cast,

whose most adequate member is Arthur Forrest as *Silenus*, the Roman residing in Bethany, a neighbor of *Simon the Leper*. Miss Nethersole is hard as nails, and in some way appears to frighten Edward Mackay, the *Verus*, who is better at all other times than in his scenes with her. The voice of Charles B. Hanford (*Appius*) is too distinctively American for a Biblical environment. It constantly suggests comedy, and yet Mr. Hanford, in his time, has been no mean impersonator of Shakespearian heroes.

The musical accompaniment to the play met with practically universal condemnation. There was far too much of it, and it meant nothing. The demeanor of the audience was most interesting. There were no curtain-calls, but the attention of the people in front was riveted to the stage with a persistency that was the highest compliment to the performance.

In some respects, the presentation of "*La Fanciulla del West*"—to give Puccini's new opera its Italian title—at the Metropolitan was the most notable première New York has ever seen. It was the first time that the initial performance of a new opera by a leading foreign musician—indeed, in this case, by the foremost operatic composer of the day—had ever been given in America. The presence of Puccini himself added *éclat* to the occasion, and a further touch of interest came from his choice of an American theme.

Emmy Destinn sang the girl, Caruso the lover, and Amato the sheriff, and prices for seats were doubled, bringing the cost of an orchestra chair up to ten dollars. Such was the demand for seats that a repetition of the opera, at the same prices, was announced for the following Saturday night. There were few changes in the story from the original Belasco version, which Blanche Bates played for more than two seasons. Mr. Belasco assisted in the staging of the opera, and took calls with Puccini on the opening night. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout the evening, the house being decorated with intertwined Italian and American flags—a contrast, indeed, to Puccini's first introduction to New York in May, 1898, when a fly-by-night Italian opera company lamely gave performances of his "*Bohème*" and "*Manon Lescaut*" at Wallack's Theater.

The music of "*La Fanciulla del West*" is behind that of "*La Bohème*" and "*Ma-*

dama. Butterfly" in the qualities that make for wide popularity. It is almost wholly lacking in melody, the nearest approach being the final number in the opera, when *Minnie* and *Johnson*, the latter just freed from the rope, move off together among the redwood trees. Musically, this last act is the best of the three.

As a whole, the work is likely to live, for, oddly enough, while the score may not add to the composer's reputation, this new setting of the Belasco story enhances the effectiveness of the play itself, which now stands out on a high pinnacle of real dramatic worth. The reviewers were practically of one accord in viewing the opera from this standpoint. For instance, Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, remarked:

In truth, the elements out of which Mr. Puccini has endeavored to make an opera from Mr. Belasco's drama have failed him in his specifically musical task, the more characteristic they were of Mr. Belasco's own work.

Mr. Aldrich specially refers to the discovery of the bandit in the loft by the dripping of his blood on the sheriff's hand, and to the game of poker played for his life.

In its interpretation at the hands of the three principal performers—Emmy Desjann, Caruso, and Amato—"La Fanciulla" left nothing to be desired. The impression it will make with other casts, and also in the capitals of Europe, when it comes to be played there, is awaited with special interest. Meanwhile, the season at the Metropolitan is proving to be the most brilliant in New York's operatic annals. The premiere of Humperdinck's "*Königskinder*" is booked to follow that of Puccini's new work, an extra subscription series of ten Saturday nights is announced to start on February 11, and beginning on January 24 the Chicago Grand Opera Company, under the direction of Dippel, and with Campanini as conductor, will inaugurate ten Tuesday evening performances of French opera, to include "*Louise*" and "*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*." This organization will also present the first New York performance of Victor Herbert's grand opera, "*Natoma*," which will be sung in English.

#### THE PROPRIETY OF "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

The Manhattan Opera-House has fallen to vaudeville, after all. I suppose we should be grateful that it has not sunk to the moving-picture level. If Dame Fashion will not

permit her chief haunt to be divided into two camps, and grand opera is not possible for both Broadway and Thirty-Fourth Street, it seems a pity that Mr. Hammerstein should not have first tried high-class melodrama at popular prices in this big auditorium so singularly well adapted to it. "*The Whip*," which has been earning big dividends for the directors of Drury Lane, in London, ought to be just the thing for the Manhattan. True, "*The Sins of Society*" failed at the New York, because it deserved to; but "*The Fatal Card*" made money for all concerned, and so did "*The Sporting Duchess*."

However, I am not concerned just now with melodrama, but with Oscar Hammerstein's present ventures in lighter opera. He followed "*Hans, the Flute Player*"—now on tour—with "*Naughty Marietta*," presented in English at the New York Theater, once his own Olympia, with the chorus and orchestra from the Manhattan, with Mlle. Emma Trentini—famous as the talking doll in "*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*"—as star, and with Orville Harrold, the tenor whom Hammerstein discovered in vaudeville, chief in her support.

The music of "*Marietta*," delicious all the way through, is by Victor Herbert, and the book, with its scene in New Orleans under the French, by Rida Johnson Young, who gave us "*Brown of Harvard*." Its success was instantaneous and thoroughly deserved. Little Trentini is altogether charming in the name part, and her accent just suits the girl who runs away from the French convent, disguises herself as the son of the keeper of a marionette theater, and has difficulty in fastening the lid on her bubbling spirits no matter what her environment. Broader comedy is supplied by Harry Cooper and Kate Elinore.

Real comic opera is this "*Naughty Marietta*," perfectly proper notwithstanding the title, and with such a swift succession of pretty melodies in its score that it would not be fair to the others to single out any one for special mention.

Oscar Hammerstein went to London immediately after the launching of the piece, to superintend the building of his opera-house there. He left his American musical interests to be managed by his son Arthur, who is about to produce an opera under his own auspices, with a libretto by Edward Locke, author of "*The Climax*." To judge from the name of the new production—



"The Maestro's Masterpiece"—its subject must be somewhat akin to that of Mr. Locke's previous work.

#### GOOD PLAYS WITH POOR NAMES

The worst thing I can say of "The Aviator" is that its title may militate against its popularity, for the simple reason that the word is still so new to our vocabulary that a great many people are in doubt how to pronounce it. For the rest, this farcical comedy—which Cohan & Harris secured from a new writer, also an actor, James Montgomery—is an entertaining story about a young novelist who writes about air-ships, of whose actual workings he is profoundly ignorant. Through posing as an expert airman, he is forced to undertake a flight, and his fear of the consequences constitutes the fun of the piece, which is brought out in full measure by Wallace Eddinger, featured in the cast. The scene is laid in the Berkshires, and the third act ends with an actual rising of the hero in a real aeroplane. The plot is thin, but is punctured with laughs innumerable, as a successful farce must be.

Another play that might be more appealing with a different name is "The Impostor," the new vehicle with which Annie Russell returns to the Frohman forces as a star, with Charles Richman, her erstwhile leading man at the old Lyceum in "Miss Hobbs." The piece was written by Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton, and affords Miss Russell the best opportunity she has enjoyed in years.

The initial premises—which suppose that a married man, asked for assistance by a strange woman in the Strand, would give her money and invite her to his rooms at the Savoy for tea—are rather improbable; but once you accept them, the story grips your interest to the finish. Through the chance leaving open of a door, a friend of the man's stopping at the hotel sees the girl there. To save comment, he introduces her as his sister-in-law. Immediately thereafter he leaves for Paris; and when the girl returns to hunt for her purse and its solitary sixpence, she falls in with some tuft-hunting acquaintances of her rescuer, who insist that this rich banker's daughter—as they suppose her to be—shall stop with them in Queen's Gate, pending the recovery of her luggage and pocketbook. Badgered by their persistence, and haunted by the thought of her own penniless condition, she finally accepts, and remains there a

week, while she is hunting for an engagement to sing with a concert company.

The interest of the story deepens as the girl is obliged to skate over thin ice in order to keep up the deception, and again when her rescuer arrives and denounces her as an impostor. But the play is overburdened with talk. Many times the same thing is said twice over, and one comes away with the feeling that the piece isn't as good as it might have been made.

#### SWEETLY IDYLIC BUT SOMEWHAT DULL

"Pomander Walk" received an avalanche of enthusiastic comments from the critics. Such adjectives as "darling," "sweet," "fresh," "charming," "delightful," and "sunny" ran riot through the newspaper columns in describing this brand-new play by Louis N. Parker, co-author with Murray Carson of "Rosemary," in which John Drew and Maude Adams enchanted us something more than a dozen years ago.

And yet, while I can readily understand why the jaded reviewer, surfeited with farce, musical comedy, problem play, and melodrama, may have been charmed by something that belongs to none of these, I can no less readily see why the general public, the people who are expected to pay two dollars apiece for their seats, may not wax so extravagant in their praise. For all these pæans went for the atmosphere of the thing, and no matter how redolent of pleasant, old-time aromas this may be, your average playgoer cannot live on air.

When Louis N. Parker visited this country in 1897, just before his "Mayflower" was brought out at the old Lyceum, he wrote for the New York *Herald* his views on the difficulties of playwriting. Among other things he said:

Nothing is more impossible than the beginning of a play. Consider. Your audience has just come in out of the snow, or is sleepy from dinner. People are taking off their wraps, they are inattentive, unexpectant, and they would much rather be at home. Up goes the curtain, and you have to interest them at once—now, from the very start.

The difficulty of beginning is only equaled by that of going on. The author knows—sometimes—what he is aiming at, and what the end of the story is to be; but, in the mean while, he must invent episodes and incidents strong enough to carry the interest along, yet not so strong as to obscure the main thing. Why, it is absolutely maddening!

I have quoted Mr. Parker of thirteen years ago thus at length because the very things he says the playwright must do are just what he has, to my thinking, left undone in "Pomander Walk." He gives us the atmosphere of London in 1805 to perfection, but you can absorb atmosphere in a very short while, especially when the whole action takes place in a single set. Then you begin to wriggle in your seat—if you have paid two dollars for it—and ask for something more substantial.

The play is capitably acted by a cast of English actors practically unknown here, including Miss Dorothy Parker, daughter of the author. The setting is oddly picturesque—five practicable houses in a semi-circle, just off the Thames-side. What plot there is has no claim to freshness, being the love tale of a young navy lieutenant who wants to marry the girl he likes rather than the one of his father's choice, whose broad acres adjoin the paternal ones. Of course, he has his way in the end, as do several other women in the piece who are angling for husbands. In fact, this is the one novel idea in the piece—the women seem to be more interested in the men than the men are in the women.

#### "OLD HEIDELBERG" AT THE NEW THEATER

The union of atmosphere and interest is happily accomplished in "Old Heidelberg," revived by the New Theater for the holidays. I have never seen this famous German play of Wilhelm Meyer-Förster under more enjoyable conditions. Frank Gillmore, the new recruit to the stock forces, is altogether admirable as the unhappy *Prince Karl Heinrich*, forced to sit on an unwelcome throne after a brief taste of real life in the old university town. His youth and his blond hair fit him outwardly for the rôle, and his keen intelligence makes the contrast in the prince's two moods carry well over the footlights.

This was the play with which the Lyric was opened by the late Richard Mansfield, on October 12, 1903. It had been given the year before at the Princess by Aubrey Boucicault, but without the second act, the scene of the prince's advent in Heidelberg, really the life of the piece, which is presented in fine style at the New. In the Mansfield production, Grace Elliston—who is not playing this season—was the *Kathie*; but the part was perhaps best acted by Minnie Dupree in the Aubrey Boucicault ver-

sion, in which Robert Loraine had the comparatively unimportant character of *Count von Asterberg*. This, you see, was before "Man and Superman" made Mr. Loraine famous. In those days he could scarcely have foreseen that within eight years he would fly across the Irish Channel—a feat which he accomplished last autumn, landing in the sea just short of Howth Head, on the outskirts of Dublin.

To return to "Old Heidelberg" at the New Theater, Frank Gillmore is English by birth, but has acted most of his life on this side, having been another German prince last season with Elsie Ferguson in "Such a Little Queen." Jessie Busley makes an excellent *Kathie*, and Louis Calvert gets well into the skin of the old professor.

More and more is it borne in upon me that the company at the New Theater is an unusually excellent one. The performances in which its members participate are always far and away superior to those given when visiting organizations occupy the boards.

#### A FOUNTAIN OF MELODY

Again a musical piece has scored an instantaneous hit. This time it is only near-Viennese, one of the librettists being part author of "The Dollar Princess"; but the delightful music of "The Spring Maid" is the work of a Berliner, Heinrich Reinhardt. The fact that its most captivating number, "Day Dreams," is strongly reminiscent of "Dearie," only makes the air easier to whistle. But you do not have to wait for this song to find joy for the ear, as there are many other pleasing airs. Added to all this, there is a quaintly pretty story, founded on one of Grimm's fairy legends; and the action is interpreted by a thoroughly competent company, headed by Christie MacDonald as the star.

Miss MacDonald's is one of the most appealing personalities in comic-operaland, having less of the grease paint and more of the freshness of real nature in it than one is wont to find back of the footlights. She is from Nova Scotia, and I remember her first as a member of Francis Wilson's company when Lulu Glaser was his leading woman. Last winter she supported Andrew Mack in "The Prince of Bohemia," which ought to have pleased, but failed to attract the kind of people who would have liked it.

Tom McNaughton, recruited from vaudeville, furnishes fun in good measure to "The

Spring Maid" as an English tragedian engaged to be master of the revels at the annual fête celebrating the discovery of the Carlsbad spring. William Burress is another comedian who gives a good account of himself. The operetta is mounted in excellent taste, with green as the prevailing shade for both costumes and scenery, all four sets being out-of-doors.

The title of the piece—a translation of its German name, "Die Sprüdelsee"—does not refer to a season of the year, but to a dispenser of the waters at the Carlsbad cure. A word of praise must go to the deviser of the program at the Liberty, which tells you who's who in neatly novel fashion.

#### VAUDEVILLE'S RECRUITING GROUND

Vaudeville is something more than a cheaper-priced entertainment for the "tired business man" and the woman who is always ready for the theater. It is frequently the refuge of the unlucky star who cannot find a suitable play—a sort of make-shift "pot-boiler," as it were, to pay for the rent of a flat and for the children's schooling while the hunt for the real thing in the legitimate goes on.

After the collapse of "The Penalty," Hilda Spong tided herself over in vaudeville with "Bridge," and Maclyn Arbuckle, who was made far from "Welcome to Our City" in the comedy of that name, has found much favor with "The Welcher," a one-act play by Robert H. Davis. It is a delicate affair for a fat man to act, containing scarcely any plot, but with a big surprise which it would not be fair to future audiences to reveal here. The three characters are a gambler, who has just made his first big winning; an English butler; and the gambler's niece. The skit is packed full of the slang phrases for which one looks from both Mr. Davis and Mr. Arbuckle, and possesses besides a clever admixture of comedy and pathos.

Another star of the legitimate with a hit in vaudeville is Frank Keenan, who came down from "The Heights" of last season—which lasted only a week in town—to "The Oath," a playlet by Seumas MacManus. And if William Collier's newest farce, by himself and Edgar Selwyn, shows signs of weakening at the box-office, he need not go farther than its first act for a suitable vehicle with which to carry himself into the two-a-day. Indeed, it was originally played in this form, at a Lambs' Gambol—

the source from which, by the by, came "The Witching Hour."

But it would be a pity to lose the other two acts of "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," if for no other reason than because we should lose with them Mr. Collier's sister, Helena Collier Garrick, and his adopted child, William Collier, Jr., son of Paula Marr, Mr. Collier's present wife and leading woman. Helena Garrick plays farce with that whole-souled seriousness which is half the fun, and "Little Willie" fails to make the stage-child the thing of either sentimental mush or revolting deceit that it usually is.

As to the farce itself, it reminds one of a music-hall entertainment, in that one could drop in at almost any time and find matter for enjoyment. Each act is practically complete in itself, and Collierisms insure about an equal number of laughs in all three. And this much I may add in its favor—you may like it even if you are not an ardent Collierite, which is more than could be said for his "Lucky Star" of last year.

#### GOOD VALUE IN SHAKESPEARE

Theater-goers owe much to E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe. Not only do they give us Shakespeare in splendid style, but by starring jointly they permit us to see two notable players for the one price of admission. This season, they have gone a step farther. During their four weeks' engagement at the Broadway Theater they voluntarily reduced the cost of the best orchestra chair from two dollars to a dollar and a half—the uniform New York price during the sixties and early seventies.

They opened their engagement with a production of "Macbeth" which elicited unstinted praise, both for the magnificence of the presentation itself and for the good acting of Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe. Even so conservative a critic as Mr. Towse, of the New York *Evening Post*, remarked on Christmas Eve:

Their visit has been extraordinarily prosperous. It is declared that during the past three weeks they have done the biggest Shakespearian business ever known on Broadway, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion, for the theater has been full at every representation. Such a result gives pleasant assurance of the sanity of a large body of playgoers, and is full of encouragement for the future of the higher poetical drama.

In spite of the success of "Macbeth," the stars shirked not the labor of setting

before the public varied offerings from the bard, and in their final week presented no fewer than seven different plays—"Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "Macbeth."

#### A JONES PLAY AND A PINERO REVIVAL

Except for a military affair at a London music-hall, Henry Arthur Jones had not been represented by any new work in either England or America for some two years when "We Can't Be As Bad As All That" was shown for the first time anywhere, on December 30, at the Nazimova Theater, in New York. The new Jones play is full of disagreeable people busily engaged in getting off clever speeches which such folk in real life would be too stupid to think up. The plot is slow in beginning, though, once it starts, the story holds you.

But the piece belongs to an era of drama that seems to be over, at least in this country. We have grown tired of the everlasting English house-party where the men are always making love to other men's wives, while the women lose more than they can afford at bridge. Well constructed and well played as "We Can't Be As Bad As All That" is, I doubt if it makes much of a dent on the season's record.

Katharine Kaelred—the first *Vampire* in "A Fool There Was"—acted the once erring but now reformed *Mrs. Engaine* with excellent judgment, and Nye Chart, an English leading man expressly imported, proved well worth bringing over. Comedy relief to the general gloom was neatly supplied by Kate Phillips as a gossiping dowager of sixty-seven, and by William Hawtrey as a culture fattening on shady reputations.

Ethel Barrymore is delightful in the name part of "Trelawny of the Wells," Pinero's famous comedietta of the sixties. She is a type of no very deep convictions, and as such Miss Barrymore portrays her to perfection. Two from the famous original cast of the play's first production—which took place under Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum on Fourth Avenue, on November 22, 1898—are in Miss Barrymore's present efficient support. These two are Charles Walcot as *Sir William Gower*, and George C. Boniface as *James Telfer*—each in his old part.

Of the other members of the cast of twelve years ago, Mary Mannering, the

*Rose*, is now starring on tour in "A Man's World"; Edward J. Morgan, the *Tom Wrench*, has been dead for some years; Elizabeth Tyree, the *Avonia Bunn*—the part now falls to Louise Drew—left the stage when she became Mrs. James S. Metcalfe; Hilda Spong, the *Imogen Parrott*—now done by Constance Collier—is for the moment in vaudeville; and Henry Woodruff, *Rose's* lover, *Arthur Gower*—at present in the capable hands of Eugene O'Brien—is disporting himself in Chicago musical comedy.

#### THE FRENCH HOODOO

In looking over my forecast for the present season, published in the August *MUNSEY*, I note that after referring to the large number of plays Charles Frohman had secured from the French, I added that I should not be surprised to see him moving on Germany for 1911-1912. It looks now as if he were likely to do this, not merely because the Paris playwrights dislike to see all their works tied up with options to an American manager who might never produce them.

Mr. Frohman has been almost consistently unfortunate with his Gallic importations this season. "A Thief in the Night" stole audiences away from Marie Tempest; "The Scandal" sent Otis Skinner scurrying back to "Raffles"; Mrs. Patrick Campbell found the titular adjective peculiarly applicable to "The Foolish Virgin"; neither New York nor London appreciated the cleverness of "Decorating Clementine"; and quite the most footless play of the whole season is "Suzanne," with which poor Billie Burke has been saddled.

Miss Burke has a large following, particularly among society folk, which may give the absurd comedy of Belgian life some sort of vogue in New York, but the notices were consistently bad. I have not suffered so much at the theater in years as in sitting through this banal series of happenings in the lives of a brewer's family in Brussels. The difference in accent between Parisian and Belgian French, and the contest for the presidency of a brewers' convention, were factors which of course went for nothing with an Anglo-Saxon audience. Mean time Otis Skinner must be trembling in his shoes as to the fate that awaits "Sire" when it is submitted to the Broadway test.

Matthew White, Jr.



# THE UNKNOWN

BY E. M. JAMESON

AUTHOR OF "THE PENDLETONS," ETC.

**B**RODRICK walked slowly along the pavement in the direction of his club. He had the street to himself, the only other inhabitant being a black cat, which came up in leisurely fashion from an area and sauntered languidly, with trailing tail, down the sidewalk.

Brodrick's thoughts were busy with a letter that he had received the week before from his distant cousin Christine. She had only just returned from her wedding-trip. She wrote:

We are utterly and entirely happy; or rather we were, until, on our arrival home, we found that the two girls had flown. They might have waited a little to make my acquaintance before taking the law into their own hands. I suppose they picture me the typical wicked stepmother of the story-books, when all the time I meant to be so nice to them.

I realized, of course, that theirs was a difficult position—almost as difficult as mine. I have quite a guilty feeling; for, indirectly, it is my fault for marrying their father. He is simply wretched. From what he has told me and you, too, Lucia must be far too lovely to be at large by herself, or what is to all intents and purposes by herself, for Dolly is only twelve.

John is very proud of Lucia and—I say it with bated breath—she must have become a good deal spoiled. Without flattering myself, I do wish she and I could have met before I married her father. Girls usually like me. But now—

A picture of Christine's gay, pretty face rose in Brodrick's mind as he went on:

—Now we have just to possess our souls in patience until Lucia repents, or is found, or starved out. We have applied to all the relatives, but to no purpose, and so far John refuses most emphatically to place the matter in the hands of detectives. We can make no plans, settle to nothing.

They may be in town. John has been up two or three times, but all to no purpose. Keep a lookout for them when your affairs take you to town. There's just the remotest possibility that you might meet them.

Brodrick shrugged his shoulders. He had already been a week in London, and every day he had obeyed Christine's instructions. Once, indeed, in a crowded thoroughfare, he had sighted a girl who resembled Lucia so closely that he had followed at a discreet distance, only to find, when she turned to enter a shop, that she was not even remotely like Lucia in features or expression.

The wind blew keenly as he passed along the deserted street. From a sky that was gray and lowering a few belated snow-flakes fluttered to his sleeve. It was hard on Christine at the outset of her married life, and it was hard, too, on Lucia.

Then, quite suddenly, the unexpected happened. He turned the corner of the street and saw, coming toward him in the distance, the two people whom, of all others, he least expected to meet.

For a moment he stared in amazement, stopping short with an exclamation, and then quickening his pace, he went toward them. As soon as they caught sight of him they turned hurriedly down a side street, with the evident intention of avoiding him. Brodrick noticed that Dolly went reluctantly, as if desiring recognition, but Lucia just as palpably urged her on. He laughed under his breath for sheer pleasure in his find, and gave chase.

He soon overtook them.

"Why in the world are you ignoring me in this fashion?" he demanded. "You saw me of course—that was evident; what have I done, pray?"

Lucia frowned a little under the brim of her wide hat. She was more delightfully pretty than ever, Brodrick decided, as he met the soft brown eyes. As his cousin said, she was far too lovely to be going about town accompanied only by Dolly. He refused to be snubbed by a chit of eighteen, however good-looking.

"It is the most enchanting surprise to run up against you in this unexpected way,"



he said, determining to keep to himself all knowledge of their affairs and of his distant cousinship with Christine. "Now that we have met, what shall we do with ourselves?"

"We are going home," said Lucia, still unsmiling.

"We are going back to our lodgings," corrected Dolly in an aggrieved voice. "Horrid, stuffy little hole!"

She darted a half repentant glance at her sister, and Lucia frowned again, turning to Brodrick.

"I'm afraid we must be going," she said, with an air of coldness that sat oddly on the charming face which seemed made only for smiles.

"I'll walk back with you," he replied, determined to break down the wall of her reserve; "and then we can fix our plans. I shall be free of lawyers to-day, and at leisure to take you out to luncheon or dinner. Of course, Dolly ought not to come, but for this once or twice a point might be stretched in her favor."

Dolly hugged his arm in the old friendly fashion.

"How heavenly!" she exclaimed, as Lucia kept silence. "We are *so* dull; we lie awake at night and long and long for home. We even cry sometimes—at least," she added, with a glance at Lucia, "I do."

Even Lucia had unbent momentarily at the thought of the proffered entertainment. Now she recollected her rôle and frowned upon the younger girl's indiscretion.

"Your father up with you?" inquired Brodrick carelessly, to bridge over an awkward silence.

Lucia shook her head.

"No," she said in a low tone. "I suppose he is at home again now. He—he was abroad for some time."

Brodrick tapped his stick meditatively upon the pavement. He did not want her to suspect how much he knew.

"So I heard from Sladen the other day."

Lucia's eyes were downcast; a swift color flooded her face, then ebbed away again.

"You may have heard that he—that he—has married again? He—he—it took place abroad."

Brodrick nodded. A snow-flake fluttered against Lucia's face and hung for an instant on her lashes. The wind blew a lock of bright hair against the soft, rounded contour of her cheek.

"Under the circumstances, we could not, of course, remain at home," she went on

presently, her eyes going momentarily from the pavement to his face.

"Ah! You do not like her?"

Lucia's face showed some embarrassment.

"I do not know her. What is more, I have no intention of knowing her."

"Perhaps you would like her."

"Please don't talk nonsense," said Lucia severely. "How in the world could I *possibly* like her?"

Brodrick changed the subject.

"You have come to relatives in town, of course?"

Lucia colored. The black cat was sauntering toward them, stepping daintily amid the snow-flakes. Dolly dropped her hold of Brodrick's arm to make overtures to her.

"N-no," Lucia replied hesitatingly, as he waited. "We have no relatives at present in town. We are in rooms, alone."

"You don't mean to tell me that you two ch—" He checked himself before making the unforgivable slip. "That you two are in lodgings quite on your own?"

Lucia's chin went up to a defiant angle. "And why not, pray? How ridiculously antiquated you are in your ideas! It's quite usual nowadays. You seem to forget that I am grown up."

Brodrick wanted to administer a scolding.

"And such horrid lodgings!" interposed Dolly. "So different from the ones father used to take us to! These are so stuffy and dirty, and Mrs. Pride gets quite angry when we open the window. And the grate smokes until we are half choked."

"Why stay there?" inquired Brodrick.

"Dolly is absurd," said Lucia impatiently. "She imagines that every place must be as clean and quiet as the country. The rooms are extremely convenient. We chose them ourselves, with our eyes open."

"Where are you putting up, by the way?" Brodrick, dying to know, took out his pocketbook. "We will have a jaunt or two. I'll call for you to-morrow."

"It's—" began Dolly, her eyes dancing, when Lucia interposed.

"To be quite candid," she said, maintaining her absurd air of dignity, "we don't want you to know where we are staying, so please don't try to find out."

A gleam—whether of anger or amusement, she could not quite fathom—came into Brodrick's eyes. He snapped the note-book and returned it to his pocket.

"I am not likely to force myself where I am not wanted," he said with assumed stiff-

ness. "Then I am to understand that you don't care to come anywhere with me?"

Dolly gave utterance to a gasp of disappointment, while in Lucia's eyes dawned a look of indescribable longing. She glanced about her, then up into Brodrick's impassive face.

"If you won't try to find out where we live," she said, to Dolly's infinite relief, "we will come with pleasure. It's very good of you to ask us. You see, you might tell father, if you knew."

Brodrick assumed an air of horrified surprise.

"Haven't you told him where you are? Surely, yes?"

Lucia shook her head and had the grace to blush.

"I sent him a note to say we are well, and—and happy, and that he was not to expect us back, *ever*."

"But how on earth are you managing?"

Lucia chilled again.

"About money, I suppose you mean? I have plenty for the present. My allowance had just come in. Later on, I mean to get something to do."

He could have laughed aloud at the sheer absurdity of it all; to look at her, in her costly furs, with her fastidious little air of wealth and good breeding. Work! She did not know the meaning of the word.

Dolly broke in impatiently.

"Lucia, can't we go to-morrow? Think of a *real* dinner after Mrs. Pride's messy things!" Dolly was something of a gormand. "And perhaps," she went on, "an ice to finish up with!"

"As many ices as you like, of course," agreed her prospective host, with a hospitable smile.

Even Lucia's expression relaxed; she was by no means beyond the ice age.

"Tell us where to meet you," she remarked, maintaining her point. "Then, if you should be asked, you can say quite honestly that you do not know where we live—not, of course, that they would dream of your knowing."

"The last thing that would occur to them," agreed Brodrick with an alacrity which might have shown a more suspicious person than Lucia that he was plotting plots.

At parting, Lucia held out her hand, a smile curving her lips.

"It really is nice to have met you," she said, a little wistfully. "Naturally, we miss home very much. If father had only

thought of what he was doing, he could hardly have made such a silly mistake!"

Dolly's farewell to Brodrick was equally characteristic.

"It's like some stupid game of hide-and-seek," she remarked scornfully. Much as she adored Lucia, she considered her caution excessive. "Mind you revolve three times when we go, and shut your eyes until we reach the corner of the street. How I wish to-morrow were here—now, this very minute! Don't look round."

Brodrick obeyed orders. He let a moment elapse, then went across to a cab-rank near. There he singled out a ramshackle growler, whose jehu, immersed in many wrappings, was apparently sunk in slumber on the box. At Brodrick's approach, however, an alert eye opened in the jovial red face. He took the man into his confidence, knowing that if Lucia discovered his perfidy all would be at an end between them, and he desired to stand well in her good graces.

"It is of the utmost importance that I should find out where those two young ladies live," he said hurriedly, preparing to bury himself in the cab's dark recesses. "They are relatives of mine, and they have run away from home."

The cabman nodded. He did not believe a word of it; but he was quite willing to embark upon a little mild detective work.

"Bless you, sir, many's the time I've done this sort of thing before!"

Sitting more squarely on the box, he shook the reins and started.

Brodrick felt half inclined to be angry, but laughed instead, craning his head out of the window as they turned the corner. Yes, there they were—Lucia walking erectly in her slender, graceful way, and Dolly's long legs trying to restrain their stride.

"It is my manifest duty to keep an eye on them," said Brodrick firmly, wondering whether he ought to feel ashamed of himself for tracking them. "After all, Corbett is in no end of a taking about them, and it's hard lines on Christine. Too bad of Lucia!"

Yet, as the latter's face rose before him, he weakly made allowances. Perhaps it was rather a shock to be presented unexpectedly with a stepmother, even such a desirable one as Christine.

The four-wheeler jolted along at a modest speed down side streets that grew less and less fashionable, until the driver slowed to a snail's pace. The two girls were mount-

ing the steps of a shabby house, whose curtains were grimy and hanging awry. Before Brodrick's mind rose a picture of the manor with its serene, old-world air. The door opened and closed again. Brodrick discreetly put out his head to ascertain the number—37.

Together with the name of the street, he jotted it down as the four-wheeler passed on. At the corner he dismissed the cab, and, walking on a little farther, paused before a post-office.

"Shall I wire to them, or shall I not?" he cogitated. "How disgusted Lucia would be if she knew Christine was my cousin!"

He pondered a moment longer, then hailed a passing taxicab and went on to his club.

## II

"I DON'T want to preach," said Brodrick, a day or two later, when he had Lucia to himself for a few minutes, "but honestly, I think you must let them know your whereabouts. Can't you realize how frightfully hard it is on your father, one of the best and kindest chaps in existence, and simply devoted to you?"

Lucia's eyes clouded, and the obstinate set of her lips grew more decided.

"He ought to have been content with us. You don't seem to see how hard it is on *me*!"

"I quite see that you are in a difficult position," Brodrick agreed; "but you have made it fifty times more difficult by your jealousy."

Lucia started and turned amazed brown eyes upon him. She was not accustomed to such plain speaking.

"*Jealousy*? It is nothing of the kind. How can you misunderstand me in this way?"

Her lips quivered. She was on the verge of tears. Brodrick wanted to take her in his arms, to tell her what he felt for her; but he refrained. The time was not yet. With all his love for her—and he had cared for her ever since the house-party at the manor nearly a year ago—he was by no means blind to her failings.

"You have a thousand and one good qualities," he went on, mingling the sweet with the bitter, "and it astonishes me that you can be so hard."

"*Hard!*" Lucia gave a little gasp.

"*Hard.*" Brodrick's ugly, kind young

face was full of determination. "You don't seem to care in the least what you are making your father suffer."

"Had he any thought for me?"

"A man has a right to his own happiness. Why should he not marry again if he chooses? She is charming."

"How do you know?"

Lucia's eyes were full of suspicion.

"I have heard so." They were walking in the park. Dolly had run on toward a piece of frozen water. Brodrick leaned a little closer and suddenly possessed himself of Lucia's hand. "Promise me you'll write, Lucia!"

Lucia's slender fingers quivered for a moment in his own. She hesitated. Then she shook her head, walking on in a tumult of feeling that she could not understand.

"I can't," she said presently. "It is quite impossible. Please call Dolly. We must get back!"

Brodrick dropped her hand and walked away in Dolly's direction. As she watched him, many feelings contended in Lucia for the mastery—anger and wounded pride and love. With a mist before her eyes, she thrust love away, until only anger and hurt pride remained.

## III

"It was bad enough before he came," Dolly coughed in the mingled atmosphere of fog and smoke, "but now that he has gone it seems much worse. He's quite the nicest man in the world, next to father, isn't he?"

"He has his good points," agreed Lucia grudgingly, while all the time her heart said "quite the dearest and best in the world."

Kneeling on the hearth-rug, she blackened her pretty hands in an endeavor to coax the sullen coals into life. The smoke, puffing out, brought sudden tears to her eyes; or perhaps it was not the smoke. Several moments elapsed before she turned round.

"I wish you hadn't asked to come with me," she said slowly. "Now, of course, it's quite impossible for *me* to go back. I've burned my boats too completely. But if you would like to go home, I—I—sha'n't much mind. I'll see you off and just disappear again."

Dolly pressed her forehead against the window-pane. Its icy coldness soothed the throbbing of her head.

"If you don't go," she said hoarsely, "I can't either. I believe I'd just *die* without you, Lucia! But sometimes it worries me"—she choked a little—"to think of father. We've been *beasts* to him, and he's such a dear! He must be miserable, too."

"Miserable! Hasn't he got *her*?" Lucia's voice held a jealous note. "He can't have us as well. He ought to have remembered before he married her. She shall never domineer over *me*!"

Lucia's heart felt sore and bruised. She, too, missed Brodrick indescribably. He had been so kind, in spite of his disapproval. She had imagined now and then—had hoped—she did not quite know what she had hoped; but there had been a look in his eyes, as he said good-by, that caused her pulses to thrill in a wholly unaccountable way. But he had held out no promise of return; there had been, in fact, a finality about his farewell that dismayed her. It was just possible that he might go abroad.

Last year he had been one of a big house-party at the manor. A lump rose in Lucia's throat at the memory of the beautiful old hall with its huge fire of logs. This year— She poked the smoldering coals impatiently, and the newly kindled wood died out, sending a puff of acrid smoke in her face.

It was the straw too much. She collapsed on the hearth-rug, her head on the seat of the shabby leather chair. Dolly, at the window, did not notice.

"A cab drawing up here!" she said. During the last day or two her voice had grown hoarse and strained. "Positively some one to take Mrs. Pride's other rooms. Won't she be glad? She told me some one had written. There's not much luggage—one trunk, and a hat-box, and a hamper, and a bundle of rugs. She's getting out. She's quite young and pretty, and her things look well made. She's tall, Lucia; her hair is dark, and her face is of the pale kind. Come and peep at her. She looks too nice for Mrs. Pride's."

Lucia rose. The fire had suddenly taken a new lease of life; a wavering blaze showed beneath the coals. Existence was now so monotonous that even the arrival of a probable fellow lodger served as a diversion.

The new arrival, turning to enter the house, looked up at the two heads so close together in the window. Lucia drew back, half annoyed at having been discovered;

but Dolly, unabashed, continued to gaze until the cab had driven away and the street had resumed its customary air. She coughed as she turned from the window, and the sound was followed by a sharp exclamation as quickly suppressed.

"What is it?" asked Lucia.

"It hurts a little when I cough," owned Dolly reluctantly. "I do wish this stupid cold would go!"

"It will in a day or two," said Lucia consolingly. She had never come in contact with illness of any kind. "You must keep indoors until it gets better. I *must* go out. There's a prospect of music pupils, and funds are getting low."

Much to her surprise, Dolly agreed without demur. Truth to tell, she felt far worse than she owned to feeling; but she did not want to add to Lucia's anxieties. All her life things had been made smooth for Lucia, and Dolly was only following in the footsteps of the household.

#### IV

HALF an hour later, when the door closed upon the elder girl, Dolly curled herself up in the big leather chair, cried softly to herself for a while, and then went to sleep.

The fire sulked and died out again. A knock came presently on the sitting-room door, and some one entered and looked down at the sleeper's tear-stained face. Christine loved children. Her eyes grew concerned. It was palpable that Dolly was ill. Her sleep was restless, and she moaned a little under her breath.

The visitor inserted the poker in the fire. The room was bitterly cold. Dolly sat up, putting her hair from her eyes. The pain in her chest was more acute. She apologized to the visitor in a breathless kind of way, recognizing her as the recent arrival.

Christine smiled.

"I came across to ask if you could lend me a little ink," she said, her charming face showing none of the anxiety she felt. "You see, I want to get a letter ready for the post, and I have been too lazy to unpack my trunk."

She had not removed her hat—such a pretty one, Dolly thought, with rose-colored wings that became the wearer's dark beauty to perfection.

"We have plenty of ink," said Dolly politely, in her strained, hoarse voice. "I'll get it for you. Can we spare it? Oh, yes,



Lucia doesn't write many letters, and I write none at all."

She came back with the heavy glass ink-stand in her hand, and as she gave it to the visitor she shivered violently.

"You have a bad cold," said Christine quickly, "and the fire has died out. I wish"—she hesitated at the door—"I wish you would come and have tea with me. My fire is quite good, and I have brought a big home-made cake with me. Won't you help me to eat it? Do! I just hate having tea alone."

Dolly looked round at the little, ugly, unhomelike room, and hesitated.

"I don't think Lucia would mind," she said slowly. "I was going to wait for her, and she won't be back for a long time."

"Then come!"

She took Dolly by the hand and drew her into the room across the hall. Some people quickly make an atmosphere of comfort round them, and Christine was one of these. A fire blazed hotly in the grate; the table was spread with a dainty laced-edged cloth, on which even Mrs. Pride's florid tea-things looked bearable, while in the center was a big cake of most tempting brownness.

Dolly knelt down before the fire, and held her hands shiveringly to the warmth. She was thin, Christine thought, tracing a likeness to the man she herself loved, and undoubtedly on the way to a severe illness. Christine made tea, and placed Dolly at the side of the table near the fire, cutting for her a slice of home-made cake, while Dolly watched in drowsy contentment.

There was a coziness about Christine that seemed to make the pain in her chest less acute. Dolly was not the least hungry, but she crumbled a small piece of cake and looked from it to Christine's face.

"It is almost exactly the kind cook makes at home," she said rather wistfully. "It tastes just the same—"

Then, suddenly, she burst into tears, sobbing shamefacedly in a weak, hopeless way that brought a throb to Christine's throat and a mist before her eyes. A swift anger against Lucia rose up in her. She stroked Dolly's downcast head and drew her to the couch.

"You are to lie there for a while, dear. Ashamed? Why should you be? I've cried myself when I've felt ill."

She bent over, skilfully tucking in the traveling-rug, and presently Dolly fell into a troubled sleep, while Christine, setting the door a little ajar, watched for Lucia.

Lucia came presently. Christine heard her go into the opposite sitting-room, and then, finding no one there, she emerged again to mount the stairs. Christine intercepted her in the hall, and she looked so cold and dispirited that the elder woman's anger was dispelled.

"Your sister is in my room," she said very quietly. "You must forgive me for persuading her to have tea with me. You see, the fire in your room had gone out, and it is bitterly cold. The child seems to be ill."

For a moment Lucia drew herself up haughtily; then, at the last words, her expression changed. She looked into the dark recesses of her own room, and then to the warm glow of the firelight coming from the other side of the hall.

"It is most kind of you to trouble," she said, a fragment of hauteur still clinging to her voice and air. "Mrs. Pride's fires never seem to burn. My sister has a slight cold."

Christine's lips took a closer set; then something in the youth and beauty and inexperience of the speaker disarmed her.

"Won't you come in and look at her?" she suggested impulsively. "She is asleep."

Lucia hesitated, but followed the other into the pleasant room. She suddenly felt very tired and dispirited.

"How cozy you look here," she said involuntarily, lowering her voice at the sight of Dolly, "and how kind of you to have her in here!"

"You *will* have some tea?" pleaded Christine. Lucia was more unapproachable by far than Dolly. "I brought a cake with me, and some one must help me to dispose of it. Do take off your coat; it is quite damp."

Tired out, Lucia submitted. She accepted a cup of freshly made tea and a slice of cake, making the same comment.

"It is so like a favorite cake cook gives us at home," she said, and Christine's quick ear noted a wavering sound in her voice; "even to the way the candied cherries are put on the top." She finished her tea hastily, and rose. "Thank you so much," she said. "Shall we wake Dolly? You must want to get rid of her."



"Let her stay a little longer." Christine wondered how she should best offer advice to the speaker. "You won't think me very officious if I say that she ought not to sleep in a room without a fire?"

Lucia colored.

"That is quite impossible."

"She is far worse than you suppose," went on Christine. "I have had a great deal of experience in illness, and I assure you—"

"I will get her to bed," said Lucia, with an abruptness that made the other long to shake her. "She will be all right in the morning. It is very good of you, but please don't be anxious; there's not the slightest need. Wake up, Dolly! You must come to bed. I'll help you."

She turned at the door and held out her hand, the obstinacy of her actions mitigated by a very charming smile.

"Thank you again a thousand times. I hope we shall see you soon. Perhaps you will have tea with us to-morrow?"

Dolly turned, and, putting up her face, kissed her new friend. She seemed only half awake as she mounted the stairs.

Christine went back to the fire. She spent the evening in writing letters and in unpacking. In her own bedroom a fire was cheerfully alight. It was the best room in the house, large and tolerably well furnished.

She stayed up late, making no attempt to prepare for bed. She was afraid for Dolly. Suppose, after the joy of finding them, she might have to go back to John without Dolly! Apprehension made her restless. She listened, imagining that she heard sounds from the room at the end of the passage.

It was a little after midnight that a knock came. Lucia, in a pink dressing-gown and slippers, her eyes drowsy with sleep, stood outside. She looked half frightened, half reluctant to intrude. Her face cleared as she saw that Christine was still fully dressed.

"Please forgive me for disturbing you," she said, "but you were so kind that I thought I might. Dolly is ill. She looks very strange, as if she did not know me. Perhaps you could advise me what to do."

Christine came forward, her pretty, pale face full of concern.

"May I see her?"

"Please come."

"She must be moved into my room, be-

cause of the fire." Christine took affairs into her own hands. "I can carry her, I think. She's not very heavy."

Lucia made her last protest. "No, no! I could not think of—"

Christine suddenly took her by the shoulders and looked into the obstinate, lovely little face.

"My dear child, do you want your sister to die? Don't think me unkind, but you are really so ruthlessly blind to her state that I must be forcible. Just because I am a stranger from whom you dislike accepting favors, you will risk the child's life. You know nothing about illness, that is evident."

"Nothing." Lucia yielded meekly under the other's anger. "It is very good of you. It was only—"

## V

CHRISTINE and the doctor and a trained nurse had a hard fight for Dolly. Night and day they kept incessant watch over her, while Lucia, in an agony of remorse, wandered about the house, reading their faces at intervals, and sometimes not daring to question them for fear of what they might reply.

All her pride gone, she hung upon Christine's every glance.

"You had better send for your father," said the latter, on the following day. "He ought to be here in case—"

Lucia caught at the words, her eyes wide with fear.

"You don't think—you don't mean that Dolly—"

Christine, with tears in her eyes, bent and kissed the girl.

"Dear, I don't know, but at least he ought to come. He won't be angry with you."

"He ought to be, if he isn't," said Lucia. "It's all my fault, and he can be very stern in a silent sort of way. You don't know him! But it isn't his anger I mind—I deserve that. It's what I shall have to tell him of Dolly. Suppose—" She caught her breath in a sob, holding on tightly to Christine's hand.

"Please God she won't," said the latter. "We must hope for the best!"

It was Lucia who telegraphed to John Corbett, and Lucia who met him at the door and flung herself into his arms, full of a penitence beyond words.

"I only pray that we may not have to

go home without Dolly," he said, and this was his sole reproach.

For the next few days they kept together with an awful fear knocking at their hearts. They were not allowed into the sick-room. There was nothing to do but wait and wait and wait through interminable hours that seemed like centuries.

One day, when the crisis was over, and Dolly on the high road to recovery, Brodrick called.

He found Lucia alone. About her was none of the pride he remembered, but a lovely pallor and a sweetness new in his knowledge of her. She felt no surprise at seeing him, imagining that her father had told him of their whereabouts.

"We are going home next week," she said presently. "*Home!* Think of it! I'm too happy for words."

"Then, after all, you like Christine?" asked Brodrick incautiously.

Lucia knitted her brows.

"Christine?"

"Your father's wife. Surely—perhaps I ought not—"

"Christine?" Lucia repeated, a puzzled look in her eyes. Then, as the truth burst upon her, she suddenly sprang to her feet and faced him.

"Oh, what a *fool* I've been! She—she *can't* be the stepmother we dreaded! It's impossible! She has been a perfect *angel* to us! And I never knew—never guessed—I even—" She uttered a sound that was half laugh, half sob. "I even *insisted* that father should ask her down to the manor for Christmas; and all the time he and she kept the secret until I'd grown to love her for her goodness to both of us. Dolly would have died without her. There's something about her you simply can't help adoring!"

She walked over to the window, but the next moment she was beside him again.

"How do you suppose she found us out? Was it a coincidence?"

Brodrick looked down into the brown eyes that were soft and misty with feeling.

"It was not a coincidence," he said slowly, wondering how far he was damaging his own cause by the admission.

"Then who—" began Lucia perplexedly.

"I gave you away," said Brodrick deliberately.

"But you did not know?"

"I followed you that day and sent word to your father. It was Christine's idea to come up and try to make friends with you before you knew who she was. I guessed you would like Christine, but I did not dare to say I knew her. She's my cousin in a distant degree. And now, I suppose you are so angry with me that you'll tell me to go!"

"Angry?" Lucia half put out an impulsive hand, as if fearing he meant to act upon his own suggestion. "How *could* I be angry?" She colored softly as his fingers closed upon her own. "Angry! The only wonder is that you don't despise me. There's father, just the same to me; there's Dolly; there's Christine, a perfect angel!" She broke off for an instant. "And now, there's you!"

Brodrick drew a degree nearer. His rugged face was more eloquent than he knew.

"Yes, there's me!" He became recklessly ungrammatical under stress of feeling. "There's certainly me." He held both her hands now. "Lucia, tell me, do I count for anything in your life? You have them all round you now, and you may not want *me*. Do you think, in time, you could care a little? I'll wait until you are quite sure of your own mind."

There was silence for a moment; then, as his arms went round her, she lifted an April face to his.

"I know my mind now," she said with a happy certainty that swept aside all doubts. "I've known it for quite a long time—ever since you scolded me that day in the park. Do you remember?"

#### A LETTER

I HAD a letter from a friend to-day;  
There wasn't much in what he had to say—  
Only a word or two of praise,  
Only a backward glance at other days,  
Only a hope to meet again. Ah, dear,  
Thou art so far, and yet thou art so near!

Emily E. Sloan

# STORIETTES

## Father and Son

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

"WHAT is the matter? I knew all through dinner that something was bothering you."

Miller and his wife were in the library, and from the adjoining room came the chatter of their two children.

"Probably it will prove to be nothing. Dortch came to the office to-day, and told me that when he drove by our place yesterday he noticed Hannah in the yard. He said she cooked for them last year, and they found out that she was a regular nicotine fiend—that she stole his cigars, taught his boy to smoke, and raised the mischief generally."

"Oh, I'm sure she couldn't influence David!" cried Mrs. Miller, with the quick mother-instinct of defense.

"I don't know. She has always seemed so fond of the children that they have been with her a great deal. Whenever we are both out of the way, we've left them to Hannah to look after, instead of to Polly. Dave will tell me the truth about it—he doesn't lie, thank Heaven! But if I find that that eleven-year-old boy has picked up a forbidden habit and has concealed it from me—"

Miller broke off. Then he called his son, in the voice at once so firm and kindly which his children loved. David came running at the summons, and rubbed his head against his father's arm like an affectionate Newfoundland pup. His sister, two years younger, trotted in after him.

"David, I want you to tell me whether or not you have been smoking."

The question was answered in the affirmative in an unexpected but conclusive manner, for little Elinor burst into tears. Her mother gathered her into her arms, but she sobbed as one who could not be comforted.

"So you have smoked?" said Miller slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"For how long?"

David considered.

"It was Thanksgiving, first time. Hannah said it was a sin to waste all the good stumps the company threw away, and asked me to bring them to her."

Miller used a number of cigarettes a day, because he never relighted one, and rarely took more than a single draw.

"You have been gathering up stumps for two months and dividing with the cook?"

"Is 'dividing' taking half? Hannah kept most of them. When she makes a big cake, she always makes a teeny one for me and Elinor; and she never fusses at us like the other cooks did. She likes me because I bring her the cigarettes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted so bad to tell!" Elinor sobbed out. "I didn't want secrets. Hannah said it was fun for little girls to have secrets, but I like to tell mine to mother."

"That devil didn't try to make you smoke?"

Miller's eyes gleamed with sudden red as he rose from his chair and laid a hand on the mass of curls with passionate, protective tenderness.

"Hannah wanted to learn me, but I never tried, 'cause David said I mustn't. He said mother didn't smoke, so I mustn't, and father did, so he wanted to learn."

"Take Elinor to bed and get her quiet, Kate," Miller directed his wife. "She's out of this; I ought to have known she would be."

David needed discipline as often as other robust and healthy specimens of boyhood. When the subject of punishment came up, there were times when his mother felt prompted to make suggestions, and, at rare intervals, to interfere. Now, as she left the room, she turned to look at her husband

with a wistful helplessness in her face. It was a crisis in their boy's relation to his parents which she did not know how to meet, and she felt relieved that she was not called upon to cope with a situation so wholly masculine.

Miller was almost equally at sea.

"If you had come to me—"

David hung his head.

"I liked it, father, and I knew you'd make me stop if you found out."

Miller was silent for a moment, while the lines from "The Mikado" hummed through his brain:

My object all sublime

I shall achieve in time—

To make the punishment fit the crime.

It did not seem to him to be an occasion for a thrashing. Sometimes there were those occasions, and he rose to them reluctantly, administering the thrashing with decision and despatch; and his boy and himself were never the worse friends afterward. That was why this hurt so. He and Dave were such chums that it was hard to understand how his negro cook could have tempted the youngster away from his intimate, confidential relation with his father.

The main thing was to stop the smoking at once. Distinct among Miller's memories of his own boyhood was his first cigarette. He still recalled that the brand bore the dashing name of "Four Aces," though he had never seen a package since. He had hidden in the orchard that his mother might not smell his breath, until the agony of nausea and the certainty of impending death had driven him to confession.

His mind was made up now. He opened his cigarette-case and held it toward David.

"Have one?"

The words were command rather than interrogation. Puzzled, David took one and lit it. So did his father, though the single puff of the older man lacked its usual soothing flavor.

When David had finished his, he said in his honest fashion:

"Whole ones are better. I've just had 'ducks' before."

"Take another!"

There was no mistaking the command this time. David, again with surprise but with distinct pleasure, took the second cigarette and smoked it through. Miller expected the boy to turn pale, to be unable to finish, or to show some sign of physical

distress, but nothing could have been clearer than the blue of David's eye or the apple color of his cheeks. Miller gritted his teeth and determined to see it through.

"Try a cigar."

David's eyes once more brightened with anticipation. He blundered a little in managing it, but finally "got it going," as he phrased it.

Somehow the movement of the boy's hands as he lit it, the tilt of his head as he smoked, smote Miller's heart with pangs of fatherhood. How absurdly like himself David was! The same hair, close-clipped because both hated the tendency to curl; the same straight-gazing, blue eyes; the same merry mockery in the corners of the mouth. He thought of the pleasure he had found in tobacco, the sense of silent companionship with other men which it had given him. It was absurd to expect his little chap not to smoke; the only thing was to prevent the habit while it might stunt the development of that sturdy young frame.

Yet, as Miller sat there, waiting for the boy to grow sick, he began to feel strangely ashamed.

"It's fighting below the belt—literally, not figuratively. I can't do it! I've always stood firm on any stand I've taken with the children, but I shall have to back down on this," Miller thought. Then he said aloud: "David, throw away your cigar now."

But in the midst of his defeat, victory came unexpectedly. David, even David—trained since babyhood not to cry for bumps and bruises—broke into a gust of tears.

"Oh, father, you're so good, and I'm so dog-gone mean! When Mr. Dortch found out Alex smoked, he whipped him so hard that Alex had to bring a pillow to sit down on when he went to dinner. And you, you just treat me like a man and give me cigars!" The boy choked, unable to find the phrases for his tumultuous feelings. "And, father, I won't do it any more. It was sneaking, and I won't smoke any more until you say I can. I promise you I won't! I won't fool you about it."

"Nor I you." Miller spoke as man to man. "I was making you smoke because I hoped it would make you so sick that you would never wish to do it again. After all, that's a little-boy remedy, like putting soap on your tongue when you say a bad word. I'll leave it to you, David. I don't want

you to smoke before you are eighteen. I don't ask you to promise me you will not, but I ask you to promise that if you do smoke, it will be with me."

David had stopped crying, and his voice was as controlled as his father's as he answered:

"I promise. I like to."

As he looked into the candid depths of the boy's eyes, Miller felt, with a sweeping sense of thankfulness, that he had always been able to depend on his son's word.

Instead of the usual good-night peck at Miller's brow, father and son shook hands quietly on their compact.

"Won't it be bully, father, when I'm old enough for us to smoke together?"

"Fine, old man. Good night!"

Presently Mrs. Miller came in. Two spots of color were burning brightly in her cheeks. Her expression was so belligerent, as contrasted with the fragile daintiness of

her appearance, that Miller found relief in a laugh as he took her in his arms.

"Well, it's all right with Dave and me, dear. But what have you been doing?"

"Dismissing Hannah, of course."

"I can never understand you women!" groaned her husband. "After all the trouble she has given us, why add the inconvenience of having to get breakfast yourself?"

"I could not sleep with a viper in the basement. Now tell me about David."

"I determined to make him sick of tobacco once for all, and what do you suppose? That little rascal smoked two cigarettes and half a cigar, and it did not faze him!"

There was no mistaking the note of pride in Miller's voice.

"You—you are actually *bragging* about it!" gasped his wife. "I can never understand you men!"

## The Third Eye

BY KATE MASTERSON

"WHERE do you wish me to put the extra eye?" asked Baumer, the artist, with a weary inflection that Doggett, the Sunday editor, had grown to know and always grinned to hear.

Baumer, blond and spiritual, with a head like a Shelley, hated to do freak pictures. Doggett loved them. He thought hard for a moment. He had never seen a baby with three eyes. He could not remember ever having seen a picture of one, but a telegram from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, now on his desk, announced that one had been born.

It had taken Doggett just half a minute after the arrival of the despatch to decide on making it a page feature—mostly picture. He sent for Baumer.

"We want a baby's head, life size," he explained; "full-face—laughing. And the third eye—where would a third eye be, anyhow?"

"Between the other two, I suppose," suggested the artist, his own eye a trifle troubled as he sketched roughly on the pad.

"No, that looks too much like a train of cars," objected Doggett. "You'll have to raise it—the third one, I mean. Put it

up in the middle of the forehead, in a sort of a—a—a group."

"Oh!" said Baumer.

"Like this," added Doggett, taking the pad and pencil. He drew a round black spot the size of a cent. Then he finished it ornately with rays, and held it at arm's length admiringly. "That's the idea," he said.

Baumer looked at it doubtfully. He had once studied anatomy in Paris.

"The question is," he ventured, "how is the third eye to look? Like the others?"

"By no means. Have the others just ordinary baby's eyes. Have the third eye glare!"

"In what direction?" asked Baumer coldly.

"What do you mean?" queried Doggett.

"Every eye must have some direction in its glance," explained Baumer; "the right eye this way, the left the other."

"Can't you make it sort of general?" asked Doggett.

"General?" repeated Baumer blankly.

Doggett whistled suddenly, as with inspiration, and seized the pad and pencil again; then he pushed them back.



"Have you ever seen that picture with the muzzle of a revolver pointing at you? That's the idea! Make it the kind of an eye that follows you around the room! Make it like that, so they'll pin it on the wall. That's the stuff!"

Then he wheeled about in his chair and wired to the Sheboygan man:

Rush facts of third-eye story for Sunday feature.

Early next day Baumer brought in his sketch, the face faintly etched, the third eye alone elaborate, glowing out strong. Baumer had indicated a brow and lashes.

"Take 'em out," commanded Doggett. "They cheapen it!"

"No one ever saw an eye without eye-lashes," protested Baumer, who felt that he had a reputation to lose.

"No one ever saw a child with three eyes, either, did they?" demanded Doggett fiercely. "Hold it up against the wall there."

Baumer did so. Doggett walked around the room, turning now and then to look suddenly at the sketch.

"You've got it—you've got it!" he cried. "Take out the lashes, and make it rounder. And say, make the kid look human, Baumer. Just a regular baby—you know. Have you ever drawn a baby? Can you draw one?"

Baumer flushed.

"I have a baby of my own at home," he said simply.

Doggett had never thought of Baumer as having a baby. It confused him, but he rallied quickly.

"Good!" he said. "Can you get the kid to pose—toothless grin and all that?"

"Mine does not look like that at all," Baumer replied.

"Well, get the outline, then—the bulgy head. By George, it'll be a corker, if you draw your own kid! A hundred-dollar page, Baumer, if you send up and have the baby brought down to pose right here!"

"I don't think—" began Baumer weakly.

"Then don't!" snapped Doggett. "But send for the baby, that's a good chap! Make it the picture of your life!"

He waited, rather flurried, after Baumer left the room. He had a certain dazed feeling yet as to Baumer being a father.

Presently he learned that the baby had been sent for, and was on the way down with its nurse. Baumer with a baby and

a nurse—well, well, well! How could Baumer afford a baby and a nurse, he mused? It was the nearest thing to a shock that Doggett had had in years.

He heard a big commotion in the hall. A few minutes later he tiptoed down to the art department, and peeped in. The scene was an unusual one. A colored girl was holding the baby—a fat, rosy young vagabond, pink-legged, with blue kid shoes. It had a lace cap and blue ribbon bows at the ears. There were fluffy effects in the way of skirts. It did not seem like any relation to Baumer whatever.

The other artists had all stopped work, and sat about eying Baumer as he drew, glancing quickly from the model to his paper as he worked nervously. Now and then one of the men addressed some baby talk to the little model. One old artist who did decorative work—cherubs and panels of flowers—sat looking at the child wistfully from a far corner.

Doggett stepped in and looked over Baumer's shoulder. The sketch was coming on splendidly. He would have a great feature for the Sunday paper. Then he went out again and started down the hall.

The elevator door slammed open, and one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen stepped out. She was dark-eyed, olive-skinned, lithe as an Indian, foreign-looking. A silver purse and some trinkets jingled from her hands. She made swiftly and gracefully for the door of the art-room. Like a sudden blow in the face, Doggett knew that this—this beautiful young savage—was Baumer's wife; and he waited, instinctively, as if for a crash.

It came. There was a sudden little cry, followed by an exclamation of annoyance from the interrupted artist, and by some angry, hysterical language. The baby began to wail—not feebly, but defiantly.

Doggett went fearfully back to the art-room door. The scene had changed. Mrs. Baumer now had the center of the stage. With flashing eyes she confronted her husband, who held the sketch high above his head, out of her reach. The nurse with the baby had retreated up stage. The artists had all risen, white and troubled-looking.

"Give me that horrid thing at once, Jack Baumer!" demanded the baby's mother, oblivious of her audience. Her voice was fiercely keyed, and now and then it broke almost in a sob. "How dare you draw our

baby—my baby—like that? How dare you, I say, make our little son look like that dreadful museum freak? I knew something awful was sure to have happened when I heard the baby was down here in this place!”

“It’s only a sketch!” pleaded Baumer. “It’s a hundred-dollar page sketch! It isn’t our baby at all! It’s another baby, I tell you!”

“It *is* our baby!” cried his wife. “It’s our own baby, and if you think I’ll let you publish any such picture of it, you’re mistaken. Tear it up at once and come home with me!”

“I’ll not lose my position just for your whim,” rejoined Baumer. “You are making a scene all for nothing! It’s only the outline, I tell you.”

“Outline?” she repeated, her voice quivering with rage. “Outline of your own baby!”

She jumped and grabbed for the sketch, vainly. Then she began to cry.

“I’ll draw another one,” began Baumer. “For goodness’ sake, take the baby home!”

The infant roared again like a wounded lion. The mother went to it, sobbing.

“I’ll never speak to you again!” she said. “It’s the most insulting thing I ever heard of! It’s—”

“Ah, tear it up!” said the old artist. His eyes were moist. “Your wife is right. You have a fine little boy here. I’ll tear up the drawing, and take a chance with the old man. Give it to me!”

He swept it out of Baumer’s grasp; but before he could tear it across, Doggett stepped in. He was as stern-looking as ever, but there was a sort of repressed twinkle in his eye. The baby stopped its challenging cry. The mother had taken it, and had begun to coo into its blue satin ear.

“I tell you what we’ll do with this,” drawled Doggett. “Take out the extra eye, and run it plain on the first page, with a rim of Smith’s Cupids around it—see? Just call it ‘The First Prize.’”

## The Homely Little Thing

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

MR. RICE stood hesitating at the crossing, fretfully tapping the edge of the pavement with his stick. Fifty years of robust health, and a life whereof every moment was filled with absorbing business, had not fitted him to yield gracefully to his doctor’s orders. For him, to put his keen eyes into double-sided blue glasses and feed the park squirrels every afternoon was a humiliation as well as a bore. Companies were coming and going, new plays opening, new stars rising and old ones making trouble, and the hand that held the complicated threads of all these movements was commanded to take to peanuts while his assistants bungled matters under a scanty two hours’ supervision a day.

He was wondering just what would happen if he defied the doctor and went back to the office for the afternoon, as he stood in the autumn sunshine, beating that impatient tattoo with his stick.

“Wait a minute—I’ll take you over!”

The brisk voice spoke from the region of his shoulder, and a hand in a battered glove touched his arm. Mr. Rice stared down in astonishment at a plainly dressed young

woman in a concealing hat who had taken charge of him, but who was not giving him so much as a glance. The traffic poured by them, but she stood serenely at his side, offering no explanation, her hand just touching his elbow.

“Now!” she said, a clear, contralto syllable, friendly and unembarrassed, and suddenly he realized what his blue glasses and his tapping stick had done for him.

He was about to protest that he was not blind, that, in fact, he saw as well as she did; but at that moment she turned her head, for better assurance of his safety, and her face was revealed.

“Why, you homely little thing!”

He nearly said it aloud in his surprise, for the back of her neck had prepared him for something quite different. She was just that—homely; not vulgar or grotesque, but plain to a degree that made him want to laugh out. If an artist had wished to draw a caricature of an Irish baby, he would have produced something very like that round face. Mr. Rice let her pilot him over in amused silence.

“Now, I am going straight up Fifth

Avenue." She spoke with businesslike directness, as if feminine shynesses were not for her. "It will be no trouble to me at all—but just as you like."

In Mr. Rice's experience, young women in battered gloves were usually tremulous for favors from him. This offer of service diverted and pleased him; and he would not have been the successful manager that he was without an instinct for drama.

"You are most kind," he said gravely, yielding his arm more generously to her guiding hand.

"That was Fifty-Sixth Street," she told him with impersonal cheerfulness. "Do you want to go into the park?"

"I've got to," he answered gloomily; then, at the surprised turn of her head, he made his eyes blank under his dark glasses, like the eyes of a blind man. "Doctor's orders," he explained. "I've got to feed the confounded squirrels every afternoon."

The amusing little face, at which he dared not glance, was again swallowed up in hat. The tightening of her hand warned him of the next crossing.

"Fifty-Seventh Street," she said, and her voice, too, seemed to be swallowed up in hat. He thought it sounded chilled and disapproving.

"I suppose you think it isn't a bad fate, to spend the afternoon sitting in the sun," he said gruffly.

"It is what I often do myself." She spoke with an odd catch in her breath.

"Why, in Heaven's name? Why should any able-bodied person sit in a park?"

"It is better than sitting in a lodging-house, isn't it?"

"But haven't you anything to do?"

"Oh, I attend to that mornings," was the vague answer. "Fifty-Eighth Street," she added, as if to change the subject.

She did not leave him at the park entrance, and in his bored, irritated state, he was glad to prolong the farce. When they had bought the bag of peanuts, she led him to a pleasantly sunny bench, choosing the outlook as carefully as if he could enjoy it.

"You'll like to feel that it's there," she said, sitting down beside him.

"I like to feel that you are there," he threw out amusedly.

It was easy to watch her, for, probably out of delicacy, she did not once look up into his face. Her visible sigh nearly made him laugh aloud, it was so ruefully comic.

"So long as you can't see me," she amend-

ed. "I've got the sort of face that stops machinery."

"Really?" he asked gravely.

"Yes. I look like a funny picture-postal," she stated calmly. "And the worst of it is, they forgot to do it up thoroughly; the back of my neck is—is misleading. Men are always turning hopefully to look into my hat. Then they run. I do feel so apologetic."

He wanted to laugh, but dared not, her tone was so serious.

"I don't believe it is as bad as you think," was all he could find to say.

"It's worse. And you don't know what a stunt it is for a homely girl to get a job." There was no hint of appeal in her voice, but he stiffened nervously at the opening for a hard-luck tale. Perhaps she felt the change, for she added a careless: "Luckily, I don't need one just this minute."

"You said you were busy mornings," he encouraged her.

"Yes. Chasing a hope." She brought a flat parcel from under her other arm, and lovingly patted it. "I've written a play," she added.

Of course she had written a play! He might have known it. In Mr. Rice's experience, young women in shabby gloves had always written plays. And if she were to divine who he was, he couldn't lose her with an ax. He cast hastily about for an escape, enraged that he, fifty years wise, should have so let himself in. But, before he could discover a dangerous chill in the breeze, she had laid aside her package and was on one knee, clucking encouragingly to a fat gray squirrel that came loping toward them, carrying its tail like a puff of smoke.

"Oh, feed this one," she exclaimed. "Oh, his little paws—tucked into his front! Do give him one!"

Mr. Rice, only partially reassured, handed her the bag. "You feed them," he said.

And then a curious thing happened—a terrible thing. She took the bag with a clutch, and, drawing away a few swift paces, began with appalling eagerness to eat the peanuts herself. She stood with her back half-turned, tossing an occasional nut to the gathering squirrels, but bolting the others with a famished speed that made Mr. Rice's heart sick within him. And he could see her thin little white wrist between glove and coat-sleeve.

All the time, she was commenting gaily on the squirrels' enjoyment of the feast.

"The bag is half empty," she said with an apologetic laugh as she offered it back.

"Oh, keep it—for them," he almost groaned.

Silence lasted between them until he could endure it no longer.

"What is your play about?" he asked roughly.

"I'll read you a little of it," she said kindly—not "May I?" imploringly, as he was usually approached. Mr. Rice almost smiled.

"Go ahead," he said with resignation.

In the middle of the second act he stopped her.

"That's enough," he said. "I'm sorry—I may be all wrong—but I'm afraid it is no good."

Any one with experience of Charles Rice would have known that his bluntness betokened something better to come. If he had no encouragement to offer a candidate, he mingled vague praises with vague objections, or his secretary wrote that Mr. Rice had just gone to Europe, but would take the matter up on his return.

But the implied hope evidently did not reach the girl beside him. Her homely little face drooped. She shut the covers together with a limp drop of her palm.

"Bang!" she murmured. It was not an expletive, but a description of her exploded hope. "The third manager has just refused it to-day," she added, in polite confirmation of his opinion.

"But," went on Mr. Rice in italics, "you can act! You read that wonderfully, especially the comedy parts. You can act well!" The words brought no change in the angle of her head, and he realized, with a startled twinge from his vanity, that it was his name and position that had made them so galvanic on former occasions. "Why don't you try for a comedy part?" he persisted.

"Try!" That was an expletive. "Haven't I tried and tried and tried? Don't I know that I can act? But what's the use? I send my name in to a manager. He sends out a young man to look me over. The young man drops dead, or hastily leaves by the window, and is not seen again. Do I get an engagement? I do not. It's my face. If you could see it, you'd understand; but you wouldn't stay."

She dropped her chin on her hands, looking such a picture of comedy as that Mr. Rice foresaw houses rocking with applause,

and nearly betrayed himself. His instinct for drama, and an amused desire to watch her openly as she walked up to the facts, kept back the explanation.

"I'll tell you what I will do," he said presently. "Do you know who Charles Rice is?"

"Have I heard of Napoleon!"

He could not help smiling.

"Rice is a great friend of mine. I'll see him to-night and get him to give you a personal interview. Can you be at his office at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning?"

He dared not look, lest she might catch him at it, but he knew by her voice how her homely little face was beaming.

"You bet your life I can!" she said.

"And you might meet me here in the afternoon and tell me how you get on," he added, rising. "I'm hungry. Can't we have some tea?"

But she would not, and the sudden flame in her cheeks kept him from urging.

Her name was brought in to him the next morning as the clock was striking eleven, and he realized, with a smile of sympathy, that she had been pacing the block until the exact minute should arrive. Plucky girl—her struggles were over, and a jewel of a comedian was his to shape and set forth. He took off his green shade, tipped back his chair, and turned twinkling eyes to the opening door.

She was perhaps too nervous to recognize him. She bowed slightly, and sat on the edge of the chair nearest the door, with the shabby gloves curled concealingly in her lap.

"Well?" he said.

She looked up, straight into his eyes, and a smile—impudent, Irish, inimitable, the smile that was to win for her roars of joy and affection for years to come—dawned slowly in her funny little face.

"So I can act, Mr. Rice?" she said calmly.

"Hello!" He stared, then tried to gather an awful frown. "So you knew me, all along!" he charged her.

"No; only from Fifty-Seventh Street," she corrected him. "You know, Mr. Rice, if I couldn't act blind better than you did—"

"H-m!" He sat silently digesting his surprise. "Were you acting hungry, too?" he added.

"Well, I hadn't had much lunch," she admitted. "Just some lamb hash, with a poached egg and a baked potato and a cup

of cocoa and two slices of—but I always did love peanuts!”

Mr. Rice took a typewritten manuscript from his desk, and shoved it at her with resentful force.

“Here, get to work!” he commanded.

Both her hands closed round his. Then she smiled and fell to work with a cheerful energy that was undeniably commendable in a young woman who, as a matter of fact, had eaten nothing but peanuts for twenty-four hours.

## “H e a d s , I W i n —”

BY EDWIN BAIRD

ONCE again Vinny Van Doozer, amateur collector of curious coins, read the letter:

MY DEAR SIR:

If you will kindly call this morning at my apartment in the Corinthian Hotel, I shall be very pleased to show you what I potentially believe to be the most remarkable metal mintage in the world. I make bold to say that in all your experience as a coin-collector you have never beheld its like. May I not have the honor of a visit?

Respectfully yours,

PILLSBURY PIKE, M.A.

Vinny pocketed the epistle, which had come by messenger, sipped his coffee, and glanced speculatively across the breakfast-table at his father.

“Dad,” he began tentatively, lowering his coffee-cup, “may I call on you—”

“No!” slammed Mr. Van Doozer, jabbing his fruit-knife into a whole-wheat biscuit. “If you want money, work for it! Why, confound it, when I was your age—”

“Now, dad, please don’t let’s go over all that again. You know I’m no good at the business thing. Besides, I’m not such a bad sort, am I? I’m trying to do something useful, ain’t I? I’m—”

“Howmuchchu want?”

“Tis a lucky son who knows his father. Young Van Doozer thought he knew his.

“Only two hundred, dad,” smiled he.

“I’ll advance you one hundred dollars,” said Mr. Van Doozer crisply, rising and consulting his watch, “on this condition—that if you have to touch me again before your quarterly allowance is due, you’ll drop this collecting nonsense and take a job in my office. Well?”

To Vinny’s mind the acme of affliction, the Pike’s Peak of puerility, was a coinless coin-chase. Wherefore—oh, well, he cashed his hundred-dollar check before looking up Pillsbury Pike, M.A.

In a tenth floor bedroom-and-bath apartment, coquetting with a late breakfast, Mr. Pike was discovered. A very prepossessing gentleman, of studious aspect and elegant form; broad and high his brow, his face intellectually lean and of a slight pallor; and tethering his glistening eye-glasses a poetic black ribbon, suggesting thoughts of James Whitcomb Riley and Keats.

“These coins of mine,” said he, when the waiter had removed the breakfast things and passed a willow basket of Havanass, “though most peculiarly marked, possess seemingly supernatural qualities far more wonderful. Now, understand me plainly. I, Pillsbury Pike, as rigorous a man as ever exploded a superstitious bubble with the keen scalpel of science, say to you in broad daylight that *these coins are enchanted*. Especially does it seem manifest in certain financial hazards. Concrete evidence? I’ll give you plenty—before revealing the agency.

“We’ll take the simple game of heads and tails, in which, as possibly you’ll agree, there is a proven law of certainty that quite prohibits any such thing as protracted luck. Yet, were we to sit at this table and match dollars from now to doomsday, he who held these mysterious coins, and trusted implicitly in them, would win every toss as surely as I am smoking this cigar.”

He handed Vinny a full-laden chamois bag about the size of a watch-case.

“Keep one hand on the coins, please, and repeat slowly to yourself:

“‘Oh, Om, in thee I trust!’

“I’ve found this insures a perfect control. Probably you think all this hocus-pocus rubbish, Mr. Van Doozer, but—just wait!”

He poised a silver dollar and raised an interrogative eyebrow.

“Tails!” said Vinny, feeling as though he were attending a spiritualistic séance.



The dollar spun into the air and fell upon the table, eagle up. Mr. Pike handed his opponent a five-dollar bill.

"Just to make it more convincing," he explained, poisoning the dollar as before.

This time Vinny chose heads. Once more the coin twirled ceilingward; once more Vinny received a greenback. Again and again the same operation; again and again the same result. Mr. Pike always lost.

"Well, Mr. Van Doozer?" he asked at length.

A neat little pile of bank-notes lay before Vinny. He pushed them across the table and looked thoughtful.

"It is amazing," he conceded; "but it's hard to believe, you know, that whatever's in this bag had anything to do with it."

"It had everything to do with it," emphatically declared Mr. Pike. "In matching coins this mystical power is omnipotent—hence its name."

Vinny produced his bank-roll.

"Well, just for fun," said he, "let's see if Mr. Om could win this bunch of kale without my taking down a bet. Candidly, I don't believe he's half equal to the job."

Mr. Pike smiled indulgently.

"My dear boy, had you a million dollars and I but one, I could win it all. Nevertheless, I am happy to submit the marvelous coins to any test you may prescribe. Afterward I shall gladly show them to you."

He covered the chamois bag, and began tossing. Vinny began losing. He tried a system. He called "heads" and "tails" alternately, then each an equal number of times; but ever with the same result. Mr. Pike always won.

Vinny grew a trifle exasperated and very much puzzled. In spite of his common sense, he wondered if the little packet under Mr. Pike's left hand was as innocent as it looked. This foolish speculation became almost a conviction when he handed over the last dollar of his hundred. Not once in twenty times had he called the turn. He sat back and lighted his cigar. He felt just a little "creepy."

"I cannot explain this obviously hyper-physical phenomenon," said Mr. Pike earnestly. "Nor would I. Though uncanny, it is not unpleasantly so. I remember one instance at Harvard. I was matching pennies with Professor Doodleflap, when—"

He went on to relate an apparently pointless story, gathering up the hundred dollars as he talked.

Vinny's cigar had gone dead again. He walked to the bureau for a match. He had struck one, and was holding it in his hollowed palms, when, happening to look in the mirror, he saw the corridor door gently, swiftly, noiselessly, closing upon the well-tailored back of Pillsbury Pike, M.A.

A suspicion, as sudden as it was genuine, gripped him. He wheeled about, dashed for the door. Locked! He turned, swept the table with a rapid glance. Nothing on it but an ash receptacle and a cigar-stump! He rattled the door-knob furiously, tugged at it vainly.

Then he sat down, and laughed. Then he decided to reconnoiter. His quest finished, he placed the sum total of Mr. Pike's personal effects upon the table, and regarded it reflectively. It consisted of three matches, a book of cigarette-papers, a pack of playing-cards, and an empty whisky flask.

The telephone shrilled at him. He reached it in three strides, upbraiding himself for overlooking it as a means to freedom.

"Just a word, dear boy," purred Mr. Pike's soft voice. "I am at the railway-station, and my train leaves in two minutes. Look under the table behind you, and you will find Mr. Om. I bestow him upon you with my blessing. May you bask long and happily in his affluent smile. And remember—always repeat, 'Oh, Om, in thee I trust!' Good-by, little chap, and thank you warmly for a pleasant morning."

The connection was broken. Vinny looked under the table. And there it lay—the little chamois bag. He opened it, and two shiny metal dollars dropped into his hand. At first he saw nothing unusual about them, except that both were made of lead; but turning them this way and that he found them to be remarkable specimens indeed. He had none like them in his collection; nor had he ever seen any like them; nor had he ever heard of their like.

For while one was adorned on either side with the idealized head of an idolized lady, the other was stamped on both sides with the American eagle! Evidently Mr. Pike, in tossing, had used both of them, deftly palming the one not needed at the moment.

Some while later—thanks to an opportune bell-boy—he sauntered into the dollar-grubbing mart of his father, who gave him a frown, an earnest-faced clerk a wire basket of letters, and a pompadoured young woman a bristling dictation.

Vinny sighed and sat down.

"Get that off at once, Miss Kettle," ordered the general of finance, after twenty minutes' dynamic utterance. Miss Kettle patted her puffs, gathered up her notes, and turned to go. "Tell Spink to file these invoices," he called after her; "give those bills to the auditor—whatchu hangin' 'round here for? No room here for loafers—not you, Miss Kettle; I was speaking to this young man. You may go now. Thank you!"

"Dad," said Vinny solemnly, after the door had closed upon the perturbed stenog-

rapher, "I've chucked the collecting stunt forever and forever."

'Tis a lucky father who knows his son. The elder Van Doozer thought he knew his. "Well, out with it!" he ordered gruffly.

"Whatchu want?"

Vinny the reformed threw up his head.

"I want a job," he said firmly, "and a business career."

Which only shows that the soundest of sires may be satisfactorily surprised by the sappiest of sons—sometimes.

## The Toll of the Wilderness

BY M. J. PHILLIPS

BEAU APPERSON, they called him; what irony the nickname was now! He had been lost for days in the Michigan wilderness. Hunger had worked its will of him. His clothing was in tatters; his unkempt hair hung low on his forehead; his face was covered by a growth of rough beard. The brilliant sun, which peered at him out of a cloudless sky, struck an intolerable radiance from the snow. It did not warm his chilled limbs; its mocking rays had dulled his eyes with snow-blindness.

He was of a party which had been deer-hunting in the scrub, miles from a settlement. From the first, game had eluded his rifle, though the others readily secured their quota. They had giped at his ill-luck; there was something of malice in their laughter. He felt they were jealous of his social and financial success, and that they resented the ruthless methods he employed in reaching his goals.

Handsome, a courted bachelor, a millionaire at thirty-five by his own efforts, Apperson was not accustomed to failure. It galled him. On the closing day, when the guides had gone, he slipped away for one last try. By sundown he was lost.

As the cold stars came out, he shouted and fired his rifle, hoping to attract the attention of some homeward-ranging settler. Echo answered him at first—echo, and then the long-drawn hunting-cry of a wolf; and the wet hand of fear closed round his heart.

He had never known fear before; but now it was with him constantly—a child of this dreary, hostile waste which seemed biding its time to freeze the ebbing life out of him.

In the days that followed he plunged doggedly ahead, wandering in a wide circle. At night he huddled over a fire, which was always flaring up intolerably or dying down to feeble embers.

Now he was at bay. He had thrown away his gun; he had used his last match to kindle his fire the evening before. At sunrise, he shuffled onward, half delirious; but before midday sheer weakness caused him to fall, and the last strand of will-power snapped as he struggled to his feet.

Jeff Thompson found him then. He was whispering curses at the wilderness as the weak tears rolled down his cheeks.

Thompson bore the wreck to his cabin. Apperson was almost starved; frost had nipped him, and snow-blindness was severe. Yet, thanks to the ministrations of the settler's wife, and to his own constitution, his recovery was rapid.

Apperson had seen few backwoods women. He believed that all were faded and ugly, like the calico dresses they wore. The wife of his rescuer changed this impression. She was neither faded nor ugly, and she did not wear calico. She was young, slenderly rounded, and pretty, and she moved in her little moccasins with something of the noiseless grace of the furred creatures of the barren.

Thompson, a swarthy man with the saturnine quiet of desolate spaces upon him, spent few daylight hours at the cabin. He had traps to tend. He carried his rifle on his journeys; there was not enough venison salted down for the winter. The season had closed, but game-wardens seldom penetrated so far into the wilderness.

Apperson learned that he had wandered nearly forty miles. Thompson's was the last outpost in the barrens, twenty miles from a settlement. Life there was lonely for a woman. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson accompanied her husband on his trap-line; and deer-hunting was no novelty. She had little desire to leave the cabin now; the city man, with his talk of people and plays and books, gave her fascinating glimpses into the world which revolved beyond her horizon.

Apperson donned the clothes which Mrs. Thompson had mended, shaved with the trapper's razor, and felt his own man again. He was grateful to Thompson for saving him from an unpleasant death. He would show it by forwarding a substantial check when he got back to the city. In his selfishness, he did not dream that gratitude could be expressed in other ways—by concealing his marked admiration for Thompson's wife, for instance.

So he let the admiration shine in his eyes and give caressing tones to his speech. Mrs. Thompson was a good woman; still, she was flattered by the regard of this man who was so evidently a personage. She parried his words and glances demurely, yet with instinctive skill. All in all, it was a harmless little flirtation, made zestful by her clever avoidance of close quarters.

For so innocuous an affair, it had an abrupt ending. Apperson, one afternoon, had seized Mrs. Thompson's hands; and at that moment Thompson shoved open the door. The trapper paused on the threshold, one hand pressing the door back. Great flakes of snow sifted in about him. There was no privacy in the low cabin, since the partitions were merely of cloth. With a backward motion of his head, he beckoned his wife outside. The door closed behind them.

Tumultuous thoughts rushed through the city man's brain. Thompson did not like him, he knew. From the day, a week before, when the settler had found Apperson in the wilderness, he had been contemptuously unfriendly. Doubtless there would be trouble now.

Apperson stepped swiftly to the arm-rack on the wall, and jerked a heavy revolver from its holster. Satisfying himself that it was loaded, he thrust it into the bosom of his shirt. Then he waited. The delay was but a short one. The murmur of voices ceased. The door swung open, and Mrs. Thompson came in, looking at him coolly

as she passed. The trapper paused in the doorway.

"Come!" he said to Apperson.

Something in that forbidding face made hesitancy impossible. The millionaire slipped into his mackinaw and pulled on his cap. He looked toward Mrs. Thompson. He wanted to say good-by—to make some sort of explanation; but her back was turned and her husband was waiting grimly. With a shrug he went out.

It was scarcely four o'clock, but low-hanging clouds were smothering the light. It was snowing with a windless quietude that betokened a heavy storm. The wide, slow-dropping flakes shut them in like walls of white. The woodsman led the way down the blurring trail. He vouchsafed neither word nor backward glance.

Apperson's mind buzzed with conjecture. What did Thompson mean to do? Where were they going? Already they had passed out of sight of the cabin. The wilderness, with its rotting stumps and scattered jack-pine, encompassed them. Except for Thompson, he would be hopelessly lost. He had already become confused as to direction. Lost? He rushed forward to claw the settler with trembling hands.

"Thompson—Thompson!" he chattered. "You aren't going to take me out here and lose me, are you? You wouldn't leave a man to—to die in these cursed barrens?"

Thompson shook him off.

"Shut up!" he interrupted impassively. "I wouldn't leave a dog out here to-night—not even a two-legged dog!"

Apperson felt a surge of thankfulness. He followed at the settler's heels, almost with joy. The fellow did not mean to abandon him. Nothing mattered, so long as he was not left to face, like a wounded beast, the silent, leering wilderness.

They plodded on for an hour. The great flakes sifted down. The snow had risen to mid-calf, and walking had become difficult. Apperson grew tired; a sense of irritation rose in him. Thompson had no business treating him like a criminal. What had he done to deserve such incivility?

"Thompson," he demanded sharply, "where are we going?"

Apparently his guide did not hear; at any rate, Thompson did not answer. He simply walked straight ahead into the ever-shifting curtain of snow. He seemed to be tireless. Hour after hour he advanced—slowly, it is true, but without pausing or faltering.

Apperson struggled along behind, drenched with sweat and gasping for breath. His knotted legs bent under him. Every muscle complained. How he kept going he did not know; but he was determined not to ask the woodsman to halt. At last they struck into a road. It was no longer necessary to climb knolls and avoid fallen trees. The going was much easier.

Sullen dawn was breaking when Thompson paused and faced the other man.

"There's town," he announced, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward a few huddled lights. "A train leaves in a couple of hours; better take it!"

"Suppose I don't?" queried the city man defiantly.

He was smarting under the treatment he had received, and the nearness of civilization restored his arrogance.

The trapper spat reflectively.

"Suit yourself," he replied. "I don't care. If you was a real man, and tried to make love to my wife, I might be worried; but you ain't. You think you're a devil of a feller, and you're harmless as a house-cat!"

"Am I, now?" sneered Apperson. "And why?"

"Because you've lost yer nerve," was the calm response. "You can make money, an' go to the op'ry; but set you down in the scrub, away from a shack, and you'd die of

fright. This is a man's country up here, an' you ain't a man. You're just an amachure—a crooked little amachure. I find you ready to cash in, and I take you home. How do you pay me? By tryin' to steal my wife!"

"I didn't!" replied the city man hotly.

"Well, you tried to make her dissatisfied, an' that's the same to me. A cur bitin' the hand that feeds it is a gentleman alongside you!"

Apperson clinched his fists.

"See here, Thompson—" he began furiously, but the other cut him short.

"I ain't got time to listen. I got to get back. But here's something to remember me by, you sneak!"

He struck Apperson in the face, knocking him backward into the snow. Then he turned in the direction whence he had come.

Apperson got to his feet, murderous rage in his heart. With fumbling haste he drew the revolver and aimed at the woodsman's back; but even as he did so, he knew that he would not fire.

Thompson was right—he had lost his nerve. He would never look at the barrens again without terror falling coldly upon him. He was in truth less than a man. The wilderness had taken its toll!

He dropped the revolver. Wiping the blood from his face with his sleeve, he stumbled toward the settlement.

## Back from the Dead

BY K. ERROL

THE steamer docked late on Thursday night. I knew Collins's habits well; he would not have changed in a century, much less in the three years that I had been away. So I phoned him at the club, and found him.

"Mr. Collins," I said, "this is Officer Whalen, on night duty. I am speaking from the drug-store opposite your offices. I caught a man trying the door. Says he's your bookkeeper. Is it all right?"

Even over the wire I heard him gasp:

"The bookkeeper!" Then he steadied himself. "What name does he give?"

"Barnes," I replied.

"Then it isn't all right," he replied ominously, as I had expected. "Can you hold him? I'll come down."

I temporized.

"Haden't I better take him over to the station-house?" I asked. "You can prefer charges—"

"No!" he answered hurriedly. "Just hold him there. I'll be right down, and you won't lose anything by it, officer!"

Thanking him, I rang off, and strolled across the street to the doorway over which hung the great sign: "Collins & Urquhart, Importers." I had waited three years; I could afford to wait twenty minutes longer.

The eighteenth minute had barely elapsed when he arrived in a swift taxicab. He sprang out, spoke to the driver, and hurried over to where I was standing in the shadow of the doorway. He was the same old Collins, dapper and fussy.



"That you, officer?" he broke out.

"Yes, Mr. Collins," I answered him. "I have the fellow handcuffed inside—he had a key. Is that all right?"

"Yes, yes!" he answered hurriedly. "Come in."

Jerking out a key-ring, he opened the door and let me in. I heard him fumbling for the switch, and presently the lights leaped out.

"Where is he?" he cried, facing me.

Not until then did he spot my civilian clothes. With a gasp, he started back.

I gave him no time to think, but stepped forward and gripped his arm with all the power which three years of outdoor living had put into my fingers.

"Didn't expect to see me, Wally, did you?" I asked coolly, dropping the voice of the imaginary Whalen. "Oh, I'm not a ghost, man—I'm real enough! This isn't your conscience giving you a scare."

He gasped like a fish out of water.

"John Urquhart!"

I chuckled.

"Oh, don't be formal," I said. "You used to call me Jack."

Slowly he was coming back to a realization of his position. His flabby biceps bulged as he made a movement.

"Don't do it," I said. "Sit down, old man, and let's talk over old times." I forced him into his desk chair, and sat opposite him. "Place hasn't changed a bit, has it? Business good? Better than when I went away, I hope."

He stared at me, and somehow I knew he was going to screech; so I pulled out my revolver. The sight of it froze him.

"Yes, business was bad when I left, all right," I pursued; "but it must have been worse afterward, to force the firm into bankruptcy. You have a great business head, Wally, to be able to come back the way you've done."

He found his tongue.

"What's the game?" he asked. Then, mustering courage: "You've got a nerve to come back. There's still a warrant out for you, you absconder!"

"Go easy, Wally," I said. "You over-looked one bet. I happened to meet Barnes in Switzerland—"

"Barnes!"

He gasped, and he saw that the game was up.

"Yes, our old bookkeeper, Barnes," I replied, getting down to business. "I throt-

tled the truth out of him. He was still spending his bit of hush-money—blowing it in like a lord. He told me all about the two sets of books—one for me and the unsuspecting public, and one for the firm—that's yourself—the right one. What have you to say?"

He had nothing.

"I'll say it for you," I answered. "You're a swindler, but I could have forgiven that. You're something worse—a man who cleared his own skirts at the expense of a partner who was reported to have committed suicide by dropping off a liner. And that I won't forgive, you dog! You've got to pay up. Come across!"

His eyes were bulging with fear as the revolver inched nearer his head. "Good Heavens, Jack!" he mumbled. "I didn't—"

"You did," I interjected. "Don't try to lie out of it. I read the American newspapers at the consulate in London. I swore then I'd get even—and now I'm going to. How much did you steal?"

"Two hundred thousand," he choked.

"You lie!" I cried. "It was nearer four. Barnes told me everything, to save his measly hide. By rights I ought to take it all, but I'll be easier with you than you were with me. Give me two hundred thousand, and call it square."

"I will—I will!" he assented, blue with fear.

"One other thing," I added. "Take your pen and write what I tell you."

His hand trembled as he wrote, at my dictation, the facts of the case—how, when I was reported lost from the Camarac, he had bribed the bookkeeper and laid on me the stigma of being an absconder; how he himself was the guilty man; and how John Urquhart's name was rightfully clear. When he had signed it, I pocketed the statement, which required no witnesses. Then I turned on him.

"Just forget all about this after ten o'clock to-morrow," I said. "If you don't, I'll hear of it, and I'll come from the ends of the earth to get you. John Urquhart's dead; let him remain so. In his stead lives another, and, I hope, a more decent sort of fellow."

I motioned him to sit back, and proffered him my cigar-case.

"We've lots of time," I said. "Better make yourself comfortable for the night. The banks don't open till ten."



# THE RETURN OF ENO CARDEN

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

AUTHOR OF "THE CLUB DINNER," "A TREASURE OF A COOK," ETC

"BUT what gets my goat, Enid, is the thought that loving me all the while you went and married him. How could you?"

"How old was I? Nothing but a silly, sentimental girl just out of school. And he certainly *was* handsome. And he did have a determined-looking chin. Mother was sure he'd do something and be somebody, and she was ambitious for me. And you—"

Enid hesitated as she looked at the amiable but rather weak face of the man who sat opposite her at the breakfast-table of their suburban home.

"Well, what about me? Of course, your mother took no stock in me just because I was 'little Johnny Green.' But that was my father's fault in naming me John."

"I don't think mother thought it was anything more than calf love on your part, dear."

"I wish she could have lived to see my success. Hello, there goes Dakin! My watch must have lost. Can't stop for the chop, dear. Got important work this morning, and must make the eight two."

A kiss and a rush and a napkin left to be ringed, and "little Johnny Green" had gone to business, leaving his wife to muse over her former loveless marriage, the death of her husband, and the fortunate chance that made her old lover cross her path again.

Ten years before, Enid Jepson and John Green had been near neighbors in the town in which both had been born. They had gone to school together, and had sworn undying fidelity at the age of twelve; but when Enid had graduated from the high school at eighteen, being well developed for her age and fascinatingly pretty, she had caught the eye of Eno Carden. Carden was a traveling salesman with ambition, and he had soon convinced the girl

and her mother that if he married Enid, her future position would be secured—that he had political prospects, and there was no telling where he would finally land.

John was away at boarding-school at the time, or Enid might not have had the heart to give herself to another; but out of sight was out of mind, and before she reached her nineteenth birthday she had become Mrs. Carden, and had gone to live in a Long Island suburb of New York.

John Green saw Eno Carden just once, but he never forgot the man's face. It was a face to hate, in his opinion, and he hated it—the iron jaw, the keen, steady eye, the strong nose. Its owner would make his mark, very likely, but he couldn't possibly love Enid as John loved her. And he was middle-aged, too—almost thirty!

Bereft of the only girl he had ever loved, John applied himself to his studies. By the time he was twenty-three he had a good berth in a contractor's office, and knew pretty much all there was to know about concreting. He was a general favorite, but he did have a weak face, and he was the sort of man who would have "made good" if set down just as he was in a farce-comedy. He was always acting on impulse, and hardly a week passed that he was not the cause of laughter in others. That he joined in the laugh saved the situation, but he was not a man to be the hero of either a novel or a play. Just an amiable young fellow, not without ability, but not at all likely to become known to the nation at large.

One day, when he had been with the contracting-house a matter of two years, his business took him to Long Island City, and on the ferry-boat he saw a woman in half-mourning. A second glance showed her to be Enid, with some marks of a disappointed life in her face, but still beautiful, and as fascinating to him as ever.

He soon learned that her husband had been dead six months. Carden had died a tragic death. It seems that he had been sent to Havana to open up a new market for his house, and had disappeared from the steamer on the voyage down. He had certainly taken passage on that boat, for Enid had seen him off. He had as certainly been seen on the way down; but the night before the vessel reached Havana he completely disappeared, and nothing was heard from him thereafter.

Enid had consulted a clairvoyant, and the medium had told her that she saw a handsome man with a determined chin standing in the stern of the steamer, looking into the darkness.

"I see him lean farther over the rail, and I see a big wave sweep over the stern of the vessel, and the man disappears. It is night-time, and no one notices his disappearance."

All this John learned from the lips of Enid, in the parlor of the boarding-house where she was now living. Her husband had left nothing but an inadequate life insurance, having always been a good spender.

"Why did you go to a clairvoyant?" John had asked.

"Because I hated the uncertainty," said the charming widow. "I could stand it to hear that the poor man was dead, for I never loved him; but the uncertainty"—here a ravishing tear appeared opportunely in her right eye—"the uncertainty was killing me."

John made investigations on his own behalf. When he was sure that Enid was really a widow, he lost very little time in proposing to her. Before her widowhood was eight months old, the day for her second marriage had been set, and John walked on air, which is less hard on the feet than even concrete.

After the wedding, they set up house-keeping in a little green bungalow in a New Jersey town; and for the first time since he had reached his majority, John knew what real happiness was. And so did Enid.

About a week after the conversation recorded at the beginning of this story, as John was walking up the long hill that led from the station to his house, he saw ahead of him a man with a portfolio under his arm. Something about the way the man carried his head made John think of Eno Carden. When he turned to go up the steps

of a house, and John saw his profile, his own face went white.

John acted on impulse, as was his habit. He could hardly wait for the man to come out of the house that he had entered. Apparently, he was trying to find purchasers for a subscription-book. There is something in the very gait of an itinerant agent that bespeaks his occupation.

The man shortly came down the steps, having been unsuccessful in his quest of a purchaser for his wares. As he came up to John, he looked at Green with an uninterested eye. There was no reason why he should know Enid's second husband, as he had not seen him more than once.

"What have you for sale?" asked John.

"A dictionary. It is the most remarkable work—"

"Do you expect to go to every house in town?" asked John.

He noticed that Carden was very shabby. It looked to John as if he had not been letting alcohol alone to any great extent.

"If my determination and my strength hold out," was the somewhat pathetic answer that the man made.

John was touched; he was also extremely anxious that this returned husband should not see the wife to whom he had been married six years before.

The thought also ran through Green's mind that if Enid saw her husband, she would feel that her second marriage was annulled. John's conscience made a feeble fight, and then gave in to the plea that Enid did not like Carden—that he had made her an indifferent husband, while John Green would go through fire and water for her, and would make her happy to the end of her days. It was a specious argument, but enough for John.

He spoke nervously and in staccato tones, and Carden got the impression that he was a high-strung crank, for no one but a crank would have made the proposition that fell from the lips of the little man.

"I hate house-to-house canvassing—it takes up people's valuable time—it's a confounded nuisance—I'm a freeholder, and I want to break it up in this town. I'll give you—I'll give you twenty dollars if you will take yourself and your dictionary out of this town!"

"My friend," said Carden, gently, "I haven't seen twenty dollars for so long that they wouldn't remember my voice. If you're on the dead level, I'm your man!"

He held out his hand, and John noticed that it trembled.

"Why don't you cut out the drink?" he asked.

The man flushed and said:

"My life's my own, my friend. If you want to make me a present of twenty dollars, I'll take the next train to New York."

John pulled out his watch. It was six thirty.

"Here's twenty dollars," said he, "and you have three minutes to make the next train. Not another for an hour and a half, and no hotel in town."

He handed the money to the man, who thrust it into his vest pocket, and fanned the air with his heels all the way to the station.

Feeling a little weak in his knees and a little sore in his conscience, John went home, and greeted his wife so rapturously that she asked him what good luck had come his way. A good day was apt to make him extra demonstrative when he met her.

"Nothing special. Got something good for dinner? I feel as if champagne and terrapin would be about right."

"Oh, dear! We're having corned beef and cabbage to-night. Eno always hated it, and so I never had it."

"Did he?" laughed John harshly. "I love it!" And he smacked his lips.

Now curiosity is the emotion that led Bluebeard's wife to open the door of the forbidden room.

Was it likely that Carden could long keep away from the town in which he had made such a ten-strike—a double ten-strike? He felt sure that the stranger had some ulterior motive for wishing him to go away, and so within a fortnight he was back again—this time with a line of floor-polish.

John was enjoying the beautiful and lingering death of day in the western skies, and Enid was in the garden, picking flowers for the table, when Carden's form was seen coming up the long hill that led from the station to the green bungalow.

Here was a situation ready to hand. Enid would be back with the flowers in a minute or two. If she saw Carden, all would be lost, for she was a woman with a conscience.

As Carden came up the steps, not having recognized John as the man who had given him the twenty dollars, the little man said impulsively:

"Come up here and step into the hall closet, and I'll give you fifty dollars."

How lucky that he had that day drawn quite a large amount from the bank, intending to make a first payment on an automobile that he had decided to buy!

What man would not step into a hall closet for fifty dollars? Carden was soon among the overcoats and rubbers, wondering whether this amusing man was mad or simply eccentric. He was surely an easy mark!

A moment later the lovely Enid came up the steps, a bunch of flowers in her hand. She found John wiping drops of perspiration from his brow, although the evening was cool. Again he acted on impulse.

"I'll give you ten dollars if you will keep out of the hall closet," said he—very foolishly, for there was no reason to suppose that Enid would go into the hall closet.

Of course, she was instantly seized with a strong desire to go into the closet, and thought of half a dozen reasons why she should open the door; but after she had the ten dollars in her hand, John said:

"You are in honor bound not to go there now. For your comfort, I'll tell you this—there is no one there whom you would care to see."

Now the closet was hot and stuffy, whatever the state of the atmosphere outside, and after a while Carden began to feel faint, so he pounded on the door. At sound of the first pound, Enid said:

"That is a man! Why is he hidden there?"

"I'll give you twenty dollars if you will shut your eyes till this man gets out!" replied John, half mad for fear the murder would out.

"Done!" said Enid instantly; for twenty dollars do not come every few minutes in most suburban homes.

Then John went to the closet door and said:

"I'll give you a hundred dollars if you will walk out of this house as quickly as possible, and will promise me on your word of honor that you will never come to this town again. I thought I'd got rid of you before!"

"Gladly," said Carden.

He had begun to think that Green was insane, and being weakened by drink, he felt that he was in no condition to cope with a maniac if he became suddenly dangerous.

"Shut your eyes," said John, with explosive force. "I forgot that. I'll give you fifty more if you'll shut your eyes and let me lead you away!"

"Done!" said Carden.

He might as well make all he could out of this extraordinary lunatic. He grasped the fifty-dollar bill, and gave his hand to John, who led him out.

So far the farce had been successful in achieving John's purpose, but now Enid was seized with an ungovernable curiosity to see this man who had to be hidden in a hall closet; and as he passed her on the piazza, she opened her eyes. She calmed her conscience by saying to herself:

"I will give John back the money he gave me."

So she took a good look at the man. Then she shuddered as if it was a hideous sight she had seen. She knew who it was who was going down the steps with his eyes shut, and she loved John Green with all her soul.

The man, however, was true to his word, and walked down the street without once looking back. A trolley for New York ran through the block below, and just as Carden reached the corner a car came along and bore him safely away.

Then, and not till then, John breathed freely. He did not know that Enid had looked at Carden. He did fear, however,

that his income was going to be unduly taxed if for the rest of his life he must pay Eno Carden to keep out of sight. A man given to drink might levy blackmail. It was an awful thought!

And then John Green looked at Enid, and felt that no price was too big to pay if he could keep her for his own. He stepped over to her and clasped her in his arms—though neighbors were at some of the windows opposite!

"There's your money," said Enid, struggling away from his embrace. "I don't want it because—because—"

"What?" asked John, his heart doing a double quick.

"John, I peeked—at—that—man!"

John's heart stood still. Then he felt a sharp shock in his veins, as if a thousand needles had pricked him. Then he turned white. Enid was lost to him!

"Do you know who that man is?" asked she impishly, and never looked more beautiful to John than when she said it.

"No," said John, fatuously, and knew he was lying.

Enid began to laugh. Then she led him into the living-room, and, putting her plump arms around his neck, she whispered into his ear:

"It's Walter Carden, the dissipated twin brother of my first husband who was drowned!"

#### A SONG OF THE WIND

WOULD you know how the wind blows?

Ask the rose!

Wooingly,

Suingly,

Thus the wind blows,

Saith the rose.

Would you know how the wind blows?

Ask the snows!

Eerily,

Drearily,

Thus the wind blows,

Say the snows.

Joy and sorrow,

Smile and tear,

One to-day and one to-morrow,

Now the grave and now the gay!

Hark, the wind's at mourning! List, the wind's  
at play!

Thus rules the year!

*Sennett Stephens*







EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE, OF LOUISIANA, THE NINTH CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE  
UNITED STATES, AND THE FIRST SOUTHERNER TO HOLD THAT  
GREAT OFFICE SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

*From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*